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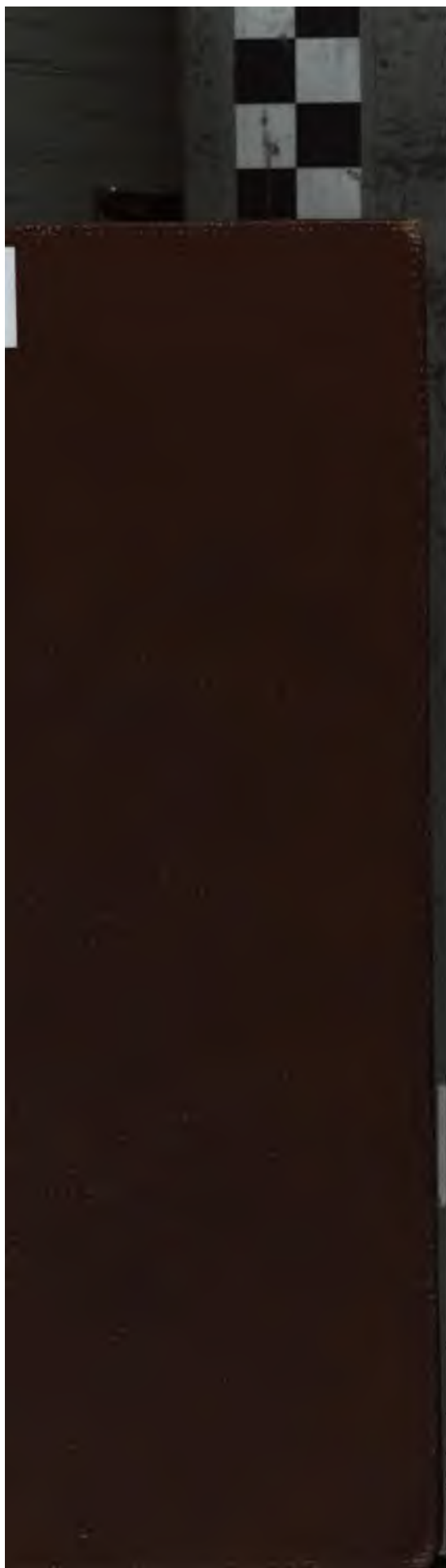
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*What is the intention of the artist? To show the superiority
of the man, and the inferiority of the woman? To show the
superiority of the man, and the inferiority of the woman?*



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VOL. I.

LONDON:

**PUBLISHED BY T. KINNERSLEY, ACTON PLACE,
KINGSLAND ROAD**

Stereotyped and Printed by J. M'Gowan, Great Windmill Street.

1818.

ROY WEN

1954

1954

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INTRODUCTION.

ANTIQUARIANS, who have solicitously endeavoured to trace the manners and customs of past ages, and voyagers and travellers, who have depicted those of the present, have indiscriminately given the name of Marriage to every legal or customary junction of the sexes, which they met with in the countries, whose records they have searched, or which they have visited in person; and the European readers, being accustomed only to one kind of marriage, have generally annexed the same idea, which the word conveys in their own country, to the marriages of the people of all other nations.

Many of the most respectable authors of antiquity have related, that several nations, during their rude and barbarous state, had not any idea of matrimony, or any regulation of commerce between the sexes; if this is the fact, it is intimately connected with another, which is, that the dawnings of civilization no sooner began to appear, than these very people discovered the necessity of such a regulation, and carried it into execution, upon the best plans which their limited capacities were capable of inventing; and we hesitate not to affirm, that without it, there could be no safety for the individual. The natural progress of multiplication would be retarded, and anarchy and confusion would prevail among mankind.

Many and various were the contrivances made use of to establish and perpetuate the memory of those covenants : Abraham presented Abimelech, king of the Philistines, with sheep and oxen; which he desired him, before witnesses, to accept as a token, that he should have the property of a well which he had digged. The Phenicians set up a stone, or a pillar, or raised a heap of stones, as a memorial of any public agreement, a practice which was followed by many other nations. The Scythians, in their alliances and ceremonies, poured wine into an earthen vessel; and having mixed it with the blood of the contracting parties, these parties dipped a scimitar, some arrows, a bill, or a javelin, into the vessel; and after many imprecations on him who should break the agreement, they themselves first drank of the mixture; and the rest of the company, as witnesses, followed their example. When the ancient Arabians took an oath, they cut the hands of the contracting parties with a sharp stone, then pulled a tuft from the garment of each, dipped them in the blood which flowed from the wounds, and sprinkled the blood upon seven stones set up between them, invoking in the mean time Bacchus and Urania. The ancient Medes and Lycians, in making public agreements, wounded themselves in the arm, and the parties mutually sucked the blood. The Greeks and Romans, in their public contracts, joined their hands together, and swore by their gods, by the tombs of their ancestors, or by any other public object capable of exciting the greatest awe and reverence.

Such were the ceremonies attending covenants and alliances in the primitive ages; and as marriage



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person to be a witness, nor could they possibly prove unfaithful to each other, consequently could have no use for any mutual engagement to fidelity, unless we can suppose that when their own posterity became of age, such engagement should become necessary on their account. But here nature has interposed her authority, by raising a horror at all incestuous commerce.

In the primitive ages of the world, every thing was done in the most plain and simple manner; a man set up a stone, or erected a pillar, to mark the spot of ground he had appropriated to his own use; and he took unto himself a wife; that is, carried her home to his house to assist him in bringing up the children they might have together.

This seems to have been the mode in which marriages were contracted during the patriarchal ages. Lamech, one of the sons of Adam, took unto himself two wives. Abraham took unto himself a wife. The other patriarchs and people followed the example; and for many centuries, the Israelitish women, and perhaps those of other nations, were appropriated to their husbands in this simple manner.

As the number of the human race increased, and the number of incitements to conjugal infidelity also, this simple mode of appropriating a woman, by carrying her home, was found insufficient to check her from infidelity, or secure her from the attacks of the licentious: hence methods of a more public and solemn nature were contrived, and the marriage ceremony converted into a covenant, with similar ceremonies to the covenants that were made at the establishing of peace, or securing of property.

Preservation of the individual, and the propagation of the species, as they are two of the great ends of our existence, are so intimately connected with our nature, that in a very early period, it must have been discovered, that preservation would have been very precarious and uncertain, unless individuals appropriated to themselves the produce of their hunting, and certain parcels of ground, from whence the means of that preservation might be derived: And if men found that they could not draw their subsistence so conveniently from the ground while it was in common, the same experience must have discovered to them, that propagation could not be carried on, unless individuals of the two sexes, were appropriated to each other by some tie or obligation, which should hinder them from being considered as common to the whole species; but of what kind of ties and obligations were, and how entered into, we can only now conjecture. From the complexion of the times, however, we may suppose that they were simple, and not attended with any remarkable pomp or ceremony. This we more readily believe, when we consider, that in the Mosaic history of the creation, our original mother is introduced as the wife of Adam, without taking notice of any ceremony performed to make her such; and that there was none, appears plain from the circumstances of her case.

Every marriage ceremony is only a mutual agreement between the contracting parties, to be faithful to each other, which agreement is always made in the presence of witnesses. But while only one man and one woman existed, they had no third



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was an alliance, not only between the parties themselves, but their families and relations, it is probable that some of these ceremonies were made use of to ratify and confirm it.

But though matrimonial agreements were not only made public, but solemnly confirmed by some of the above ceremonies, such is the proclivity to vice, that even these were found insufficient to secure female fidelity; and hence, perhaps, arose the custom of purchasing a wife from her relations at a stipulated price, and a few presents made to the bride herself, a custom also of great antiquity, for Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and Sechem told the brethren of Dinah, that he would give whatever they should ask for their sister.

Though we are not certain what were the ceremonies of marriage in the primitive ages, it appears plain that the commerce between the sexes began early to be regulated, because all the most ancient traditions agree in ascribing that regulation to their first sovereigns and law-givers. Menes, who is said to have been the first king of Egypt, is also said to have been the first who introduced and fixed the laws of matrimony among the Egyptians. The Greeks give the honour of this institution to Cecrops; the Chinese to Fo Hi, their first sovereign; the Peruvians to Manco-capac; and the Jews to God Almighty himself. Nor does it only seem that matrimony was early introduced; but that at its first introduction among most nations, no more than one woman was allowed to one man. Jupiter had only his Jano; Pluto, his Proserpine; and Osiris, his Isis.

The stolen amours of the gods, and heroes of

antiquity, and the conduct of their wives, upon discovering them, seem all plainly to shew that their legal right of commerce with the sex extended only to one woman. The case, however, seems to have been otherwise among the Jews, for as early as the days of Adam, Lamech, one of his sons, introduced the practice of marrying a plurality of wives, a practice which was imitated by the other nations, till in time it became almost universal.

From the earliest antiquity, men were accustomed to feast and rejoice together on memorable events, and on the acquisition of any thing they reckoned valuable, while society was in its infancy, almost every family was at war with its neighbours about the distribution and defence of property; and it was only by the alliance of several families that they could sometimes be enabled to support themselves against their more powerful rivals. Such alliances, and such additional strength of families, came generally by marrying; on all these accounts, marriage was considered as an important transaction, and feasts were early instituted at its celebration, which served to make the contract public, and also in place of those writings which, in our times, ascertain the rights and privileges of the parties. Laban gathered his friends together, and made a marriage-feast, when he deceived Jacob by giving him Leah instead of Rachel; but as this feast is not mentioned as any thing new or uncommon, we have reason to suppose the custom had obtained, long before that time. Sampson, when he married Delilah, made a feast which lasted seven days (for so used the young men to do). The Babylonians carried marriage-feasts to such



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extraordinary height, that many ruined their fortunes by the expence.

Entertainments also of a like nature were common among the Jews in the time of our Saviour; and they are at this day given almost by all nations, but more particularly by those among whom the excess of politeness has not banished merriment and rustic hospitality.

In an early period of the world, the interest, or sometimes the inclination, of parents, when they had lived in a friendly manner with their neighbours, naturally prompted them to wish that a marriage between their own children, and those of such neighbours might take place to strengthen the alliance of their families; and as this wish was frequently formed before the parties were of an age proper for such a junction, they fell upon a method of securing them to each other, by what is called, in the sacred writings, 'betrothing.' This was agreeing on a price, the time when it should be paid, and when the bride should be delivered into the hands of her husband.

There were, according to the Talmudists, three ways of betrothing. The first, by a written contract; the second, by a verbal agreement, accompanied with a piece of money; and the third, by the parties coming and living together as husband and wife, which could not properly be called betrothing, 'it was marriage itself.' The written contract was in the following words: On such a day, month, and year; *A*, the son of *B*, has said to *D*, the daughter of *E*, be thou my spouse according to the law of Moses and of the Israelites, and I will give thee as a dowry the sum of two hundred

uzims, as it is ordered by our law ; and the said *D* hath promised to be his spouse upon the conditions aforesaid, which the said *A* doth promise to perform on the day of marriage ; and to this the said *A* doth hereby bind himself, and all that he hath, to the very cloak upon his back ; engages himself to love, honour, feed, clothe, and protect her ; and to perform all that is generally implied in contracts of marriage, in favour of the Israelitish wives.

The verbal agreement was made in the presence of a sufficient number of witnesses, by the man saying to the woman, ‘ Take this money as a pledge, that at such a time, I will take thee to be my wife.’

A woman, who was by any of these methods betrothed or bargained for, was almost in every respect by law considered as already married, bound nearly by the same ties and obligations, and enjoyed nearly the same privileges and immunities, as she who actually lived and cohabited with her husband.

Though from what we have already observed, it is highly presumable, that before the legislation of Moses, the only marriage ceremonies among the Jews were sending a few presents, or feasting together, to make the affair public ; yet the Rabbies, ever futile in imagination, have told us the contrary. ‘ Marriages,’ say they, ‘ were even agreed upon by the parents and relations of both sides ; which being done, the bridegroom was introduced to the bride ; presents were mutually exchanged ; the contract signed before witnesses ; and the bride, having remained some time with her relations, was sent away to the habitation of her husband, in the night, with singing, dancing, and the sound

of musical instruments. Such, according to the Rabbies, was the marriage ceremony, prior to the time of Moses: let us also take a view of that which they tell us was instituted by him.

When the day appointed for celebrating the wedding was come, which was generally Friday for a maid, and Thursday for a widow; the contract of marriage was read in the presence of, and signed by at least ten witnesses, who were free and of age. The bride, who had taken care to bathe herself the night before, appeared in all her splendor, but veiled, in imitation of Rebecca, who veiled herself when she came in sight of Isaac; she was then given to the bridegroom by her parents, in words to this purpose; 'Take her according to the law of Moses;' and he received her, by saying, 'I take her according to this law.' Some blessings were then pronounced upon the young couple, both by the parents and the rest of the company.

The virgins sung a marriage-song. The company then partook of a repast, the most magnificent that the parties could afford; after which they began to dance, the men round the bridegroom, the women round the bride; and this dance they pretended was of divine institution, and an essential part of the ceremony. The bride was then carried up to the nuptial bed, and the bridegroom left in the chamber with her; when the company again returned to their feasting and rejoicing, and the Rabbies inform us, that this feasting, when the bride was a widow, lasted only three days, but seven if she was a virgin. A law, which was so obligatory, that if a man married several wives in one day, he was bound to allow a feast of seven

days to each of them, in the order in which they were married *.

In periods later than these we are now considering, the ceremonies of marriage were, according to the Rabbies, considerably changed. Both the man and the woman were led to the house of marriage by their nearest friends, where ten people at least were to be present; there the bill of dowry being publicly ratified, the man spoke thus to the woman: 'Be thou a wife unto me, according to the law of Moses, and I will worship and honour thee, according to the word of God; and will feed and govern thee, according to the custom of those who worship, honour, and govern their wives faithfully. I give thee for dowry fifty shekels.' At the birth of a son, the father planted a cedar; and at that of a daughter, he planted a pine. Of these trees the nuptial bed was constructed, when the parties, at whose birth they were planted, entered into the married state.

In looking over the history of other nations which flourished in the times under review, we find some hints concerning matrimony among the Assyrians, which plainly prove that a proper regulation of it was an object of their most serious attention. The Assyrians had a court or tribunal

* The blessings or prayers generally ran in this style: 'Blessed art thou, O Lord of heaven and earth, who hast created man in thine own likeness, and has appointed woman to be his partner and companion! Blessed art thou, who fillest Zion with joy for the multitude of her children! Blessed art thou, who sendest gladness to the bridegroom and to the bride! who hast ordained for them love, joy, tenderness, peace, and mutual affection. Be pleased to bless, not only this couple, but Judah and Jerusalem, with songs of joy, and praise for the joy thou givest them by the multitude of their sons and of their daughters!'

whose only business was to dispose of young women in marriage, and to see the laws of that union properly executed.

We find no account of any other marriage ceremonies till we come to the Greeks; and this silence on the subject gives us reason to suppose, that in many countries they really had no other than the simple mode of carrying home a bride, and making a feast for her reception; this we are more inclined to believe, when we consider the circumstantial detail we have of many of the public ceremonies of Darius, of Cyrus, and some others; that we are not only told of their being married, but have also an account of the time when, and the persons, to whom, but not the least account of the manner how, which scarcely would have been omitted had their marriages been celebrated with pomp and public ceremony.

Though Cecrops, the first king of the Greeks, is supposed to have lived nearly about the time of Moses, and to have instituted marriage among his own people; yet during the whole of the heroic ages, which lasted many centuries after Moses, these people appear to have been so rude and uncultivated, that we cannot suppose they had brought this institution to any perfection; either in its ceremonies or its laws; we are however informed that at a marriage, even in the heroic ages, there was a meeting of relations and neighbours, who, in order to recal to memory the times of simplicity, when their ancestors lived almost entirely on the spontaneous productions of the earth, presented the new married couple with a basket of acorns, mixed with bread, a custom, which, perhaps, gave birth to the

nuptial scattering of nuts among the Romans. At this meeting, the Greeks, according to the hospitality of uncultivated people, had feastings and rejoicings, as appears from Theseus being invited to the nuptials of Pirithous, when he helped him to kill a great number of centaurs, who in their cups had offered violence to the female guests at the wedding; and from the story of Attis, the son of Cybele, who was by Midas to have been married to his daughter, had not Cybele prevented it by breaking into the city, and causing a frenzy to fall upon all those who assisted at the ceremony of the nuptials.

In the times of the Greeks, as soon as they became a polished people, the consent of the parents and relations being obtained, the parties were sometimes betrothed in these words: 'I give you this my daughter, to make you the father of legitimate children;' after which, the young couple plighted their faith to each other by joining together their right hands, a custom observed by the Grecians in all their public agreements. The Thebans plighted their faith to each other at the monument of Iolaus, who, after he had been deified, was supposed to take care of the affairs of love. The Athenian virgins, when marriageable, presented baskets of little curiosities to Diana to obtain leave to depart from her train, she being esteemed the peculiar patron of maidens. And before they could lawfully marry, they presented themselves before her shrine at Brauron, an Athenian village, in order to appease her for intending to depart from the state of virginity, in which she so much delighted. The Boeotians and Locrians of both sexes offered,



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before their nuptials, a sacrifice to Euclia, or Diana, to avert her resentment against them, for changing from a single to a married life. These sacrifices consisted in consecrated wafers, cakes, and animals, which were slain on her altars on this occasion, as Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, and Venus, who was generally invoked with peculiar fervency, as being the goddess of love.

The time appointed for these ceremonies was commonly the day before the marriage, when the parties having cut off some of their hair, presented it to such deities as they most regarded, or to whom they thought themselves under the greatest obligations. But, besides these sacrifices, preparatory to the marriage, other victims were offered at the solemnization of it; and, on this occasion, as soon as the victims were slain, they were opened, and the gall taken out, and thrown behind the altar, to intimate that all gall and bitterness should be thrown behind the parties, when they enter into the married state. The entrails were then carefully inspected by the soothsayers; and if they declared that any thing unlucky appeared in them, the nuptials were either delayed or entirely broken off; and the same thing took place if any ill omen happened, during the celebration of them, as was the case at the marriage of Clitophon with Calligone, where, an eagle having snatched a piece of the victim from the altar, the whole company dispersed in terror and consternation.

Fortunate omens gave great joy, and the most fortunate of all others, was a pair of turtles seen in the air, as those birds were reckoned the truest emblem of conjugal love and fidelity; but if one

of them was seen alone, it infallibly denoted separation, and all the ills attending unhappy marriage. We cannot help observing here, to what a train of groundless fears and apprehensions superstition subjects her votaries, and how easily we may be deceived, in taking for the denunciations of heaven, the frauds and tricks of their enemies, as sometimes happened to the Greeks: if what is reported be true, that such as were averse to a marriage, or wished the parties to be unhappy, sometimes took a single turtle along with them, and letting it fly, either put an end to the ceremony, or filled the hearts of the contracting parties with terror and astonishment; but we must remark also, that those who wished well to the young couple, sometimes carried a pair of turtles along with them, and by their flight diffused joy and gladness into all the company, and particularly into those who were most interested in the fate of the marriage. The bride and bridegroom were richly dressed, and adorned with garlands of herbs and flowers. Cakes made of *sesame*, a plant remarkable for its fruitfulness, were plentifully distributed among the company. The house of the bridegroom was likewise adorned with garlands. A pestle was tied to the door of it, a maid carried a sieve, and the bride an earthen vessel, with barley, all which were emblems of her future employment. She was conducted in the evening to the house of her husband in a chariot, seated between her husband and one of his relations; servants carrying lighted torches immediately before, and singers and dancers preceding the whole cavalcade. When the bride alighted from the chariot, the axle-tree of it was



burnt, to signify that there was no method left for her to return back. As soon as the young couple entered the house, figs and other fruits were thrown upon their heads, to denote plenty; and a sumptuous entertainment was ready for them to partake of, to which all the relations on both sides were invited. The chief intention of this feast, according to the Greek authors, was to make the marriage publicly known, and, on that account, was a very essential part of the ceremony.

At Sparta marriages were conducted in a very different manner. When the preliminaries were settled by a female match-maker, she shaved the bride, dressed her in man's cloaths, and left her sitting upon a mattrass; the bridegroom stole privately to her, and having staid a short time, stole as privately away, a conduct which the laws of the republic obliged a married couple to observe.

Many instances have contributed to verify the observation, that friends agree best when they live separate. The reason of this is plain. Every human being has a certain share of follies and foibles, which, though it may be concealed from the occasional visitor, cannot escape the notice of one who is domesticated in the family.

This continual domestication soon gives an European husband and wife, an opportunity of discovering every blemish and imperfection: hence love dwindles into indifference, and indifference grows into contempt. The Spartan legislator seems to have been aware of this; he appears to have foreseen, that in matrimony, as well as other friendships, love and regard would be diminished by too intimate an acquaintance; he therefore or-

dained, that husband and wife should never have it in their power fully to show their weak sides to each other; and by this ordination he kept their love from being cloyed, and their friendship from being extinguished.

There were three different kinds of marriage among the Romans, distinguished from each other by the names of Conferration, Coemption, and Use. Conferration was the manner in which only the pontiffs and other priests were married, and was always celebrated by a priest; *and we call the attention of our readers to this remarkable circumstance, that, in the marriages of the pontiffs of ancient Rome, long before the Christian era, we discover the first instance of priests having celebrated the rites of that institution.* The ceremony consisted in the young couple eating a cake together, made only of wheat, salt, and water; part of which, along with other sacrifices, were, in a solemn manner, offered to the gods of marriage.

The second kind of marriage, called Coemption, was celebrated by the parties solemnly pledging their faith to each other, by giving and receiving a piece of money, a ceremony which was the most common way of marrying among the Romans, and which continued in use even after they became Christians. When writings were introduced to testify that a man and woman had become husband and wife, and also, that the husband had settled a dower upon his bride, these writings were called *Tabulæ Dotales*, dowry tables; and hence, perhaps, the words in our marriage ceremony, *I thee endow*.

As soon as a marriage by coemption or confer-

ration was agreed upon, the augurs were consulted, that they might declare the pleasure of the gods, and point out a fortunate day for the celebration of it. The bridegroom sent to the bride a plain iron ring on the wedding day, while the bride's hair was dressing; it was customary to divide her hair into six tresses, with the point of a spear, after the manner of the vestals, to teach her that she was to be a vestal to all but her husband. She was then crowned with a wreath of vervain, and other herbs, gathered by her own hands. In ancient Rome, when a couple were ready for the ceremony, they put a yoke upon their necks, called *conjugium*, and hence our word conjugal, or yoked together, is derived, a ceremony which is more emblematical of the matrimonial state, than any we have hitherto met with.

A further account of ancient and modern marriage ceremonies will be continued in the second volume.

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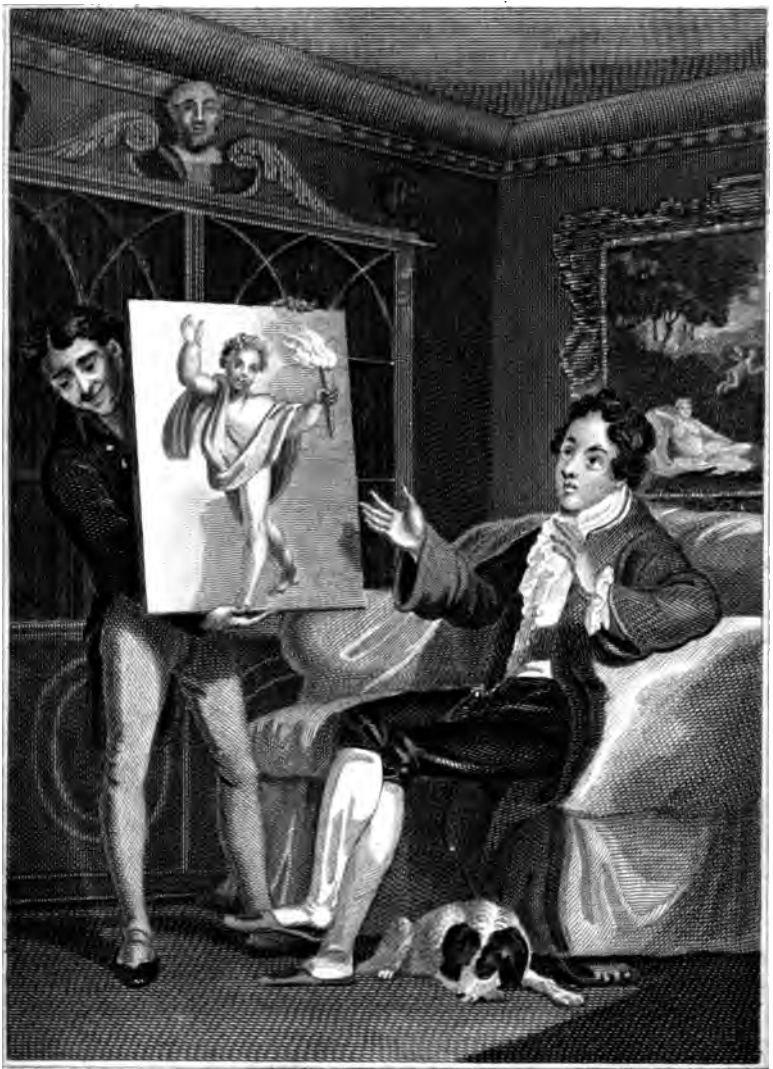
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THE SUBSCRIBERS to the **MATRIMONIAL MISCELLANY** are most respectfully informed, that, in order to render this Work still more interesting, it is the intention of the Publisher to add (as at first proposed) a Second Volume, which will contain a most delightful Narrative, founded on a Lady of Quality setting forth her various Pursuits in the search after Happiness; together with all the incidents attending a journey through life, so chequered with good and ill fortune.

Happy, thrice happy they, whose friendship proves
One constant scene of unmolested love ;
Whose hearts right temper'd, feel no various turns ;
No coolness chills them, and no madness burns,
But free from anger, doubts, and jealous fear,
Die as they live, united and sincere.



Engraved by J. Smith for J. Johnson

The Picture of Myself



THE

Matrimonial Miscellany,

AND

MIRROR OF HUMAN NATURE.

On the Institution of Marriage.

IN the earliest period of that happy age, distinguished for virtuous simplicity, when a perpetual spring clothed the fields with unfading verdure, and the earth spontaneously produced its fruits for its favoured inhabitants; whilst yet Innocence, with her companions, the fairest virtues, took up their abode amongst mankind; in order to perpetuate the reciprocal happiness of the sexes, it was found necessary to connect them by the tenderest ties of affection and interest.—Hymen was appointed to preside over this union; temples were erected to that favourite power in every city, and numerous were the votaries that crowded to his shrine. Merit, the offspring of genius and virtue, was directed to receive their petitions; supported by his sanction, they seldom were presented in vain. But, in process of time, mankind departing from their original purity, and estranging themselves from their celestial visitants, they forfeited their claim to the patronage of Merit, and their applications to Hymen ceased to be attended with their usual effect.

Licentiousness now extended her allurements, she received her beguiled votaries with caresses, and amused them with promises of introducing them to Felicity; but, instead, presented them to Vice, who had assumed the dress of false pleasure; and after a short delusion, consigned them to his attendant, Misery. To remedy these inconveniences, it was thought expedient that a being, of sentiments less rigid than Merit, should officiate with him in the temple of Hymen; Caprice was fixed upon for this purpose: she is thought to be the daughter of Prejudice and Fancy, but her origin is obscure, of no fixed principles, of a temper the most fickle, flighty, thoughtless, and inconsiderate, prejudiced, and prepossessed, almost without a cause; this nymph had, however, a sprightliness in her manner, which conciliated affection, and her determinations, though always precipitate, were frequently just. To these two powers the petitioners of Hymen were now to apply; and, when they were so happy as to obtain the approbation of both, he lavished upon them his choicest blessings; the attention and assiduities, the ministers of love, were the constant attendants of their union; they continually fanned the gentle flame of affection; a new scene of enjoyment was opened to these; the commonest domestic offices were ennobled to them; they were inspired with a peculiar elegance and delicacy of sentiment, and the sunshine of happiness gilded the evening of their days.

There were, however, frequent instances when these two mediators differed in opinion, and when (which was sometimes the case) a votary, favoured by Merit, but opposed by Caprice, preferred his

prayers; they were only in part attended to by Hymen; he seldom could be prevailed upon to introduce such to Felicity, but would generally present them to Content, her younger sister, endowed with inferior charms. Less fortunate were those whom Hymen joined from the influence of Caprice, in contradiction to the decision of Merit; for so unstable, by nature, was the former, in her affections, that her favourites were seldom the objects of lasting attention; abandoned thus by Caprice, and unsupported by Merit, they became the unhappy victims of disappointment, there were however numbers, who, discouraged by Caprice, desisted a while from their attempts to be introduced to Hymen. Reflection, Absence, and Variety, three sisters of different dispositions, were appointed to soothe the misfortunes of these; the first addressed arguments to their reason; the second, after presenting them the cup of oblivion, introduced them to the third; in whose conversation they found a constant succession of diversified pleasures, so seducing were her charms, so engaging were her manners, and so enlivening the gaiety and cheerfulness of her disposition, that many of those, who had applied in vain for the favour of Hymen, were abundantly consoled by the charms of Variety, till, in her train, they found partners, with whom they preferred a second petition to the sacred guardian of conjugal Felicity, with better success.

HYMEN,

Or the Portrait that was the better for keeping.

A CERTAIN painter, at the request of a young gentleman on the point of marriage, drew a portrait of Hymen. "I beg (said this empassioned youth) that your picture may display all the elegance of the Graces—The figure of Hymen, that Heaven-favoured deity, ought to be far more beautiful than that of Adonis.—In his hand should be a torch, more brilliant even than that of Love itself—Summon up, therefore, all the powers of fancy to your aid, and your reward shall be in proportion to the manner in which you finish."—The painter, who knew the liberality of the gentleman, set ardently to work, and threw out the whole fervour of his genius in the execution of this much expected piece; which, by way of compliment, he took care should be carried home the evening before the marriage—Our young Oroondates, then sporting in the fullest vigour of love-sick enthusiasm, was by no means satisfied with the performance. "Friend, (said he coldly to the painter) this picture of yours is rather pretty, but it wants a certain air of gaiety; it is destitute of those peculiar delicacies—those touching points which belong to the subject; in short, though this may be your Idea of Hymen, it is by no means mine—You have very indifferently finished this business, and according to the agreement, you will be but indifferently rewarded."—The painter, however, who was not more celebrated for the genius of his pencil than the knowledge of men, did not take offence, but concluded in a mo-

ment on the conduct he should pursue.—“ Sir, (said he) my picture is, in fact, not yet dry : the colours have not yet had time to shew themselves ; and, to speak freely, this is a kind of picture that for some time will not please, or appear to have truth in the drawing.—But in the course of a few months, I will take the liberty of bringing it again, and then you shall pay me according to the light in which you see it, and according to your opinion of its merit.—I am positive it will appear quite in another point of view.—Adieu, Sir ;—I am not pressed for money—it shall be left to our next interview.” The painter went away with his work, and the next day the young gentleman was married.—Some months were suffered to elapse before the painter re-appeared ; but at the end of these, hearing that some of those little matrimonial altercations which blend light and shade in the conjugal picture, had passed in pretty quick rebound, he seized on it as the exact crisis of carrying home his Portrait. At the same time of his entering the apartment of the late lover, he found the now husband lolling in all the lassitude of married indifference upon a sofa.—Are you there, Mr. Painter? (said he, without changing his posture) bring your work this way, if you please—Heavens ! (continued he, looking at it) why, what an alteration !—Can this possibly be the same Portrait ?—You have indeed kept your promise, and the prophecy is fulfilled :—time has, I see, rendered every feature exact and natural.—How wonderful is the effect of six months on the colouring ;—But pray now, is not the countenance a little too vivacious ?—Have not the eyes too much brightness ?—Are not the cheeks too delicately

roseate? and the whole piece is too splendidly animated?—As your pencil was, before marriage, too sombrous, it is now too spirited.—Why, Sir, you have dipped in the freshest tints of the rainbow.—Gods, what a glory beams from the torch!—it seems to burn your canvass; but surely the flame of Hymen ought to burn considerably more dull than that of Love!—Besides, the attitude, methinks, is too unembarrassed—too chearful, and too full of joy—of that joy emanating from a soul in bliss; and you have given it an air of playfulness, which, in my opinion, does not characterise that sober, solid, sleeping deity:—in fact, it very little resembles Hymen still; I know it, alas! by experience, to be a flattered likeness. Sir, (said the painter) at present Hymen is less beautiful in your eyes than in my Picture; and six months ago, recollect my Picture was in your eyes, less beautiful than Hymen.—Believe me, the painting has not changed:—it is your idea; and the reason is obvious—You was then a lover, now you are a husband.

“I understand you, (interrupted the husband,) say no more—Your Picture is more agreeable than my fancy.—it is but just that the payment should be in proportion.—As your fancy hath been richer than mine, so shall my recompence be richer than your fancy; here is a purse which contains double the sum you expected.—Take it, Sir, and give me the Picture in exchange.”

The Bachelor's Reasons for taking a Wife.

GRAVE authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years ;
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful Bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more ;
Unaw'd by precepts, human and divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join :
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past ;
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heaven to please ;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocent all day :
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given ;
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n :
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows glide and pass away ;
One solid comfort our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life :
This blessing lasts (if those who try, say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire *Adam*, ere of *Eve* possess'd,
Alone and ev'n in paradise unblest'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade :
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserve of God.

A wife ! ah gentle deities, can be
That has a wife e'er feel adversity ;
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by *Rebecca's* aid that *Jacob* won
His father's blessing from an elder son :

Abusive *Nabal* ow'd his forfeit life
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife :
 Heroic *Judith*, as old *Hebrews* show,
 Preserv'd the *Jews*, and slew the *Assyrian* foe :
 At *Hester's* suit the persecuting sword
 Was sheath'd, and *Israel* liv'd to bless the Lord.
 Be charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
 And try that christian comfort, call'd a wife.

THE WISHER,

OR

The Petition granted, yet Happiness not completèd.

AT the age of twenty I began to wish; and I have continued to weary Heaven with one foolish request or another, till within these twenty-four hours; it will not, I judge, be unamusing, nor perhaps uninstrusive, to give the Public the general heads of my story, which I shall begin at the time when I first set up the business of a Wisher. On the death of my father I found myself in easy circumstances; but did not relish the life of a bachelor, having no society in my house that could be supposed to care much about me: and I was always fond of attention. Servants are mercenary; dogs sleep too much to be good company; and the purring of a cat is but a melancholy amusement in a long evening. I wanted somebody to take a little notice of me; so I *began* the work of wishing; by wishing for a *Wife*. The more I considered the matter, the more essential it appeared. Without further preface, I hasten to tell you, that I threw an eye of observation amongst all ranks of my acquaintance on the female side; criticised the sex,

and became a perfect connoisseur in light hair, clear teeth, handsome hands, good shapes, and pretty features. Passion seemed to dwell principally upon a young, hale, clear-complexioned woman, whose character and humour I had long known. Her consent, which was independent of relations, I obtained in due season, and we were united. I lived above forty hours after the ceremony, without a single wish; but about that period I re-commenced my business afresh, and, kneeling by the side of my bed, folded my hands, and addressed Heaven in the following manner: "O Providence! thou great giver of all good things! I acknowledge to have received from thy bounty the blessing of a wife. She is just suited to my taste, and I am convinced we shall be very happy together. But, alas! what is a wife without children! what is marriage unless the bridal bed is sanctified and rewarded! A tree without fruit. May it please thee to grant me an heir! honour my house with sons and daughters! Then will my happiness be complete."—Providence assuredly spread the holy dew of benediction upon this petition: my prayer was heard, I had the prospect of a child, and made a great feast on the occasion, in which I did not forget to acknowledge the goodness of God. Three whole days did I remain quiet, to smile over my felicity; but, alas! on the morning of the fourth I began again to wish. "O sole Disposer of events! hear the humble petition which Nature extorts once more from the bosom of a parent! Let the child that is now in embryo, be beautiful, if it prove of the female kind, and endue it with strength and manly graces, if of the other sex. My fond heart is wrapt up in the conse-

quence, but relies submissively upon thy benignity. —I rested pretty patiently after this, till the child was born ; it proved a son. Scarce had the stranger entered the world, ere I delivered, upon my knee, an instantaneous address to Providence. I petitioned, in this fresh memorial, that my new-born might be possessed of every thing requisite to the use and ornaments of life. I set forth the necessity of power, and the omnipotency of fortune. I requested that his soul might be aspiring, and that his proudest ambition might be successful. I requested that he might prosper under the sunshine of a Court. Heaven was still in a disposition to grant me every thing. Even in this I was gratified. My son, from Nature, received a strong constitution, from Fortune, ten thousand pounds a year. And this was the crisis at which I supposed the business of a wisher over. Alas ! improvident wretch ! I little imagined there would have been any occasion to alter my sentiments. But mark the issue. My wife, in her old age, became addicted to toys and trinkets. I was reduced to the necessity of expostulation upon the subject, and spoke to her severely of second childhood prematurely brought on by frivolousness. These remonstrances created quarrels, those quarrels aversion, and that aversion separated us, which separation ended in the most bitter and mutual hatred. And now again behold me upon my cushion of prayer, beseeching the tender mercies of Providence to give me once more the freedom of a bachelor. I wished for that unconnected liberty which before was thought incompetent, in exchange for the torments of a wife. I should now have been contented with the snoring

of my dog, or the purring of my cat. My wish therefore was, that I had never been mad enough to wish for a wife. But to my next mishap, my son, when he had gained the first dignities in the state, just as I had wished, when he had arrived to a perfection in all the polishes of a court; exactly as he was seated on the pinnacle of princely favour, alas! he fell, like Wolsey, the deserved victim of his own intrigues, "never to rise again." He was disgraced, exiled, and execrated. On receipt of this intelligence, while I was rejoicing in his power, I dropped with great misery upon my knees, and afresh implored the kind Author of all favours. My wish and prayer were now, that I might hear speedily of his death. Soon after my much desired daughter, for whom I had so earnestly begged "the blessing of a face," turned out the most egregious coquette in the universe. She made fools of all her suitors, triumphed in conquest, and gloried in the duels and deaths she occasioned. She multiplied lover upon lover, and gave encouragement to their addresses, only to extend the train of vanity, and deceive them by a laugh. Such conduct, as might be expected, was punished by contempt, wretchedness, and desertion; on which occasion I need scarce tell you my wish was—that she had been born without the beauty I prayed for, or that she had not been born at all! thus were every one of my prayers granted, yet my felicity not increased: thus were every one of my hopes frustrated. I meditated upon the whole, execrated my own impatience, and now only prayed for philosophy to endure the ills of life, and piety to trust to the Providence of God.

The first Wife.

ADAM alone could not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, an't please ye:
 But how did he procure this wife,
 To cheer his solitary life?
 Why, from a rib cut off his side,
 Was form'd this necessary bride.
 But how did he the pain beguile?
 Pho! he slept sweetly all the while.
 But when this rib was re-apply'd
 In woman's form to Adam's side,
 How then, I pray you, did it answer?
 He never slept so sweet again, Sir.

The two unfortunate Ladies.

IN the convent of the visitation of Cl*** had for some short time retired the Marchioness of Clarence. The calm and serenity which she saw reign in this solitude, did but render more lively and bitter the grief that consumed her. 'How happy,' said she, 'are those innocent doves, which have taken their flight towards heaven! Life is to them a cloudless day; they know neither the sorrows nor pleasures of the world.'

Amidst these pious maidens, whose happiness she envied, one only, named Lucilia, seemed to her to be pensive and pining. Lucilia, still in the bloom of her youth, had that style of beauty which is the image of a sensible heart; but sorrow and tears had taken off its freshness, like a rose which the sun has withered, but which leaves us still capable of judging, in its languishing state, of all the beauty it had in the morning. There seems to be a dumb language between tender souls. The marchioness read

in the eyes of this afflicted fair-one what nobody had discovered there before. So natural is it to the unhappy to complain, and love their partners in affliction! She took a liking to Lucilia. Friendship, which in the world is hardly a sentiment, in the cloister is a passion. Their connection in a short time became very intimate, but on both sides a concealed sorrow poisoned its sweetness. They were sometimes a whole hour sighing together, without presuming to ask each other the secret of their griefs. The marchioness at last broke the silence.

‘A mutual confession,’ said she, ‘would spare us perhaps a great deal of uneasiness: we stifle our sighs on both sides; ought friendship to keep any thing a secret from the breast where a mutual friendship is found?’ At these words a modest blush animated the features of Lucilia, and the veil of her eye-lids dropped over her fine eyes. ‘Ah! why,’ replied the marchioness, ‘why this blush? Is it the effect of shame? Is it thus that the thought of happiness ought to colour beauty? Speak, my Lucilia, pour out your heart into the bosom of a friend more, without doubt, to be lamented than yourself, but who would console herself for her own happiness, if she could but soften yours.’—‘What is it you ask of me, Madam? I share all your sorrows, but I have none of my own to confide to you. The alteration of my health is the only cause of that languor into which you see me plunged. I am decaying insensibly; and, thanks to Heaven, my end approaches.’ She spoke these last words with a smile, at which the marchioness was greatly affected. ‘Is that, then,’ said she, ‘your only consolation? yet, though impatient to die, you will not

confess to me what it is that renders life odious to you. How long have you been here?'—'Five years, Madam.'—'Was you brought hither by compulsion?'—'No, Madam, by reason, by Heaven, which was pleased to attract my heart entirely to itself.'—'That heart, then, was attached to the world?'—'Alas! yes, for its own punishment.'—'Finish.'—'I have told you all.'—'Were you in love, Lucilia, and had the fortitude to bury yourself alive? Was it some perfidious wretch whom you have abandoned?'—'The most virtuous, most tender, and most valuable of mankind. Ask no more: you see the guilty tears that steal from my eyes; all the wounds of my heart open afresh at the thought.'—'No, my dear Lucilia, it is not a time for us now to keep any thing a secret. I would penetrate into the inmost recesses of your heart, in order to pour consolation into it: believe me, the poison of grief exhales not but by complaints; shut up in silence, it only becomes the more violent.'—'You will have it, Madam? Weep then over the unfortunate Lucilia; weep over her life, and shortly over her death.'

'Scarce had I appeared in the world, when this fatal beauty attracted the eyes of a fickle and imprudent youth, whose homage could not dazzle me. One man alone, yet in the age of innocence and candour, taught me that I was sensible of love. The equality of our years, birth, fortune; the connection also between our families; and above all, a mutual inclination had united us to each other. My lover lived only for me: he saw with pity this immense void of the world, where pleasure is only a shadow, where love is but a gleam; our hearts

full of themselves But I lose myself. Ah, Madam, what do you now oblige me to call to mind!—‘What, my dear, do you reproach yourself for having been just? When Heaven has formed two virtuous and sensible hearts, does it make it criminal in them to seek each other, to attract, to captivate reciprocally? If so, why has it made them?’—It formed, no doubt, with pleasure that heart in which mine lost itself; where virtue took place of reason, and where I saw nothing that was a reproach to nature. Oh, Madam, who was ever loved like me! Would you believe that I was obliged to spare my lover’s delicacy even the confession of those tender inquietudes which sometimes afflict love? He would have deprived himself of life, if Lucilia had been jealous of it. When he perceived in my eyes any mark of sorrow, it was to him as if all nature had been eclipsed: he supposed himself always the cause, and reproached himself for all my faults.

‘It is but too easy to judge to what excess the most amiable of men must have been loved. Interest, which dissolves all ties except those of love, interest disunited our families: a fatal law-suit, commenced against my mother, was to us the era and source of our misfortunes. The mutual hatred of our friends raised itself as an eternal barrier between us: we were obliged to give over seeing each other. The letter which he wrote to me will never be effaced out of my memory.

“Every thing is lost to me, my dear Lucilia: they tear from me my only happiness. I am just come from throwing myself at my father’s feet, I am just come from conjuring him, bathing him at the same

time with my tears, to give over this fatal law-suit. He received me as a child. I protested to him that your fortune was sacred to me, that my own would become odious. He has treated my disinterestedness as a folly. Mankind conceive not that there is something above riches: and yet what should I do with wealth if I lose you? They say that one day I shall be glad they did not listen to me. If I believed that age, or what they call reason, could so far debase my soul, I should cease to live from this moment, terrified at what was to come. No, my dear Lucilia, no; all I have or ask is yours. The laws would in vain give me a part of your inheritance; my laws are in my heart, and my father there stands condemned. A thousand pardons for the uneasinesses he occasions you! Pray God that I offer up no criminal wishes; I could cut off from my own days to add to my father's; but, if ever I am master of those riches he is now accumulating, and with which he would overload me in spite of myself, ample reparation shall be made for all. But yet I am deprived of you. They will dispose, perhaps, of the heart which you have given me. Ah! beware of ever consenting to it: think that my life is at stake, think that our oaths are written in heaven. But can you withstand the imperious will of a mother? I shudder at the thought; speak comfort to me, in the name of the most tender love."

'You answered him, without doubt.'—'Yes, Madam; but in a very few words.'

"I upbraid you with nothing. I am unhappy, but I know how to be so: learn from me to suffer."

'The law-suit, however, was begun, and carried

on with heat. One day, alas! one terrible day; while my mother was reading with indignation a memorial published against her, somebody asked to speak with me. 'Who is it?' said she; 'let them come in.' 'The servant, confounded, hesitates for some time, stammers in his answers, and concludes by confessing that he was charged with a billet to me. 'For my daughter! from whom?' I was present; judge of my situation; judge of the indignation of my mother when she heard the name of the son of the person whom she called her persecutor. If she had vouchsafed to read the billet, which she sent back without opening, perhaps she had been moved by it. She would have seen, at least, the extreme purity of our sentiments: but whether the vexations into which this law-suit had plunged her, required only an opportunity to vent itself, or that a secret correspondence between her daughter and her enemies was in her eyes a real crime, there are no reproaches with which I was not loaded. I fell down confounded at my mother's feet, and submitted to the humiliation of her upbraidings, as if I had deserved them. It was determined on the spot that I should go and conceal in a cloister what she called my shame and her own. Being brought here the day after, orders were given not to suffer me to see any body; and I was here three whole months, as if my family and the world had been entirely annihilated to me. The first and only visit I received was my mother's: I presaged from her embraces the sentence she was going to pronounce. "I am ruined," said she to me, as soon as we were alone: "iniquity has prevailed; I have lost my law-suit, and with it all means of establishing you

in the world. Scarce enough remains for my son to support himself according to his birth. As to you, my daughter, God has called you here; here you must live and die: to-morrow you take the veil." At these words, which were strengthened by the cold and absolute tone in which they were pronounced, my heart was struck, and my tongue frozen; my knees gave way beneath me, and I fell senseless on the ground. My mother called for assistance, and laid hold of that opportunity to withdraw herself from my tears. When I was come to myself again, I found myself surrounded with those pious damsels, whose companion I was to be, and who invited me to partake with them the sweet tranquillity of their condition. But that state, so fortunate for an innocent and disengaged soul, presented to my eyes nothing but struggles, perjuries, and remorse. A dreadful abyss was going to be opened betwixt my lover and me; I found my better part torn from me; I saw no longer any thing around me but silence and vacuity; and in this immense solitude, in this renunciation of all nature, I found myself in the presence of heaven, with my heart full of the lovely object, which it was necessary I should forget for its sake. These holy damsels told me, with the strongest conviction, all that they knew of the vanities of the world: but it was not to the world that I was attached; the most horrible desert would have seemed a ravishing abode with the man whom I had left in that world which to me was nothing.

'I desired to see my mother again: she pretended at first to have taken my swooning for a natural accident. "No, Madam, it is the effect of the



violent situation into which you have thrown me; for it is no longer time to feign. You have given me life, you may take it from me: but, Madam, have you conceived me only as a victim devoted to the torment of a lingering death? and to whom is it you sacrifice me? Not to God. I feel that he rejects me: the Almighty demands only pure victims, voluntary sacrifices; he is jealous of the offerings made him, and the heart which presents itself to him ought thenceforward to be his alone. If violence drags me to the altar, perjury and sacrilege attend me there.'—'What say you, wretched girl?'—'A terrible truth, which despair forces from me. Yes, Madam, my heart has given itself away without your consent: innocent or culpable, it is no longer mine; God only can break the band by which it is tied.'—'Go, unworthy daughter, go, and ruin yourself: I will never acknowledge you more.'—'Dear mother, by your own blood, abandon me not; see my tears, my despair, see hell open at my feet!'—'Is it in this light, then, that a fatal passion makes thee view the asylum of honour, the tranquil port of innocence? What is there then, but the world in thy eyes? Know, however, that this world has but one idol, interest. All our homages are for the successful: oblivion, desertion and contempt, are the portion of 'the unfortunate.'

'Ah, Madam! separate from that corrupt multitude the man—' 'Whom you love, is it not so? I know all that he can have said to you. He is no accomplice in the iniquity of his father; he disclaims it, he complains to you of it; he will repair the injury done you! Vain promises; the fine

speeches of a young man, which will be forgot to-morrow. But were he constant in his passion, and faithful in his promises, his father is young, he will grow old, for the wicked grow old; and in the mean time love becomes extinct, ambition prompts, duty commands; rank, alliance, fortune, present themselves to him, and the credulous, beguiled maid, becomes the public talk. Such is the lot that awaited you: your mother has preserved you from it. I now cost you some tears, but you will one day bless me for it. I leave you, my daughter: prepare yourself for the sacrifice which God requires of you. The more painful this sacrifice, the more worthy will it be of Him.'

'In a word, Madam, I was obliged to resolve. I took this veil, this bandage; I entered the path of penitence; and, during the time of probation, in which we are yet free, I flattered myself with the hopes of subduing myself, and attributed my irresolution and weakness solely to the fatal liberty of having it in my power to return. I thought the time long till I could bind myself by an irrevocable oath. I took that oath; I renounced the world; an easy matter. But, alas! I renounced also my lover, and that was more than renouncing my life. On pronouncing those vows, my soul fluttered on my lips, as if ready to leave me. Scarce had I strength enough to drag me to the foot of the altar; whence they were obliged to carry me away as dead. My mother came to me transported with a cruel joy.—Pardon me, my God: I respect, I love her still; I will love her to my last gasp' These words of Lucilia were interrupted by sighs, and two rivulets of tears overflowed her face.

'The sacrifice was now completed,' resumed she after a long silence: 'I was the Almighty's, I was no longer my own. All sensual ties were now to be broken: I was become dead to the earth; I presumed to believe it. But what was my terror, in searching into the abyss of my own soul! I there still found love, but a frantic and criminal love; love covered with shame and despair; love rebelling against heaven, against nature, against myself; love consumed by regret, torn with remorse, and transformed into rage. 'What have I done?' cried I to myself a thousand times; 'what have I done! This adored man, whom I must see no more, presents himself to my imagination in all its charms.' The happy knot which was to have made us one, all the moments of a delicious life, all the emotions of two hearts which death alone would have separated, presented themselves to my distracted soul. Ah, Madam, how grievous was the image! There is nothing which I have not done in order to blot it from my memory. For these five years past have I by turns banished it from my sight, and seen it recur without ceasing. In vain do I sink myself in sleep, which only revives it in my mind; in vain do I abstract myself in solitude, where it awaits me: I find it at the foot of the altar, I bear it into the bosom of God himself. Meantime that God, who is the Father of mercies, has at length taken pity on me. Time, reason, penance, have weakened the first shocks of this criminal passion, but a painful languor has succeeded. I feel myself dying every moment, and the thought that I am drawing near to my grave is my sole consolation.

‘ Oh, my dear Lucilia !’ cried the marchioness, after hearing her, ‘ which of us is most to be pitied ? Love has been the cause both of your misfortunes and mine ; but you loved the tenderest, the most faithful, the most grateful of men ; and I the most perfidious, the most ungrateful, the most cruel. You devoted yourself to heaven, I delivered up myself to a villain ; your retreat was a triumph, mine is a reproach : people lament you, love you, and respect you ; but me they revile and traduce.

‘ Of all lovers, the most passionate before marriage was the Marquis of Clarence. Young, amiable, seducing to the highest degree, he promised a most happy disposition. He seemed to possess all the virtues, as he really did all the graces. The docile ease of his temper received in so lively a manner the impression of virtuous sentiments, that they seemed as if they could never have been effaced. It was too easy for him, alas ! to inspire me with the passion which he had himself, or at least thought he had for me. All the conveniences which make great matches, conspired with this mutual inclination ; and my parents, who had seen it rising in my bosom, consented to crown it. Two years passed in the tenderest union. O Paris ! O theatre of vices ! O dreadful rock of love, innocence, and virtue ! My husband, who till then had been but little conversant with those of his own age, and that merely to amuse himself, as he said, with their irregularities and follies, imbibed insensibly the poison of their example. The noisy preparation for their insipid meetings, the mysterious confidence of their adventures, the proud recitals of their empty pleasures, the commendations lavished

on their worthless conquests, all excited his curiosity. The sweetness of an innocent and peaceful union had no longer the same charms for him. I had myself no other talents than those which a virtuous education bestows; I perceived that he required more in me. 'I am undone,' said I to myself, 'my heart is no longer a sufficient return for his.' Indeed his attentions from that time were nothing more than complaisance; he no longer preferred those conversations, those private interviews, so delicious to me, to the ebb and flow of a tumultuous society. He himself persuaded me to abandon myself to dissipation, only in order to authorise him to be abandoned. I became more pressing, and restrained him. I took the resolution of leaving him at liberty, that he might wish for me, and see me again with pleasure, after a comparison which I thought must be to my advantage: but young corrupters seized that soul, unfortunately too flexible; and from the instant he had steeped his lips in the poisoned cup, his intoxication was without remedy, and his wandering without return. I wanted to recal him; but it was too late. 'You destroy yourself my dear,' said I to him, 'and though it be dreadful for me to see a husband torn from me who formed all my delight, yet is more for your sake than my own that I lament your error. You seek happiness where it is most assuredly not to be found. False delights, shameful pleasures, will never satisfy your soul. The art of seducing and deceiving is the whole of that worldly art that now charms you; your wife knows it not, and you know it no better than she: that infamous school is not formed for our hearts: yours suffers

itself to be lost in its intoxication ; but it will last only for a time ; the illusion will vanish like a dream ; you will return to me, and find me still the same ; an indulgent and faithful love waits your return, and all will be forgotten. You will have neither reproach nor complaint to fear from me : happy if I can console you, for all the chagrins which you may have occasioned me ! But you, who know the value of virtue, and have tasted of her charms ; you, whom vice shall have plunged from one abyss into another ; you, whom it shall dismiss perhaps with contempt, to conceal at home with your wife the languishing days of a premature old age, your soul a prey to cruel remorse, how will you reconcile yourself to yourself ? how will you be able still to relish the pure pleasure of being beloved by me ? Alas ! my love itself will be your punishment. The more lively also and tender that love will be, the more humiliating will it be for you. It is this, my dear marquis, it is this that grieves and overpowers me. Cease to love me, if you please ; I can forgive you, since I have ceased to be agreeable : but never render yourself unworthy of my tenderness, and contrive at least not to be obliged to blush before me.' Would you believe it, my dear Lucilia ? a piece of raillery was all his answer. He told me that I talked like an angel, and that what I had said deserved to be committed to writing. But seeing my eyes brimful of tears, 'Nay, do not play the child !' said he to me. 'I love you ; you know it ; suffer me to amuse myself, and be assured that nothing attaches me.'

• However, some officious friends failed not to inform me of every thing that could grieve and



confound me. Alas! my husband himself in a short time desisted from keeping himself under my restraint, and even from flattering me.

! I shall not tell you, my dear Lucilia, the many marks of humiliation and disgust that I endured. Your griefs in comparison of mine would even appear light to you. Imagine, if possible, the situation of a virtuous and feeling soul, lively and delicate to excess, receiving every day new outrages from the only object of its affection; still living for him alone, when he lives no longer for her, when he is not ashamed to live for objects devoted to contempt. I spare your delicacy the most horrible part of this picture. Rejected, abandoned, sacrificed by my husband, I devoured my grief in silence and if I afforded some profligate companies a topic of ridicule, a more just and compassionate public consoled me with its pity; and I enjoyed the sole good which his vice could not take from me, a spotless character. I have since lost that, my dear Lucilia. The wickedness of the women, whom my example humbled, could not bear to see me irreproachable. They interpreted, according to their wishes, my solitude and apparent tranquillity: they ascribed to me as a lover, the first man who had the impudence to conceive that he was well received by me. My husband, to whom my presence was a continual reproach, and who found himself not yet sufficiently at liberty, in order to rid himself of my importunate grief, took the first pretext that was presented to him, and banished me to one of his country-seats. Unknown to the world, far from the sight of my misfortunes, I at least enjoyed in solitude the liberty of indulging my grief; but

the cruel man caused it to be notified to me, that I might choose a convent; that his seat of Florival was sold, and that I must retire from thence.'—

Florival! interrupted Lucilia, in a violent emotion. 'That was the place of my exile, resumed the marchioness. 'Ah, Madam! what name have you pronounced!'—'The name of my husband before he acquired the marquise of Clarence.'—'What do I hear! Oh, Heaven! oh, just Heaven; is it possible?' cried Lucilia, throwing herself upon the bosom of her friend. 'What is the matter! what troubles you! what sudden revolution! Lucilia, recover your senses.'—'How, Madam! is Florival then the perfidious wretch, the villain, who betrays and dishonours you!'—'Do you know him?'—'It is the man, Madam, whom I adored, whom I have mourned for these five years past the man who would have had my last sighs!'—'What say you?'—'It is he, Madam! Alas, what had been my lot! At these words Lucilia bowing her face to the ground, 'Oh, my God! said she, 'oh, my God! it was thou who stretchedst out thine hand towards me.' The marchioness was confounded, and unable to recover from her astonishment. 'Doubt it not,' said she to Lucilia; 'the designs of heaven are visibly manifested upon us; it brings us together, inspires us with a mutual confidence, and opens our hearts to each other, as two sources of light and consolation. Well, my worthy and tender friend, let us endeavour to forget at once both our misfortunes, and the person who occasioned them.'

From this time the tenderness and intimacy of their friendship encreased to the highest degree: their solitude had pleasures known only to the un

fortunate. But, in a little time, this calm was interrupted by the news of the danger which threatened the marquis. His dissipations cost him his life. At the point of death he asked for his virtuous wife. She tears herself from the arms of her forlorn companion; hastens to him; arrives; and finds him expiring. 'Oh you, whom I have so greatly and so cruelly injured,' said he to her on recollecting her, 'see the fruit of my irregularities; see the dreadful stroke which the hand of God hath inflicted upon me, if I am yet worthy of your pity, raise up to heaven your innocent voice, and lay my remorse before it.' The distracted wife would have thrown herself on his bosom. "Stand off (said he), I shudder at myself; my breath is the blast of death." Adding, after a long silence, "Do you know me again in this state to which my crimes have reduced me! is this that pure soul that used to mix itself with thine? is this that half of thyself? is this that nuptial bed that received me when worthy of thee? Perfidious friends, detestable enchantresses, come, see, and shudder. Oh, my soul! who will deliver thee from this hideous prison? Sir, (said he to his physician) have I yet long to live? My pains are intolerable. Leave me not, my generous friend; I should fall, but for thee, into the most dreadful despair Cruel death, complete the expiation of my life. There are no evils which I do not deserve; I have betrayed, dishonoured, basely persecuted innocence and virtue itself."

The marchioness, in agonies of grief, made every moment new efforts to throw herself on the bed, from which they endeavoured to remove her. At

last the unhappy man expired, his eyes fixed upon her, and his voice died away in asking her pardon.

The only consolation the marchioness was capable of, arose from that religious confidence with which so good a death inspired her. 'He was (said she) more weak than wicked, and more frail than culpable. The world led him astray by its pleasures. God brought him back again by afflictions. He has chastised, and pardons him. Yes, my husband, my dear Clarence, (cried she) now disencumbered of the ties of blood and the world, thou waitest in the bosom of thy God.'

Her soul filled with those holy ideas, she went to join her friend, whom she found at the foot of the altar. Lucilia's heart was rent within her at the relation of this cruel and virtuous death. They wept together for the last time; and, some time after, the marchioness consecrated to God, with the same vows as Lucilia, that heart, those charms, those virtues, of which the world was unworthy

PALADEL AND PATTY.

Or Domestic Happiness.

THOSE who are past the "hey-day of the blood," declaim loudly against *love-matches*, as it is a maxim of the same frigid creatures to sing forth the praises of *money-matches*. *Love-matches* may sometimes be unhappy; but I shall in a true narrative shew you, that some delightful exceptions there are; and that I, the Author of the Narrative, am one of them. To this end I shall briefly (and yet with

some vivacity) recount what happened to me in the hours of friendship, and what since.—In a word, for the honour of both Cupid and Hymen,

“ I will a round, unvarnish'd tale deliver,
“ Of my whole course of Love.”

The name of my wife in her maiden state, was Copyhold, whose father was a farmer in Essex. Our first interview was at a rural ball: every one knows, that,

When music softens and when dancing fires,

the hearts of young folks begin to flutter, and affection soon becomes mutual. Tenderness overtook them in the course of the very first week. *Farmer Copyhold's* daughter was not deemed a *proper match*; i. e. she was not rich enough to be considered as a *bargain*. Marriages are mere merchandize.—Conscious of this, the young ones had wit enough, under the disguise of friendship, to carry on the tenderest intercourse of courtship. Our houses were separated by the distance of seven miles; we met however by stealth. The parting kiss was always kept sacred on the lips, till its impression became more lively, by that which was given at a re-meeting. Almost my whole weekly allowance was engaged in keeping, in good condition, a prancing horse, which I maintained on purpose to carry me expeditiously to the object of my wishes. I shall present the particulars of a love-journey, which hath in it many strokes of Nature. Having one evening preconcerted matters, deluded the little “sly slow circumspect things,” who are most obnoxious to the schemes of tenderness, and most hated by the animated lover—Having also happily

hit upon those pretty expedients, which the most delicate difficulties of the heart never fail suggesting to the head, all was just as it should be, and I was to see her the next day; and those only, who have been under the same sort of expectation, (possessing likewise the same degree of passion) will guess whether any other use was made of my bed *that* night, than to toss about from one end to the other of it. I rose several times to see whether the dawn was not beginning to break; and I thought it the longest night in my life. Had the intermediate space, instead of six or seven hours, been six or seven years taken from life, how readily would I have consented to have shortened them into moments; if by so doing, I could have put an end to my suspense. At length, the grey of the morning appeared, and I was drest in an instant. It is unlucky enough for a *horse* (and he well earns what he eats) when he happens to be the property of a *Lover*; for, as the poor devil feels no such impetuous passion in *himself*, nor the least inclination to scower away upon the whip and spur of desire, it must needs be a very displeasing task to gratify the impatience of his mad-headed master, and carry him many a long mile into the arms of his mistress, at full speed, just as the maggot happens to twitch him. Yet such was the case at present; wings would have been thought scarce rapid enough, *legs* therefore must certainly push for it: and push for it they did with a vengeance. For at the turn of a cramp corner within a mile of the house, I lost my centre; and stuck as perpendicularly into a quick-set, as if I had been originally planted with it, and ever since been growing by the road-side.



The caitiff of a steed neither slackened or increased his pace, nor ever turned his head to see the fate of his master; but kept driving along (accustomed to the road) and stopt with great composure at the door of the house which concealed my treasure. As I had no actual inclination to *take root*, I worked my way out of the hedge, and made the best of my road, cursing my own violence, and the jirking animal that had been the cause of my disaster.

Oh, Reader! how wonderfully are things brought about in this mystical planet of ours! This very fall betrayed to the whole family, the secret which we had so long guarded with the most cautious diligence. At the time my horse reached the house, my Charmer was sitting on a little bench, over which straggled a few woodbines, beside the door: she knew the *servant*, and concluded that he had demolished his master. The agitation of this idea operated with such force of agony, that she ran into the house, crying—" *He's dead, he's dead!—He's murdered!—I'm sure he is murdered!*" This was an enigma no one could explain; but when a few minutes afterwards I entered the house, and she obeyed the impulse of immediate transport, by catching me in her arms (like all other riddles when unfolded) nothing was plainer. All the family were assembled on the solemn occasion; and a mighty pretty figure we cut before them. I threatened silently the horse with as dreadful a death as I could invent. However, to this accident arose a confusion of so interesting and so convincing a nature, that I began less to murmur. Leave a woman *alone*, says the Proverb, at a pinch; by whomsoever inspired (blessed be the benign Power

that aspired my Angel on this occasion,) she pretended that the apprehension of a man's being murdered, and the sight of blood, quite overcame her.—The charming deceit prevailed. Thus we purchased to ourselves a few of those precious moments of uninterrupted interchange, which are so acceptable to *Lovers*; but the shades of the evening at last intervened, and put every sentiment of transport again to a period. My horse was at the door—I bid the servant walk him about, and would come directly. By this means I gained a little more time; then taking my leave, I prepared to go. Surely Providence contrived it:—methought the horse went lame in one of his fore-feet; it was examined.—The blacksmith (blessings on him!) lived at a mile's distance—The old gentleman desired his man to lead the horse (Ned Smears) and get his shoe put on.—“And pray be gentle,” said he.—“Yes, *very gentle* (said I;) as gentle as possible, good boy.”—“Aye, aye, (cried the old man) as slow as foot can fall.”—“Mind what your master says to you, John—Do you hear, *as slow as foot can fall?*” As heaven would have it, the fellow had been for many years ten times more lame than the steed; and away they went hobbling together. If you, my good Reader, have ever been in love, these minute recapitulations will not seem unimportant; since that passion is more *naturally delineated*, and described, by little delicate accidents, and familiar circumstances, which are too often overlooked by such as admire the marvellous, than by all the elaborate dignity of heroic actions, or great events. This delightful delay was passed, in which the tongue was of no more use than the teeth; and yet the

conversation was lively, interesting, and ingenious. The fellow, however, at length, came *galloping* up to the door; willing, I suppose, to make up loss of time in *going*, by his expedition in *returning*. He arrived panting and puffing like an express; by which, if he designed to oblige me, he was sorely mistaken; and though it was certainly done in good will, I was so sincerely offended at him, that the shilling which I really *meant* to give him, was now changed into a pitiful sixpence; and even this I threw down upon the ground with one hand, as I snatched the bridle out of his hand with the other. I paid again the parting respect; but before I had got to the bottom of the first mead, I recollected that, by *accident* or contrivance, I had forgot my gloves, for which I was joyfully returning, when I saw the unlucky clodpole, who had shortened my visit, *running* as if upon life and death, with the gloves in his hand. I received them without a word of acknowledgement; and as the officious creature went bowing from me, I griped the whip hard in my hand, wished with all my soul he would take it in his head to be impertinent, and at last rode away with *grinning indignation*. The moon rose in all her elegance; and the objects I passed by in the morning, while my heart was as chearful as the sun-beam, now appeared so gloomy, that I looked at them as transient as possible; yet I found no inclination to mend my pace, and was so insensible to consequences, that I never once offered to button my coat, though the night air was cutting, and the damps began to descend: the truth is, every step *forwards* was a step farther from an object on whom I doated; and I was simple or tender enough

(whichever you like best) not only to ride back several times to take a view of her habitation, but also to loiter upon the road on this love-sick business, till a storm gathered over my head, and applied to my passion as cooling an inundation as ever overtook the luckless traveller. I arrived at home dripping wet: yet my flame for the lovely Patty was ardent as ever:—indeed it was rather increased by this washing, which was succeeded by a sore throat and fever. Of this, however, I soon recovered. Methinks the reader asks, how came these lovers to be left together? P'shaw! Peace, inquisitive man! I shall tell no more of my story than I please. We so contrived it, that we got over our difficulties, and were married. Our affairs turned out unluckily.—Fortune went out of our dwelling.—Poverty entered it.—Have you a tear to spare? Perhaps the next sheet may purchase it.

Patty shared my poverty, and increased her passion; because when money is wanting, the deficiency should undoubtedly be supplied by love. One or two specimens of our reduced situation, will satisfy decent curiosity as well as a thousand.—They follow at your service. In the midst of my misery, after habit had made the burthen easy, the postman brought a letter, as we were sitting down to dinner: the superscription touched me, and I recognized a hand that flattered me.—Such was my condition, that I could hardly keep my seat; Patty conceived my confusion; turned pale and laid down her knife and fork, ‘Do you apprehend any fresh alarms my dear? (said she)—hang the letter! I wish the postman had been far enough, before he had come to spoil your dinner.’ ‘By

you leave, (said I, unfolding the paper.) The contents of this epistle were these :

‘S I R,

NOTHING but an effort of despair could persuade me to intrude upon you, *even by letter*. I reverence the sacred and honourable connection by which you are bound, too highly to interrupt it ; but at this crisis, the loan of a small sum would save me from miseries of the most fatal colour. When told that two guineas will relieve me, you will judge of the present necessity, and the dreadful reduction of my circumstances.

‘I am Sir,

‘Your most obedient, &c.

‘JULIA.’

While I read this, Patty sat anxiously silent.— ‘I hope *not so bad as you thought*, my dear,’ said she. As I had long ago made her acquainted with the circumstances of this lady’s history, who had now written prudently, I gave her the letter, the sentiments of which brought tears into her eyes ; streaming, however, from a cause something different from that to which many of my fair readers, it is presumed, will attribute them. Patty, indeed, was one of those women who possessed not only a very delicate and general humanity ; but who could make allowances for the slip of another woman, even though that woman might, formerly, have made such a slip with the lord of her own affections. Her virtues were not of the outrageous kind ; and she was really so unnatural, or so *unwomanly*, as to think a distressed female the proper object of female pity ; by whatever means the

misfortunes were occasioned. And such were her feelings on the present case, that nothing but the best reason in the world, could have prevented her from sacrificing a warm dinner, and carrying the requested pittance with her own hand that instant. 'What's to be done for the poor thing?' said she.—I was going to answer, when a coach stopt at the door, out of which came in Mrs. B——, in all the rustle of silks, as if in disdain of my poor Patty's clean linen gown and cloth apron. 'Your servant, Mrs. B——, (said my wife, smiling, as if she was drest in brocade, and dining upon venison.)—Madam, your most obedient.' 'Your servant, (said the lady,)—Lord! What, at dinner already! I vow to heaven, I am but just out of bed, and have not had time to swallow my chocolate.' 'And what has given us the honour of seeing you thus early, (said I,) Madam?' 'We are very happy, however, in the occasion,' said Patty. 'Why you must know, I was last night in luck; fortune played every card for me, so that I am almost to-day the very *Queen of Diamonds*!'—'Well, Madam, (said I;) and so—' 'I rejoice in your good fortune,' said Patty. 'And so (resumed the lady) I am resolved to celebrate my success, and you must absolutely be of the party.' Patty saw me look at her dress; and that unreasonable survey brought the beautiful blood into her face. 'Yes, you must, and shall go (cried the lady): I am to have all the world and his wife. It is to be the rout of all routs; for I am determined to sacrifice this golden purse to its elegance; and I should absolutely die of a *mortification* (that reader, was really her pitiful pun) if I thought any living creature had ever

seen the like before.' 'Spoke like a woman of spirit! (said I briskly) and pray, if I am not asking a rude question, what may that same golden purse contain?'—Notes and money, to the amount of three hundred and ten pounds, else I am no christian; but the best of it is, you know I can do all these pretty things, and make myself the envy of all one's acquaintances, without being a penny out of pocket. For I won the whole sum in less than three hours at brag, of Sir Walter Rake, else I am no christian; so say no more. Pos, ros! you must, and you shall be there; for I love you better than any duchess of them all.' 'You are extremely obliging, Madam, indeed (said Patty;) but unluckily'—'No unluckily's (rejoined the lady); go you shall, pos, ros;—I expire without you.' This warm profession of attachment gave Patty courage to do for another, what she could never have done for herself; and taking the advantage of the promising opportunity, she spoke to Mrs. B——, as follows: 'There are several reasons, madam, which concur to make it impossible for me to accept your politeness: amongst the rest, a necessity I am under to visit an unfortunate friend this afternoon, from whom I have just now received a summons, that, considering her circumstances, it would be quite inhuman to disobey.' 'Alack-a day! What is the matter with your friend? I declare to heaven I pity her; for I take it for granted that it is a woman,' said the lady, looking significantly at me. 'Yes, madam, it is a woman (resumed Patty), and a woman who has done many a generous action, yet is now in want of one herself.' 'Terrible! (said the lady) there is nothing but misfortunes in life, I

think ! poor creature ! what's her name ?' Then without waiting for a reply, she looked at her watch, observed that she had five thousand places to call at, insisted on seeing me with my wife under my arm, then desired I would ring for her carriage. Patty perceiving she did not take the hint, began to be a little plainer. ' I am almost inclined to tell you, Madam, that this unhappy woman is likely to suffer the most shocking inconveniences from the want of a very *Trifle*.—' Really ! (said the lady) *Good God !*'—' My husband (continued Patty) happens just now to be out of cash, or he would cheerfully supply her ; perhaps she may, however, find a resource in you, and I am certain you will thank me for putting this occasion in your way, at a time that your good fortune has so lately enabled you to be liberal ; and you will have the greater pleasure in rendering this service, because you never saw the object ; it will therefore be an act of pure generosity.'—' I beg your pardon as to that particular (said Mrs. B—— ;) the greatest pleasure of generosity, in my opinion, arises from our knowing that the object is really an object of compassion, and being thoroughly sensible that it is really in great misery.'—' Is that a source of pleasure, Mrs. B—— ? (said I.) But where one can depend upon the narrative of a friend you know, Madam,—' Aye, indeed, (said Mrs. B——.) that indeed alters the case ; and I don't doubt but your friend is as necessitous, and every bit as poor a wretch as you describe her.'—' A little relief would be acceptable at least, madam,' said Patty. —' O ! no doubt of it, no doubt of it ; and upon your representation of the case, though she's a perfect

stranger to me, I will most cheerfully contribute my mite—it is but the widow's mite : for, my dear, you know I am not overburthened. (Not with goodness thought I— I'll be sworn to it.) Let me see—(here she fumbled in her pocket)—I am afraid I have not much loose money about me—O yes ! Now I recollect I have a crown-piece that I was going to give Thomas for a Christmas-box ; but as I can put it to such use, it shall e'en go, and I will make poor Thomas amends by putting another to it : for you know, my dear, (addressing Patty) how much more crown pieces please the vulgar as presents, than broken money, even though we bestow more. There, madam, (said she, giving the crown) it is much at her service ; and you may tell your friend she may thank you for it.—' No, indeed (said Patty,) I will tell her *whom* she may thank.' ' By no means (said Mrs. B——. ;) don't you make use of my name—It brings one into such awkward dilemmas, that's the mischief of it ; if one gives once, the beggar is for ever at our doors. Lord help the poor people of quality !—You can have no conception of it, Patty—(here she put on her gloves, settled her cloak, &c.) from morning till night, we are pestered to death with letters and messages, from one poor unhappy wretch or another : and if we were not to pay a fellow on purpose to deny us at all times to such ruffraff, we should all be eaten up in a twelvemonth. But I beg pardon ; I am keeping you from dinner all this while.'—So saying, she rose ; and in rising, took a *narrow* survey of our banquet, which consisted of a small bowl of broth, the mutton of which that broth was constituted, and a little salver of sallad. This

produced a short eulogium on the many excellent qualities of *mutton-broth* ; an observation, that she was almost surfeited with filthy turtle-soup ; and a look, as I handed her to the coach, which seemed to insinuate, that Mr. Thomas's crown-piece would very probably be appropriated to the use of a certain gentleman and lady, not an hundred miles from the habitation of Paladel.

This troublesome visitor was no sooner gone, than Patty and I returned to our dinner, which we found in a most uncomfortable condition ; but, indeed, one perplexity or another had so unfitted us for eating, that had we been feasted with Mrs. B——'s soup, I question whether, all things considered at that time, it would have been relished as a rarity. We were just going to animadvert on the behaviour of Mrs. B——, when a person of a very different disposition advanced to the door, at which, instead of the tattoo of fashion, he gave so modest a signal of his approach, that one might almost guess at the heart, from the gentleness of the hand. It was no other than our amiable friend, Mr. L——, whom the good stars of poor Miss seemed to have sent for her relief. But here both Patty and myself were a little perplexed ; for as we were certain of not being denied, we were the more delicate in our application : and the constant claims this gentleman had upon him from calamity, together with his former misfortunes, made us keep a very painful silence. I read Patty's reluctance in her eyes, and I presume the same sentiment was legible enough in mine. But the enchanting affability of this man soon banished all possibility of disguise, and in a few words I laid before him the

case of our friend. Before I had done, his heart was open; and as soon as I had finished, so was his purse; from which he gave the sum requested with so smiling an aspect, and with so few words, that it appeared to be merely matter of *business*, the nature of which consisted rather in receiving than parting with money: and business, in truth, it is, if we could but persuade ourselves to think rightly, of the *noblest* kind; and I am certain that Mr. L—— felt a finer and an acuter joy in this transaction, than Mrs. B—— will ever know in squandering her three hundred and ten pounds, to eclipse every other splendid absurdity, and excite at once the envy and despair of all her friends. As soon as Patty received this money, for which she thanked him in a very elegant compliment, (she was a truly well-bred woman) she proposed my sending it immediately. “I would be myself the messenger (said she), my dear, but that there is such an air of ostentation in formally assisting a person in a little distress, and perhaps I might (as things are circumstanced) create many uneasy reflections.”—“Very true, my dear, (said I) let *me* carry it.”—If there was any thing in this lovely woman, that betrayed her into the weakness of a *moment*, it was a slight inclination to jealousy. She did not think hardly for *former* connections, but she did not much like the appearance of *new* ones; besides which, she possibly thought, that a revival of the old between people of *different sexes*, upon *such* an errand, and in *such a situation*, might produce at least a temptation that might full as well be *avoided*. As soon, therefore, as I inadvertently offered *myself* to be the bearer, the roses which Nature had planted in

her cheeks, now gave way to something that more resembled the lily; and she cried out in a faint hesitating voice, "You—you—you—go, my dear? will that—that do you think, be quite so—so?"—"Nay, my love, (said I, cursing myself to the bottom of my soul, for the confusion I had caused) just as you please." Patty fixed her eyes upon me, and after the pause of a few moments said, "No, my dear, dear husband; it shall be as you please—you will pardon me:—you must pardon me, too, Mr. L——; I *ought* to have confidence, and I *have* confidence: you *must* go; and remember, while we are talking of it, we are delaying the assistance, and consequently making it the less acceptable; for there is a moment at which relief is indeed rapture; after which *Benevolence* itself may lose half its *utility*, and almost all its *delicacy*." "Go, my dear! (said I,) not for a thousand worlds."—Mr. L—— had now drawn on his gloves, caught up his hat, and taking out his pocket-book to pencil her address, he hurried out of the house, with only saying he would be back to tea. The moment he was gone, I drew my chair close to Patty's; and looking at her with my soul in my eyes, cried, "Oh Patty! that I should ever give you a sigh!" "I ought to be ashamed of myself (said she), thus to trifle with the best of men." "Say no more, dear creature (rejoined I, as I took her hand;) you are all goodness. Mr. L—— is gone, and it is much better as it is." Do you think so, my love?" replied she.—"Yes by my soul," answered I.—She threw her arms round my neck, and *there* concealed her face and her blushes. Thus ended this little contest, which was occasioned by

love, and concluded in tenderness; nor will it appear quite unnatural to those who know any thing about this passion, that it is a passion of the soul as well as body, and not merely an appetite of the latter. When this point was settled, so much to our satisfaction, we ordered our servant to clear the table, upon the edge of which we perceived the identical bounty-money of Mr. L——, who had forgot to take it with him. Patty therefore put it in a piece of paper, and desired me to return it when he came back. In about an hour and a half Mr. L—— came; looked very serious, and complained that the dust had got into his eyes. He told me he saw the lady, and that she was really a fine creature. Here Patty looked at me, and just threw a glance, in a glass that was opposite, at herself. —“But she was in some distress, I believe (said Mr. L——;) and there is a child—a poor pretty, prattling thing, I saw on the floor.”—Patty looked like death; and Mr. L—— rubbed his eyes, still declaring, “that the dust had almost blinded him; though, by the bye, it was a very still calm day.” “But (said I, turning the conversation) do you know you left the money behind you?”—“No, indeed (said Mr. L——;) I know no such thing—I know I took the money *with me*: and I know likewise that I have many places to call at this evening, and so God bless you.” He was bustling away again as fast as he could drive, when Patty said, “Indeed, Mr. L——, you *did* leave the money—Here it is;” and by main force, she put it into his hand—“But you are breaking your word with me (continued Patty); you promised to drink tea with us, and you must not go—We’ll have it

directly.'—'Well, then, (said Mr. L——) I think I must stay: a lady's commands, you know, are absolute as the laws of the Medes and Persians. What say you, then, to a turn in your garden, till tea is ready?'—'Aye, now you are a good creature (said Patty). Go with him, my dear, and I will go see meanwhile, about the crockery.'

At the bottom of our little garden was a sort of bower, round which vegetated several flowering shrubs, that with a delicate attention had been planted and kept in order by my wife. Here, after a turn or two round the walks, we sat down, when Mr. L—— began to open as follows: 'Do you know, Sir, I have set my heart upon doing something, in which, if I am disappointed, I shall be very miserable?' 'May Heaven then (said I) crown your wishes, exactly as you would have them crowned?' 'If the completion of them, then, any way depended on you, I suppose I might expect, —' 'You might command (said I, interrupting) every thing within my power.'—'Enough (said he): I take you at your word. I have received in town a sum of money, which I wish to deposit in a friend's hands: for I am told the way to my village is now beset with robbers; and though I shall not have occasion for the money till the beginning of next year, methinks I would not run the risk of losing it: do you, therefore, take charge of it, and I will draw on you when it is wanted.' To this I with some reluctance agreed; for, to say the truth, there is not so troublesome a thing in the world, as another man's money in one's house, particularly if it happens to occupy the only *spot* in that house where money is to be found. However, his en-

treaties were too earnest to be resisted. 'Now (said Mr. L——) let me finish this foolish subject. as it is now only May, and as I shall not have occasion to call upon you till January, it is a pity the cash should lie dead, and promote neither joy nor convenience. Suppose, therefore, you were to make use of it, and—' I saw his aim; and felt, my good Reader, what I cannot properly tell you—The result was, that I confessed my present situation, received a very thin piece of printed paper, with a very *sable* word in one corner, and walked with my *Benefactor* into the parlour without feeling the ground. Patty was seated at her little tea-table, with the equipage before her. She had, in a short space of time, not only got every thing in readiness, but made her own person, always lovely, so neat, and so exactly agreeable to our ideas; she was not only a most interesting, but a most irresistible figure: add to which, her eyes shone with pleasure, to see me pleased, without knowing the occasion, and all the former glooms were totally removed. We passed the rest of the evening in the happiest interchange of smiles, good humour, and domestic joy; and when Mr. L—— departed, which was not till the dawn, Patty and I withdrew to our chamber, highly charmed with the society of our company, and of each other. There is an economy necessary to be observed in the communication of joy. Pleasure in *reserve*, like gold in the *bank*, may be called out upon any *emergency*, and thus answer a thousand interesting occasions. I had not yet imparted the news of Mr. L——'s note to Patty, for which my *hasty* Readers will perhaps think me cruel.

Indeed nothing is more common, than for the Reader to quarrel, and fall out with his author, before he sees whether the result of the whole work is not cleared up to his satisfaction; not considering that there is a mechanism in writing as well as in *clock-work*, and that the regularity and beauty of both depends on the correspondence of parts with the whole. Were I therefore to write for literary honour, I should here enter a caveat against all *precipitation* in the Reader, because I am certain, there is nothing so effectually destroys his entertainment, or the design of his entertainer.

My poor Patty retired to repose, well pleased with the transactions of the day. When she arose in the morning, her joys were somewhat checked, by reflecting that it would not be an easy matter to extend them much farther; for while she was dressing, the maid came to inform her, there was 'neither bread, butter, nor sugar in the house.' 'Very well (replied Patty, affecting composure), I shall be down in a moment.'—'Come hither, girl (said I); stay a minute, child.'—Then turning to my wife, 'Don't you think, my dear, it would be a cheaper way to buy a lump of sugar at once, and have a little tub of butter by us?'—'My dear!' questioned Patty, staring?—'Here, Betty (said I), step to the banker's over the way, and get this note changed. No, stop: you may drop it, perhaps, or take bad money.—Run down, and make the kettle boil, and I'll go myself.'—As soon as Betty was gone I gave the bill to Patty, containing the beautiful black word FIFTY impressed upon it, in the old Saxon character; at which Patty discovered a mixture of transport and amazement.

I unfolded the whole matter to her, and in about a quarter of an hour we sat down to one of the happiest breakfasts I ever sat down to in my life.

Now, Reader, art thou satisfied? Did I not well to conceal my good fortune till the moment of necessity made a communication thereof doubly seasonable and doubly delightful? Nay, dost thou not thyself share the pleasing surprize of Patty? And would it not have been less politic to have imparted this stroke of success, when composed in the arms of a husband, her felicity needed no immediate addition? Let this then hint to thee, my good friend, a generous management of agreeable secrets.—Thus have I descanted on the events of a *love match*, full of misfortune, yet full of joy. The golden tide hath not yet been turned much in our favour; but we divide the burthen, and so lighten it.—Reader, art thou querulous? Imitate the pacific example of Paladel and Patty. Art thou desirous to hear more of our story? To what end? Sufficient hath been said to show Poverty and Love the door of Content. Enter their cottage and be happy.

CON'UGAL FELICITY.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
 Within our breasts this jewel lies ;
 And they are fools who roam :
 The world has nothing to bestow,
 From our ourselves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
 When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark ;
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,
 The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
 We, who improve his golden hours
 By sweet experiences know,
 That marriage, rightly understood,
 Gives to the tender and the good
 A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
 If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
 Whence pleasures ever rise :
 We'll form their minds with studious care,
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,
 And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,
 And crown our hoary hairs :
 They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
 And thus our fondest loves repay,
 And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys ! they're all our own,
 While to the world we live unknown,
 Or by the world forgot :
 Monarchs ! we envy not your state,
 We look with pity on the great,
 And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
 But then, how little do we need !
 For Nature's calls are few :
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,





Engraved by T. Agnew & Sons, 1818

*While on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life?*

Nor aim beyon
For if our stock be
'Tis prudence to
Nor lose the

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Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss,
The tender look—the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up and proves the maxim true,
'True love—can ne'er be cloy'd.



While on thy bosom I recline
Enraptured still to call thee mine
So call thee mine for life!

Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
 For if our stock be very small,
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
 Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd, when ills betide,
 Patient, when fa-vours are deny'd;
 And pleas'd with favours giv'n ;
 Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
 (Since winter life is seldom sweet ;)
 But when our feast is o'er,
 Grateful from table we'll arise,
 Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,
 The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go ;
 Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

An Ode to Mutual Love

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
 Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
 To call thee mine for life,
 I glory in the sacred ties,
 (Which modern wits and fools despise)
 Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss,
 The tender look—the melting kiss,
 Ev'n years have not destroy'd ;
 Some sweet sensation ever new
 Springs up and proves the maxim true,
 True love—can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish, 'tis all for thee ;
 Hast thou a wish, 'tis all for me ;
 So soft our moments move,
 That angels look with ardent gaze,
 Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
 And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come),
 Thy bosom is my softest home,
 I lull me there to rest ;
 And is there aught disturbs my fair,
 I bid her sigh out all her care,
 And lose it in my breast.

Have I a joy, 'tis all her own,
 Or her's and mine are all but one :
 Our hearts are so intwin'd,
 That, like the ivy round the tree,
 Bound up in closest amity,
 'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

H O R A T I O :

Or the Sincere Friend.

THE force of friendship was never more strongly exemplified in modern days, than in the history of *Horatio* and *Philander*. Whether it might equal that of *Pylades* and *Orestes*, in days of yore, when instances of this kind were more frequent, I pretend not to say. At present, the world seems to be so sterile in the production of sincere friends, that a just delineation of a gentleman, who may, with the greatest propriety, lay claim to this amiable character, will undoubtedly be well received. The following picture then of a true friend, as it is taken from nature, and has none of those heightenings and colourings that we see in pieces of antiquity, it is hoped will please on that very account ; and, if the most pleasing and striking features in it, should

be so far admired, as to induce an imitation; this mirror, which is held up to the public view, will fully answer our most sanguine hopes and honest intention.

Horatio and *Philander*, two Gentlemen of large fortunes, were formerly school-fellows; and contracted, even in their juvenile days, so firm an intimacy and friendship with each other, as misfortune itself could not break, nor time destroy.

Horatio, in his seventeenth year, was sent to *Oxford* to complete his education, where he made a progress equal to his attempts; and so prudently did he demean himself, that he gained universal esteem.

After he had staid there a few years, news arrived of his father's death. He hastened therefore home, and took possession of the ample fortune that had been left him.

Some short time after this, he married a Lady of great fortune and beauty, but which were infinitely excelled by the many mental accomplishments she possess'd. With her he lived, and indeed, now lives, in the happiest manner human nature can possibly know.

Philander, about the same time as *Horatio* left school, was, by his guardian, sent to *London*, and placed in a merchant's compting-house, in order for his being articled to that profession, if he approved of it; which, being greatly to his liking, he was accordingly articled, and during the whole time of his clerkship, he behaved himself so discreetly, that his abilities, his integrity, and good conduct, rendered him the delight of every one.

When the time he was articled for was expired,

he hired a very handsome house, and carried on business for himself; and, so successful was he in his affairs, that in seven years time he found he had cleared six thousand two hundred pounds, which being added to the fortune he had begun the world with, which was eight thousand pounds, made him very easy in his circumstances.

Philander now finding himself in a very flourishing state, with a great number of friends, his business increasing; and, in short, every undertaking prosperous, was resolved to venture on matrimony, and pitched upon a young Lady adorned with every perfection. *Leonora*, for that was her name, was well pleased with the addresses of so polite and wealthy a man, and he was no less charmed with her. When there is a mutual love subsisting between the sexes, and no impediment by friends, it is not long before *Hymen* is called in to tie the indissoluble knot. As this proved to be the case with our lovers, it is no wonder that they should invoke his assistance: in short, they were soon married, and no couple could possibly be happier, in that happiest state, than *Philander* and his *Leonora*.

A few years after their marriage, they saw themselves still happier than at its consummation. They saw themselves blessed with those cements of conubial felicity, two charming boys and a lovely girl. His affairs too went on still better. Nothing but an uninterrupted series of good fortune happened to him. Every thing looked with a smiling aspect. But, in this happy situation, *Philander* did not forget those indispensable obligations, which are required from the sons of happiness. He remember-

ed the poor; he gave cloathing to the needy, food to the hungry, and drink to the thirsty. Whenever, especially, he saw a wretch, thrown down from the summit of prosperity, he kindly took him by the hand, assisted him with money, and made him happy. With these virtues, and these social feelings, which kindly melt in soft compassion at others woes, *Philander* was universally beloved. Who then could be more happy? can human nature know a greater joy, than in blessing the worthy indigent with the good things of Life, which blind and partial fortune has either never given; or, having given, taken away?—In short, *Philander* was the happiest of men.

But short the duration of this happiness: for, as we often see black clouds will obscure the brightest day; so, in life, the clouds of misfortune will frequently break in, and darken all our joys. So fared it with the good *Philander*. News arrived that a ship, wherein he had goods to the value of four thousand pounds, was cast away. This was a bitter stroke; but shortly after, a much worse arrived. A vessel wherein he had almost the whole cargo bound to *England* from *Turkey*, and laden with goods of immense value, by a terrible hurricane was driven on *Scilly* Rocks, and there sunk, with every man on board her, they not having time to take to their boat.

This was a prodigious loss, and *Philander* could hardly bear it; however, he mustered up his Spirits. as well as he could, and hoped for better times. But from these two melancholy events, his affairs became still more unfortunate. Scarce a month past, but some loss had happened to him. His

outward and home trade now both failed : and, to complete his undoing, two merchants, whom he had given credit for goods to the amount of near seven thousand pounds, became bankrupts. In short, *Philander* and *Leonora* were now as miserable, as they had before been happy. His creditors finding he had suffered such great losses, become importunate. Demands are made by every one ; which, unable to answer, his goods are taken in execution.

Leonora is so much affected with grief, that sickness seizes on her, and she is even at death's door. *Philander*, who is the only happiness and comfort she can boast, is hurried away to prison, and now she becomes quite desperate. Confined on the bed of sickness, her children starving, her husband imprisoned, what can she do ? Alas ! she gives vent to her sorrows by tears, even till they flow like an inundation.

No friend is found to assist this distressed family. The tender *Leonora*, and her innocent young ones, are now immured in a garret, which she hires at so much per week. All those who, when *Philander* was in prosperity, partook of his bounty, were honoured with his regard, and made the greatest protestations of friendship, now stand aloof, and neither assist him, his unfortunate wife, or his little Olive-Branches.

Eighteen long tedious months rolled away in this unhappy manner, and saw *Philander* as miserable, and as unlikely to procure his discharge, as at his first entrance. There is no occasion for my describing the miseries he underwent, in the prison ; few people are ignorant of them experimentally, or

by description. They will therefore excuse my undertaking so unpleasing a theme.

Leonora solicited her friends for her husband's discharge, and for her own and children's subsistence; the former of which was denied, but they allowed her some small pittance for herself and family, out of which, she frequently visiting her husband, assisted him as much as she could.

Now grief and despair had taken so full possession of the once happy *Philander*, that, wearied out with agonizing life, he had almost resolved to take it away: but reflecting, that as he was a Christian in principle, he ought to be so in practice; and therefore, he banished the odious suggestion: wisely concluding, that the man who removes himself from the station in which his Maker has placed him, is as much more infamous and criminal than the sentinel who removes from the post ordered him by his officer, as the infinite superiority of the Great Supreme is above that abject nothingness which flesh can be heir to.

Actuated with this just opinion, he resolved to submit to his hard fate, and wait in expectation of some fortunate event, that should unloose his bonds, and restore him to the arms of his dear *Leonora*, and his beloved children. He would often walk round the prison, view the busy world; and, by observing the eagerness of mankind in their several pursuits, had almost brought himself to think, that they were prisoners as well as himself, though their prison was something larger. He would likewise consider himself as totally detached from the world, and therefore not liable to the many errors and misfortunes that daily happen to those in it;

but these and many other reflections his busy thought would at times suggest to him, were but momentary, and afforded him but little comfort. He pined and languished for liberty incessantly; and the small hopes he could with any reason entertain of this happy change, not only threw him into a state of despair, but seized on his body in such a violent manner, that, unable to cope with the hardships imposed on it, it every day became more feeble, and at length seemed near its dissolution.

One day, among the rest, as *Philander* was walking round the prison, and meditating on various subjects, a gentleman called him by his name; and, throwing his arms round his neck, embraced him with the greatest fervour. He could not immediately recal to his mind who the gentleman was, till the well known name of *Horatio* was pronounced. "Good God! is it possible?" exclaimed the astonished *Philander*. "Does *Horatio*, whom I have not seen these many years, still remember his old school-fellow, and condescend to visit him, though in prison?"—"Yes," says *Horatio* (for it was indeed that generous friend) "my dear *Philander*; for having been informed of your misfortunes, and that they were not owing to any fault of your own, I came to town as fast as I could, and must do myself the pleasure of releasing from confinement, one, for whom I had formerly, and must still retain, the most sincere regard." I shall not pretend to describe the pleasure which this speech gave our captive; let it suffice, that *Horatio* paid the debts which he owed, and the gaol fees, upon which he was released.

It would be as fruitless, as impossible, to attempt to shew the transports of *Philander's* heart, at this uncommon instance of generosity and friendship. None but those, whose hearts are susceptible of the softest passions, can possibly conceive them. His deliverance from prison; and the happiness he enjoyed with his wife, his children, and friend; was so lively and complete, that his health was quickly restored. His dear *Leonora* too was so overloaded with excess of gratitude, when told of *Horatio's* goodness; that words are too weak to shew her acknowledgments: and it is hard to say which of the three were most happy. For though *Philander* and *Leonora* were immediately rescued from the jaws of poverty and despair, at a time when they had no manner of hopes of it, and were consequently blessed to an extreme degree; yet, I think, the pleasure resulting from conscious goodness, and the reflection of acting up to the principles of reason and religion, must have made *Horatio* still more so. However this be, the family, just before a prey to indigence and sorrow, were now as happy as their hearts could wish.

Horatio, not content with barely delivering his friend from prison, lent him two thousand pounds to begin the world again, as it is termed; which he improving to great advantage, in a few years repaid his friend, and offered him fifteen hundred pounds, which he had paid to his creditors when in prison, which that sincere friend by no importunities could be prevailed on to accept.

His two sons were now articted to him; and, behaving extremely well, at the end of their time, he took them into partnership, and five years after,

on settling his affairs, he found himself worth the neat sum of sixteen thousand four hundred and thirty pounds, with which he is retired to the country; where he lives in a peaceful, happy manner, the friend of the poor and needy, the patron of the virtuous, the delight of his neighbours, and the lover of mankind. His daughter, the lovely *Clarissa*, is married to a gentleman of Wiltshire, whose many excellent perfections justly entitle him to the regard and veneration of every one. They live in the greatest harmony; and, after I have declared, that they are, in the true sense of the word, Christians, that they act conformable to the precepts of our sacred religion, and still walk in one continued path of virtue; I need not say, that they are as happy as mortality can possibly be.

Philander's two sons are accomplished gentlemen, and now live in London. They carry on the same business their father did, but with much better success. They frequently visit their lovely sister in Wiltshire, and her worthy husband; who, in return, do the same, whenever they come to town in short, there is a happy union throughout the whole family.

From this true story we may reasonably and justly conclude, that there is an all-wise and all-seeing Providence, who will never forsake the virtuous: for though they may for awhile, be oppressed, and lie under the clouds of adversity; yet, sooner or later, the sun of prosperity will break through and disperse them; and diffuse his new-born light with more than common lustre. And although in this life, virtue is not always rewarded, yet we may rest assured, from the unerring voice of Scripture, and

enlightened reason, that there will be a state of most just retribution : A consideration that ought to give comfort to the distressed virtuous, and strike terror in the triumphant guilty !

For blessings always wait on virtuous deeds ;
And tho' a late, a sure reward succeeds.

An Ode to the Island of Love.

THIS charming isle, which ravishes the sight,
Is sacred to the God of soft desires ;
Who, to all mankind's homage claims a right,
And ev'ry heart inflames with mutual fires.

None 'scape his pow'r, all feel the fatal dart,
The young, the old, the monarch, and the slave ;
Who is exempt therefrom who has a heart,
The weak, the strong, the coward, or the brave

Once in their lives, here all a visit make,
And quit their home to see this happy isle
Here their most ardent wishes centre take,
Dependant on the fair one's frown or smile.

Ye mortals, thus inflam'd with mutual fires,
Would of this life the choicest pleasures prove,
Come to our isle, and fix your fond desires,
There is no solid pleasure without love.

A Wife of Ten Thousand.

ENJOY, Madam, all the comforts of your house ;
do the honours, and be the delight of it ; but never
trouble your head about the conduct of it. This,
near eight years ago, was the language of the
haughty Melidor to his wife. The advice was
agreeable to follow ; and accordingly the young
and lively Acelia had pretty well followed it. But

reason came with age ; and the kind of intoxication, in which she had been plunged, vanished.

Melidor had had the misfortune of being born in opulence. Brought up among the young nobility of the kingdom, invested on entering into the world with a considerable charge, master of his wealth from the age of reason ; it became to him the age of follies. His prevailing foible was to want to live like a man of quality. He made himself familiar with the great, carefully studied their manners ; and as the noble and simple graces of a true courtier are not easy to imitate, it was to the airs of our little lords that he attached himself, as to good models.

He would have thought it a disgrace not to have been able to say, *my domains, and my vassals* : he laid out, therefore, the better part of his ready-money in the purchase of lands, the revenue of which was small, indeed, but the rights whereof were magnificent.

He had heard say, that the great lords had stewards who robbed them, creditors whom they did not pay, and mistresses who were not very faithful ; he considered it, therefore, as beneath him to look into his accounts, to pay his debts, or to be delicate in love.

His eldest son had scarce attained his seventh year ; he took particular care to choose him a governor that was self-sufficient and a coxcomb, who had no other merit than that of making a handsome bow

This governor was the dependent of an humble friend of Melidor's called Duranson, naturally an insolent, low fellow ; a kind of dog who barked at

all passers by and caressed only his master. The part he acted was that of a misanthrope, full of arrogance and moroseness. Rich, but covetous, he found it convenient to have a good house which was not his own, and pleasures of every sort, of which another bore the expence. A silent observer of all that passed, one might see him sunk in his armed chair, deciding on every thing with a few cutting words, and setting himself up as a family censor. Woe to the good man who was not an object of fear! he tore him to pieces without mercy, if his air had displeased him ever so little.

Melidor took the moroseness of Duranson for philosophy. He was conscious that he was his hero; and the incense of a man of his character was to him a delicate perfume. The rough flatterer took care not to expose himself to the world. If he applauded Melidor in public, it was only with a glance, or a complaisant smile: he kept his panegyric for a *tête à tête*; but then he gave him a full meal of it. Melidor could scarce believe himself endowed with such eminent merit; but there must be something in it, for his friend Duranson, who assured him of it, was the farthest in the world from being a nauseous flatterer.

It was not enough to please the husband; Duranson had also flattered himself with seducing the young wife. He began by speaking well of her alone, and very ill of all others of her age and condition. But she was as little touched with his satires as his encomiums. He suspected that he was despised; he endeavoured to make himself dreaded, and by some malignant and sharp strokes, he made her perceive that it was at any time in his power

to be severe even on herself. That succeeded no better. 'I may have foibles,' said she to him, 'and I allow them to be attacked, but at a little more distance, if you please. A perpetual censor would be almost as tiresome to me as a servile flatterer.'

By the resolute tone which she assumed, Duran-son saw plainly that, in order to reduce her, he must go a little farther about. 'Let me endeavour,' said he, 'to make her stand in need of me: let me afflict her in order to console her; and when her wounded vanity shall throw her off her guard, I will seize one of those moments of disgust. The confident of a woman's sorrows is often the happy avenger of them.'

'I pity you, Madam,' said he: 'and I ought no longer to conceal from you what afflicts me sensibly. For some time past Melidor goes astray; he is guilty of follies; and if he goes on in this manner, he will no longer have occasion for such a friend as myself.'

Whether it was levity or dissimulation with a man whom she did not esteem, Acelia received this information without deigning to appear moved. He dwelt upon it, made a merit of his own zeal, and declaimed against the caprices and irregularities of husbands of the age; said that he had made Melidor blush at it; and opposing the charms of Acelia to the dowdies which touched her husband, he grew so very warm, that he forgot his part, and soon betrayed himself. She smiled with disdain at the knave's want of address. 'That is what I call a friend,' said she, 'and not those base adulators whom vice keeps in pay in order to flatter and serve it. I am very sure, for example, that you

have told Melidor to his face all that you have just now said to me.'—'Yes, Madam, and a great deal more.'—'You will, then, to be sure, have the courage to reproach him with his wrongs before me; to overwhelm him with them.'—'Before you, Madam! Ah, beware of making a noise! that would be to alienate him irrecoverably. He is proud; he would be hurt at having cause to blush before you. He would consider me only as a perfidious friend. And who knows to what hidden motive he would impute our correspondence?'—'No matter; I will convict him, and confront him, in you, with a witness whom he cannot disprove.'—'No, Madam, no; you will be undone. It is by dissembling wrongs that a woman governs: discretion, gentleness, and your charms these are your advantages over us. Complaint and reproach only serve to exasperate us; and of all the methods of correcting, the worst is to put us to confusion.' He was in the right, but to no purpose, Acelia would hear nothing. 'I know,' said she; 'all my risk; but though it were to come to a rupture, I would not act, by my silence, the convenient woman to my husband.' He strove in vain to dissuade her; he was reduced to ask her pardon, and to entreat her not to punish him for a zeal which, perhaps, was imprudent. 'And this, then,' said Acelia, 'is that courageous freedom of yours which nothing can intimidate? I shall be more discreet than you; but remember, Duranson, never hereafter to say any thing of your friends that you would not have them hear again. As to me, whatever injuries my husband does me, I forbid you ever to speak to me about it.'

Duranson, enraged at so scurvy a reception, vowed the destruction of Acelia; but it was necessary first to involve her in the ruin of her husband.

- Nobody at Paris has so many friends as an opulent and prodigal man. Melidor's friends, at his suppers, never failed to commend him to his face; and they had the kindness to wait till they were withdrawn from table, before they ridiculed him. His creditors, who daily increased, were not so complaisant; but his friend Duranson kept off the throng. He knew, he said, the way to impose on those knaves. However, as they were not all equally timid, there was a necessity from time to time, in order to appease the most turbulent, to have recourse to expedients; and Duranson, under a fictitious name, coming to the succour of his friend, lent him money on pledges, on the most usurious contracts.

The more Melidor's affairs became disordered, the less he wished to hear of them. 'Manage it,' said he to his steward; 'I will sign, but leave me at peace.' At last the steward came to tell him that his capital was exhausted, and his effects were going to be seized. Melidor fell on his agent, and told him he was a rogue. 'Call me what you please,' replied the cool steward, 'but you are in debt, and must pay; and because you fail, they are going to sue you.'

Melidor ordered the faithful Duranson to be called, and asked him if he had no resource. 'You have one very sure one: let your wife engage herself.'—'Ah! but will she consent to it?'—'To be sure! can she hesitate, when your honour is at stake? However, do not alarm her: treat the

matter as a trifle, and let her see in this engagement nothing more than a common form, which she cannot avoid fulfilling.' Melidor embraced his friend, and repaired to his wife.

Acelia, wholly devoted to her amusements, knew nothing of what passed. But, happily, Heaven had endued her with a just way of thinking, and a firm soul. 'I am just come, Madam,' said her husband, 'from seeing your new carriage: it will be exquisite. Your new horses are arrived. Ah, my dear, what a beautiful set! the Count de Pisa trains them. They are full of spirit; but he will break them: he is the best driver in all Paris.'

Though Acelia was accustomed to the gallantries of her husband, she could not help being surprised and pleased with this last. 'I ruin you!' said she. — 'Pr'y thee, my dear, what better use can I make of my fortune than to employ it in what pleases you? give a loose to your desires, and enjoy them at your ease. I have nothing which is not at your service; and I flatter myself that you think so. Apropos,' added he, carelessly, 'I have some deeds to settle, which the common forms of business will require you to sign. But we will talk of that this evening. At present I can think of nothing but the colour of your carriage; the varnisher only waits for your directions.' — 'I will consider of it,' said she. And as soon as he was gone, she fell into reflections on what had passed between them.

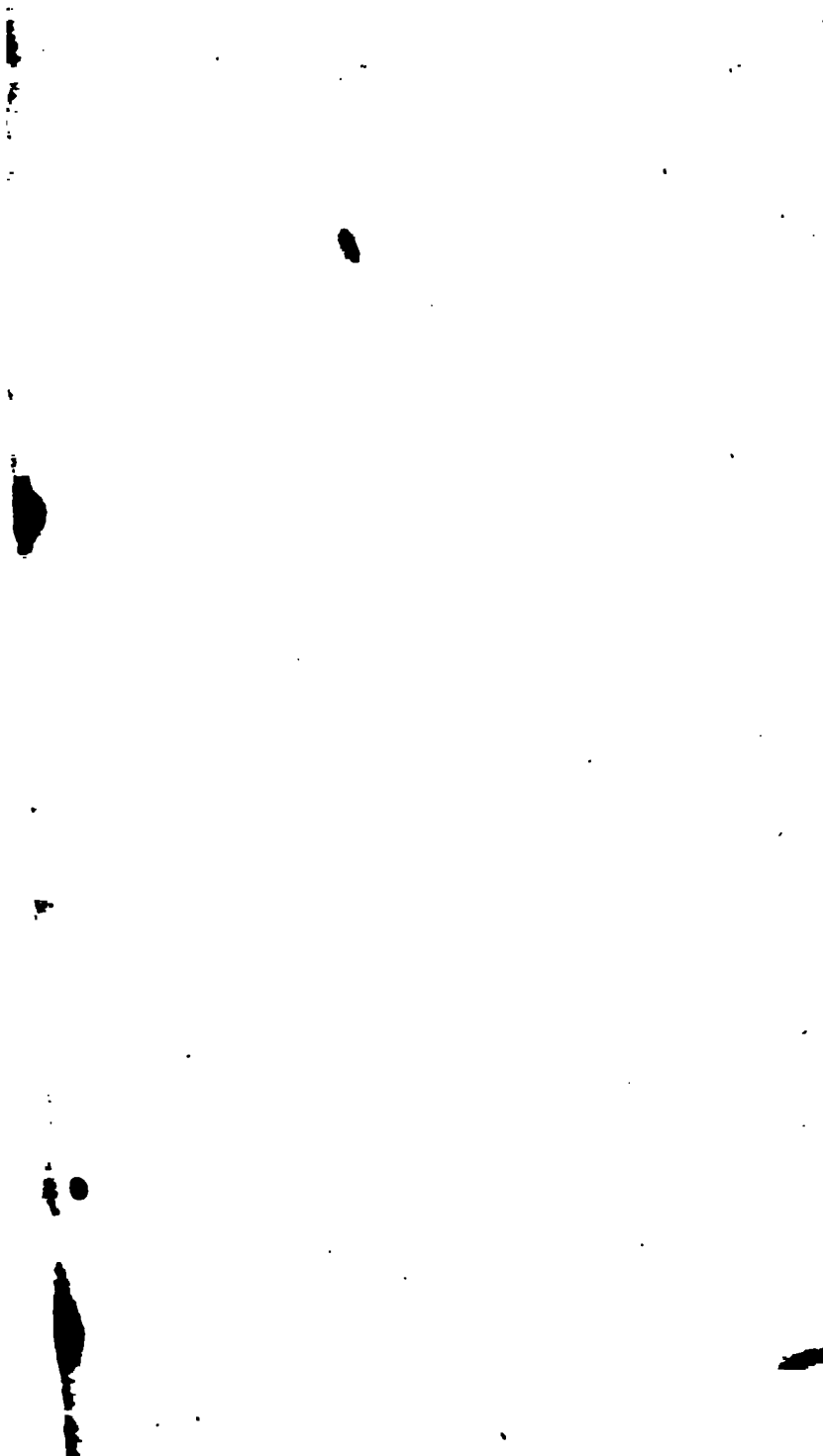
Acelia was a rich heiress, and the law secured her the disposal of her fortune. She perceived the consequences of the engagement proposed to her; and in the evening instead of going to the play, she went to her attorney. What was her surprise, on

learning that Melidor was reduced to the most ruinous expedients! She employed the time of the play in getting intelligence and advice.

At her return she concealed her uneasiness before the company at supper; but when her husband, *tête à tête* with her, proposed to her to engage for him.—‘I will not abandon you,’ said she, ‘if you will deign to trust yourself to me; but I require an entire confidence, a full power of ruling my house.’

Melidor was humbled at the thought of having his wife for a tutor: he told her that she had no reason to be alarmed, and that he would not suffer her to take so disagreeable a charge upon herself. ‘No, Sir, I have neglected it too long: it is a fault which I will no longer be guilty of.’ He gave up the point; and the creditors being assembled the next day—‘Gentlemen,’ said he to them, ‘your visits are troublesome to me: my wife would be glad to talk with you; see and settle with her.’—‘Gentlemen,’ said Acelia to them, in a prudent but assured tone, ‘though my estate be my children’s, I am sensible that I ought to assist their father with it; but I will have it done fairly. Those who are honest shall find me punctual; but I will not satisfy knaves for the follies of a spendthrift. Bring me your demands to-morrow. I require only time to examine them; I will not let you wait.’

From the moment that Acelia saw herself at the head of her house, she was no longer the same woman. She cast her eyes on her past life, and saw nothing in it but the flutter of a thousand idle occupations. ‘Are these,’ said she, ‘the duties of a mother of a family? Is it, then, at the price of her





The Hope of the Town

honour and of her peace, that she must pay for handsome suppers, rich equipages, and brilliant trifles.'

'Sir,' said she to her husband, 'to-morrow I shall have the state of your debts; I must have that of your revenues; order your steward to come to me.' The steward came and gave in his accounts. Nothing was more clear; far from having money in hand, it was found that he had advanced, and there was due to him above double the amount of his accumulated wages. 'I see,' said Acelia, 'that the steward understands his accounts better than we do. We have nothing to do but to pay him, thanking him at the same time that we are not more in his debt.'—'To pay him!' said Melidor, in a low voice, 'and with what?'—'Out of my fund. The first step in economy is to turn off the steward.'

A reform was instantly made in the household, and in the expence; and Acelia setting the example—'Courage, Sir,' said she, 'let us cut to the quick: we sacrifice only our vanity.'—'But decency, Madam?'—'Decency, Sir, consists in not dissipating the substance of another, and the innocent enjoyment of one's own.'—'But, Madam, in discharging your people you pay them; and that is exhausting our only resource.'—'Be easy, my dear: I have trinkets and diamonds; and by sacrificing only these ornaments, I make myself one which is well worth them all.'

Next day the creditors arrive, and Acelia gives them audience. Those of whom Melidor had purchased moveables of value, or superfluous knick-knacks, consented to take them back again, with a fair allowance. The rest, enchanted with the re-

ception and good intentions of Acelia, unanimously agreed to abide by her decisions, and her conciliatory graces united all minds.

One alone, with an air somewhat confused, said that he could not abate any thing. He had valuable effects in pledge; and in the list of monies borrowed, he was set down for an enormous usury. Acelia detained him by himself, in order to bend him, if possible. 'I, Madam!' said he, pressed by her reproaches; 'I come not here on my own account, and M. Duranson had better have excused me from playing this villainous part.'—'Duranson, say you! What, is it he who under your name'—'He himself.'—'So our pledges are in his hands!'—'Yes, and a writing from me, in which I declare there is nothing due to me.'—'And may I have a duplicate of that writing?'—'Certainly, and presently, if you will, for the name of a usurer sits heavy on me.' This was a weapon for Acelia: but it was not yet time to enlighten Melidor, and incense Duranson. She thought it necessary to dissemble some time longer.

Her lawyer, who came to see her, found that in twenty-four hours she had laid by a good part of her revenue, and discharged a multitude of debts. 'You proceed,' said he, 'upon good principles. Economy is, of all resources the most sure and the easiest. It enriches one in an instant with all the wealth that has been dissipated.'

While they were discoursing, Melidor in confusion afflicted himself at seeing his house stripped. 'Nay, Sir,' said his wife, 'console yourself: I retrench nothing but your follies.' But he considered only the world, and the humiliation of a fall

He retired in consternation, leaving Acelia with her lawyer.

A young woman has in business a prodigious advantage: besides inspiring hope and the desire of pleasing, she interests and disposes to a kind of easiness which men have not for one another. Nature contrives a secret intelligence between the two sexes. Every obstacle is removed before them, every difficulty vanishes; and instead of treating one another as enemies, like man to man, with a woman we deliver up ourselves as friends. Acelia was more than once a proof of it; and her lawyer exerted a zeal and affection in serving her, which he would not have had for her husband.

'Madam,' said he to her, on stating the balance of Melidor's estate with his debts, 'I find enough to acquit them. But effects sold in a hurry commonly go at a low price. Let us suppose that his are free; they will more than answer the two hundred thousand crowns which he owes; and if you will engage yourself for him, it is not impossible to reduce this multitude of ruinous debts to a small number of more simple and less burdensome articles.'—'Do it, Sir,' said Acelia; 'I consent: I engage myself for my husband; but let it be without his knowledge.' The lawyer acted with prudence; and Acelia was authorized to contract in Melidor's name.

Melidor had acted openly with her in every article but one, which he had not dared to declare to his wife. In the night, Acelia, hearing him groan, endeavoured tenderly to comfort him. 'You do not know all!' said he: and these words were followed with a profound silence. Acelia pressed him

in vain; shame stopped his mouth. 'What?' said she, 'have you sorrows which you dare not confide to me! have you a friend more tender, more sure, more indulgent?'—'The greater right you have to my esteem,' replied Melidor, 'the more I ought to blush at the confession which I have yet to make to you. You have heard of the courtesan Eleonora——What shall I say to you? She has notes from me for upwards of fifty thousand crowns.' Acelia saw with joy the moment to regain the heart of her husband. 'It is not a time for reproaching you,' said she, 'with a folly of which you are ashamed, and to which my own dissipation has perhaps exposed you. Let us repair and forget our wrongs: this last is not without remedy.' Melidor had no conception that a woman, till that time so full of levity, should all of a sudden have acquired so much consideration. Acelia was not less surprised that a man, so haughty and vain, should suddenly become so modest. 'May it not be happy for us,' said they to each other, 'that we have fallen into misfortune?'

The next day Acelia, having considered well, went in person to Eleonora's. 'You know not,' said she to her, 'who is come to see you. It is a rival.' And without any further preparation she told her her name. 'Madam,' said Eleonora, 'I am confounded at the honour you do me. I am sensible I have done you wrong, but my condition must be my excuse. Melidor is to blame, and on seeing you I blame him myself: he is more unjust than I imagined.'——'Madam,' said Acelia, 'I complain neither of you nor of him. It is a punishment due to a thoughtless woman to have a libertine husband;

and I have at least the pleasure of seeing that Melidor has still some delicacy in his taste. You have understanding and an appearance of decency and graces worthy to embellish virtue.'——'You view me, Madam, with so much indulgence; which convinces me of the truth of what has been often told me, that the most virtuous women are not those who are the most severe on us. As they have nothing to envy us, they have the goodness to pity us. Those who resemble us are much more rigid! they tear us to pieces, while they imitate us.'——'I will tell you,' replied Acelia, meaning to bring her to her purpose, 'what we blame most in persons of your way of life; it is not that weakness of which so many women have cause to blush, but a passion still more odious. The fire of youth, the relish of pleasures; the attraction of a voluptuous and unconfined life, sometimes even sentiment itself, for I can believe you susceptible of it, all this may have its excuse; but in renouncing the modesty of a woman, you are at least the more obliged to have that of a man; and is there not a kind of honesty which you do not renounce?'——'Yes, without doubt.'——'Very well; tell me, then, does that honesty permit you to make an ill use of the intoxication and folly of a lover, to such a degree as to require, and to accept of his mad engagements, that are ruinous to his family? Melidor, for example, has given you notes for fifty thousand crowns; and do you perceive the consequence of them, and how much room there is to be severe against such a seduction?'——'Madam,' replied Eleonora, 'it was a voluntary gift; and M. Duranson can witness for me that I have refused much larger.'——'You know

M. Duranson?—‘Yes, Madam, it was he that put Melidor into my hands; and I was willing on that account to acquit him of all his own promises.’—‘Very well; he has set down his own article, then, to his friend’s account?’—‘He told me so, and I imagined that Melidor had approved of it. As to the rest, Melidor was at his own liberty; I have nothing of his but what he has given me, and nothing, in my opinion, can be more fairly acquired.’ ‘You think so; but would you think so, if you were the child that is stripped for it? Put yourself in the place of a mother of a family, whose husband ruins her in this manner; who is on the point of seeing him dishonoured, pursued, driven from his house, deprived of his estate, obliged to conceal himself from the eyes of the world, and to leave his wife and children a prey to shame and grief: put yourself for one moment in the place of that miserable and distressed woman, and judge yourself in that condition. What steps would not you take, Mademoiselle? You would, without doubt, have recourse to the laws which superintend our morals. Your complaints, and your tears, would put in their claim against an odious surprize, and the voice of nature and of equity would rise up in your favour. Yes, Mademoiselle, the laws would rage against poison; and the gift of pleasing is poison, when we make an ill use of it. It attacks not life; but it attacks reason and honour, and if, in the intoxication which it occasions, mad sacrifices are required and obtained of a man, what you call free gifts are in reality robberies. This is what any other would say; what you would say, perhaps, in my place yourself. But I am moderate.

There is somewhat due to you : I am come to pay you ; but nobly, and not madly. It is six months that Melidor has been your lover, and in giving a thousand guineas, you will confess that he is magnificent.' Eleonora, softened and confounded, had not the courage to refuse. She took Melidor's notes, and followed Acelia to her lawyer.

'Would not you like,' said Acelia to her on arriving there, 'an annuity of a hundred guineas, rather than this sum in hand, which will soon be dissipated? The way to detach one's self from vice, child, is to set one's self above want ; and I am of opinion, that you will one day be glad to have it in your power to be virtuous.'

Eleonora kissing Acelia's hand, and letting fall some tears ; 'Ah, Madam,' said she, 'under your features how amiable and touching is virtue ! If I have the happiness to return to it, my heart will owe that return to you.'

The lawyer, charmed with Acelia, informed her that the two hundred thousand crowns were ready in his hands, and that they waited her orders. She departed transported with joy, and on seeing Melidor again, 'There are your notes,' said she : 'it was very hard to part with them. Write no more so tender!' His friend Duranson was present : and by the dull air of Melidor, she plainly saw that he had made him ashamed of having resigned himself to his wife. 'You receive them very coldly,' said she to her husband, 'considering they come from so dear a hand.'—'Would you have me, Madam, rejoice at being the talk of all Paris? They speak of nothing but my ruin ; and you make it so very public, that my friends themselves are not able to

deny it.'—'Your friends, then, Sir, had some way of remedying it without noise? They are come probably to offer you their credit, and their good offices? M. Duranson, for example—' I, Madam, I can do nothing: but I think that without such a disgraceful publication, it would have been easy to find resources.' 'Yes, resources which leave none! My husband has made too much use of them; you know it better than any body. As for the disgrace which you affix to the publication of our misfortune, I know how great your delicacy is, and I esteem it as I ought.'—'Madam! I am an honest man, and it is well known.'—'It ought to be known, for you tell all the world of it; but as Melidor will have no more love intrigues to form, your honesty grows useless.' Melidor, at these words, took fire himself, and told his wife, that it was an affront to him to insult his friend. She was about to answer; but, without deigning to hear her, he retired in a rage, and Duranson followed him.

Acelia was not the least shaken by this; and leaving them to conspire together, devoted herself entirely to the care of her family. Her son's governor, since their failure, thought his office beneath him, and plainly told them his mind. He was discharged that very evening; and in his place came a good abbé, simple, modest, and sufficiently learned, whom she intreated to be their friend, and to infuse his own morals into his pupil.

Melidor, whom Duranson had taught to consider the ascendant which his wife had assumed, as the utmost mortification, was incensed at hearing that the governor was discharged. 'Yes, Sir,' said she to him, 'I give my son the example and direction of

a wise man instead of a coxcomb ; I mean also to rid you of an insolent parasite, who makes you pay for his pleasures. These are the injuries I do you ; I confess them, and you may make them public ;—‘It is odious,’ replied Melidor, without listening to her, ‘it is odious to avail yourself of the condition to which I am reduced, to prescribe laws to me. No, Madam, my misfortune is not such as to degrade me into your slave. It was your duty to enter into the engagement which I proposed to you : you have declined it ; you are no longer dear to me, and your cares are useless. If I have run out, it was for you : the only remedy to my misfortune, is to remove the cause, and to-morrow we separate.’——‘ No, Sir, this is not the proper juncture. In a little time you shall peaceably enjoy a reputable fortune ; you shall be free, and easy, and happy. Then, after having re-established your honour and your peace, I shall see whether I ought to give place to the workers of your ruin, and to leave you, by way of punishment, at the brink of the abyss, where I am now going to draw you. Till then we are inseparable ; and my duty and your misfortunes are inviolable ties to me. For the rest, you shall judge to-morrow what a man he is whom you prefer to me. I will give you proofs of his perfidy, before his face ; and I renounce all claim to your esteem if he dares to disavow them.’

Melidor, shaken by the generous firmness of Acelia, was distracted all the night between anger and gratitude. But in the morning he received a letter, which threw him into despair. ‘They writ to him, that nothing was talked of at court but his luxury, his extravagance, and the misfortune which

was the fruit of it; that every body blamed him loudly; and that they proposed nothing less than to oblige him to quit his charge. 'Read,' said he, on seeing Acelia; 'read, Madam, and tremble at the condition to which you have reduced me.—Oh, my friend,' said he to Duranson, who arrived just at that instant, 'I am undone; you foretold it to me. The bustle she has made dishonours me. They are taking away my place.' Duranson pretended to be overcome with the news. 'Be not afraid,' said Acelia to him; 'your security is good. You will lose nothing by it but the monstrous usury which you would extort from your friend.—Yes, Melidor, he is our usurer, our lender upon pledges, —'I, Madam!'—'Yes, Sir, you yourself, and I have the proof in my hands—'There it is,' said she to her husband; 'but this is not all: this worthy friend made you pay Eleonora for the favours which he had received from her; he had the presumption to want to seduce your wife, by informing her of your amours, at the same time that he ruined you under a borrowed name.'—'Ah! this is too much,' said Duranson, and he rose to depart. One word more,' said Acelia to him. 'You shall be unmasked in an hour, known by the city and the court, and marked every-where with infamy, if you do not this very instant carry to my lawyer's, where I am going to wait for you, both the pledges and the notes which you have of Melidor's.' Duranson turned pale, was confused, disappeared, and left Melidor confounded and immoveable with indignation and astonishment.

'Courage, my dear,' said Acelia to her husband.

'I answer for laying the storm. Adieu. This evening it shall be appeased.'

She repairs to her attorney's, becomes bound, receives the two hundred thousand crowns, discharges his debts, tears the bills, beginning with those of Duranson, who had prudently done as he was ordered. From thence she takes a post-chaise, and repairs immediately to court.

The minister did not dissemble his discontent, nor the resolution which had been taken to oblige Melidor to sell his place. 'I do not attempt to excuse him,' said she: 'luxury is a folly in our situation, I confess; but it has been my folly rather than my husband's. His complaisance has been his only fault; and ah, Sir, what will not men do for a wife whom they love! I was young, and handsome in his eyes; my husband consulted my desires rather than his own means; he knew no fear, nor misfortune, but that of displeasing me: this was his imprudence; it is now repaired; he owes nothing more than my portion, and I make him the sacrifice of it.'—'What, Madam,' cried the minister, 'have you become bound for him?'—'Yes, Sir, who ought to repair his misfortune, but she who occasioned it? Yes, Sir, I have engaged myself, but thereby I have acquired the right of managing his estate, and of ensuring my children's fortune. He does not know what I have done for him, and he allows me full power to dispose of every thing. I am at the head of my family, and the whole of it is already reduced to the most severe economy. Here, in two words, is what I have done, and what I propose to do.' She then entered into some details, which the minister was graciously

pleased to hear. 'But,' continued she, 'the friendship, the esteem, the confidence of my husband, all is lost to me, if you punish him for a fault with which he must reproach me till I shall have effaced it. You are just, sensible, and humane; for what would you punish him? For having loved the other half of himself too much? for having forgot himself, and sacrificed himself for me? I shall then be odious to him; and he will have reason perpetually to repeat to my children the error and dishonour into which their mother shall have plunged him? To whom would you make satisfaction by punishing him? To the public? Ah, Sir! it is an envious, wicked public, unworthy of that complaisance. As to that part of the public which is indifferent and just, leave us to give it a sight much more useful and more touching, than that of our ruin. It shall see that a discreet woman can reclaim an honest husband; and that there are, to well disposed hearts, inexhaustible resources in courage and virtue. Our reformation will be an example; and if it be honourable to us to set it, it will be glorious to follow it; whereas, if the punishment of an imprudence which hurts us alone, exceeds the fault, and survives it, they will, perhaps, be incensed to no purpose, at seeing us unhappy without being criminal.'

The minister listened with astonishment. 'Far from being an obstacle to your intentions,' said he, 'Madam, I will second them, even in punishing your husband. He must renounce all title to his place.'—'Ah, Sir!'—'I have disposed of it in favour of your son: and it is out of regard, out of respect for you, that I leave the survivorship to the father

Acelia's surprise, at obtaining from the minister a favour instead of a punishment, made her almost fall at his feet. 'Sir,' said she to him, 'it is worthy yourself to correct, in this manner, the father of a family. The tears which you see flow are the expression of my gratitude. My children, my husband, and myself, shall never cease to bless you.'

Melidor waited for Acelia with terror; and uneasiness gave place to joy, when he learnt with what gentleness his dissipation was punished. 'Well,' said Acelia, embracing him, 'are we to part to-day? Have you still any good friend whom you prefer to your wife?'

It is well known with what ease reports in Paris are spread, and destroyed as soon as propagated: Melidor's misfortune had been the news of the day: his re-establishment, or rather the noble part which his wife had acted, caused a kind of revolution in people's minds, and in their conversation. They talked of nothing but the wisdom and resolution of Acelia; and when she appeared abroad, with the modest and free air of a person who neither braves nor fears the looks of the public, she was received with a respect which she had never before inspired. It was then that she perceived the value of the consideration which virtue gives; and the homages which had been paid to her youth and beauty, had never flattered her so much.

Melidor, more timid, or more vain, knew not what air to assume, nor what countenance to wear. 'Let us wear,' said his wife, 'the air of confessing frankly, that we have been imprudent, and that we are become discreet. Nobody has any thing to reproach us with; let us not humiliate ourselves.'

If they see us glad of being amended, they will esteem us the more.'——' And with what eyes,' said he, 'will you look upon that multitude of ~~false~~ friends who have abandoned us?'——' With the ~~same~~ eyes that I have always seen them; as people whom pleasure attracts, and who fly away at its departure. What right had you to depend upon them? Was it for them that your feasts were made? The house of a rich man is a theatre, in which every one thinks he has paid for his place, when he has filled it agreeably; the shew ended, every one retires, acquitted of all demands on them. 'This is a disagreeable reflection; but in losing the illusion of being loved, you convert an agreeable error into an useful experience. And it is with this remedy, as with many others; the bitterness forms its efficacy. View, then, the world as it is, without being mortified at having mistaken it, without boasting that you know it better. Above all, let nobody be informed of our little quarrels: let neither of us seem to have given way to the other; but let it appear, that the same spirit animates and actuates us both. Though it be not so great a shame as it is accounted, to suffer one's self to be guided by a wife, I would not have them know that it was I who determined you.'

Melidor owed every thing to his wife, but nothing touched him so sensibly as this mark of delicacy, and he was so ingenuous as to confess it. Acelia had another view besides flattering the vanity of her husband. She wanted to engage him, by his vanity itself, to follow the plan which she had traced out to him. 'If he sees all the world persuaded,' said she, 'that he has acted only according

to his own pleasure, he will soon believe it himself, as well as the rest of the world: we stand to our own resolutions by the sentiment of liberty, which resists those of others; and the most essential point in the art of leading people is, that of concealing from them that they are led.' Acelia took care, therefore, to reflect on her husband those praises which were bestowed on her; and Melidor, on his side, spoke of her with nothing but esteem.

However, she dreaded, on his account, the solitude and silence of her house. There is no keeping in a man who grows dull and weary; and before Melidor could fall into some employment, it was necessary he should have amusement. Acelia took care to form for him a society, not numerous but well chosen. 'I invite you not to feasts,' said she to the ladies whom she engaged; 'but instead of pomp, we shall have pleasure. I will give you a hearty supper, which shall cost nothing; we will there drink in freedom to the health of our friends; perhaps, also, we shall laugh there, a circumstance uncommon enough in the world.' She kept her promise; and her husband alone still regretted the opulence in which he had lived. Not that he did not try to accustom himself to a plain way of life; but one would have thought that the same void had taken possession of his soul and his house. His eyes and ears, habituated to tumult, were stupefied as it were with calm and repose. He still viewed with envy those who were running themselves, like himself; and Paris, where he found himself condemned to privations, in the midst of enjoyment, became odious to him.

Acelia, who perceived it, and who pursued her

plan with that constancy which is found only in women, proposed to him to go and see the lands which they had bought. But, before setting out, she charged her lawyer to hire her, instead of the hotel which they occupied, a house genteelly plain, to live in at their return.

Of three estates, which Melidor had, the two most honourable produced scarce a third of the interest of the purchase money. It was resolved, therefore, that he should sell them. The other having been long neglected, required only improvement to become an excellent estate. 'This is the estate we must keep,' said Acelia; 'let us employ all our care in raising its value. It is a wholesome air, and agreeable prospect, and a fertile soil: we will pass the pleasant part of the year there; and, believe me, we will love one another there. Your wife will not have the airs, the caprices, the art of coquettes, but a sincere and tender friendship; which will constitute, if you partake it, your happiness, mine, that of our children, and the joy of our family. I know not how it is, but since I breathe the air of the country, my pleasures are more simple and natural; happiness seems more within my reach, more accessible to my desires; I see it pure, and without clouds, in the innocence of rural manners; and I have, for the first time, the idea of the serenity of an innocent life, which flows in peace to the very end.' Melidor heard his wife with complaisance, and consolation diffused itself over his soul like a delicious balm.

He consented, not without repugnance, to the sale of those of his lands, the rights of which had flattered him the most; and the good lawyer man-

aged so well, that in the space of six months, Melidor found himself indebted to nobody in the world.

Nothing now remained, but to strengthen him against the bent of habit; and Acelia, who knew his foible, did not despair of extinguishing in him the relish of luxury, by a taste more discreet and satisfactory. The estate which they had reserved, presented a vast field for useful labours; and Acelia bethought her of forming a little council of husbandmen for the direction of them. This council was composed of seven honest, sensible villagers, to whom she gave a dinner every Sunday. This dinner was called *The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men*. The council was held at table, and Melidor, Acelia, and the little abbé, assisted at the deliberations. The quality of soils, and the culture which suited them; the choice of the plants and seeds; the establishment of new farms, and the division of the ground into woods, pasturages, and corn-fields; the distribution of the flocks destined for fattening and labour; the direction and employment of the waters, plantations, and enclosures, and even the smallest particulars of rural economy, were treated in this council. Our sages, glass in hand, animated and enlightened each other; to hear them, one might have imagined that one saw treasures buried in the earth, which waited only for hands to come and dig them out.

Melidor was flattered with this hope, and above all with the kind of domination which he should exercise in the conduct of these labours; but he did not think that he had means sufficient to carry them into execution. 'Let us begin,' said Acelia,

‘and the ground will assist us. They did but little the first year, but sufficient to give Melidor a foretaste of the pleasure of creating.

The council, at Acelia’s departure, received from her a small recompence, and the good grace with which she gave it enhanced the value.

Melidor, on his return to town, was enchanted with his new house. It was commodious and pleasing, furnished without pomp, but with taste. ‘This, my dear, is what suits us,’ said his wife. ‘There is enough of it to be happy in it, if we are wise.’ She had the pleasure of seeing him grow dull at Paris, where he found himself confounded in the crowd, and sigh after the country, where the desire of reigning recalled him.

They went down there before the return of spring; and the sages being assembled, they regulated the labours of the year.

From the moment that Melidor saw the ground enlivened by his influence, and a multitude of people employed in fertilizing it for him, he felt himself lifted above himself. A new farm, which he had established, was adjudged by the council, and Melidor had the sensible joy of seeing the first crop.

Their joy was renewed every day, on seeing those very fields, which two years before languished uncultivated, and unpeopled, covered with labourers and flocks, with wood, harvests, and herbages; and Melidor saw with regret the arrival of the season which recalled him to Paris.

Acelia could not resist the inclination of visiting the minister, who, in her misfortune, had stretched out his hand to her. She gave him so touching a

picture of the happiness which they enjoyed, that he was moved to the bottom of his soul. 'You are,' said he to her, 'the model of women; may such an example make on all hearts, the impression which it makes on mine! Go on, Madam, and depend on me. It is too much honour to be able to contribute to the happiness which you occasion.'

That fortunate country, to which our couple were recalled by the fine weather, became a smiling picture of economy and abundance. But a picture still more touching, was that of the education which they gave to their children.

They talked in the neighbourhood of a couple like themselves, withdrawn from the world, and who, in a pleasing solitude, made it their delight to cultivate the tender fruits of their love. 'Let us go and see them,' said Acelia: 'let us go and take lessons from them.' On arriving, they saw the image of happiness and virtue; M. and Madame de Lisbé, in the midst of their young family, solely occupied with the care of forming the understanding and the heart.'

Acelia was touched at the grace, the decency, and, above all, with the air of gaiety which she remarked in the children. They had neither the rustic bashfulness nor the indiscreet familiarity of childhood. In their address, their conversation, their language, nothing appeared but a natural excellence; so very easy had habit rendered all the movements which it had directed.

'This is not a visit of ceremony,' said Acelia to Madame de Lisbé: 'we come to take instructions from you in the art of bringing up our children, and to entreat you to teach us the principles and

the method which you have followed with so much success.'

'Alas, Madam! nothing is more plain,' replied Madame de Lisbé. 'Our principles consist in treating children as children; to make useful things a play to them; to make plain what we teach them, and to teach them only what they are able to conceive. Our method is equally simple: it consists in leading them to instruction by curiosity; in concealing from them, under that allurements, the idea of labour and constraint, and in directing their very curiosity, by certain thoughts thrown in their way, and which we give them an inclination of seizing. The most difficult is that of exciting emulation without jealousy; and in that, perhaps, we have less merit than good fortune.'—'You have given them, without doubt excellent masters!'—'No, Madam, we learned whatever we wished to teach them. See how the dove digests the nourishment of her young ones. Let us imitate her; and from thence result two advantages, and two pleasures, that of instructing ourselves, and that of instructing our children.' 'This little labour is so much the more amusing,' said Monsieur de Lisbé, 'as we have reserved all the abstracted studies for the age of reason; and as our lessons are, at present, confined to what falls beneath the senses. Childhood is the age in which the imagination is most lively, and the memory most docile; it is to objects of these two organs that we apply the minds of our children. The surface of the ground is an image; the history of men, and that of nature, are a succession of pictures; the natural philosophy of tongues is only sounds; the part of the mathematics, to be

perceived by the senses, is reduced to lines ; all the arts may be described. Religion itself, and moral philosophy, are better learned by our feelings than they are conceived in idea ; in a word, all our simple and primitive perceptions come to us by the senses. Now, the senses of children have more fineness, delicacy, and vivacity, than those of maturer age. It is taking nature, then, in her strength, to take her in childhood ; to perceive and seize every thing which requires not the combinations of the understanding ; besides, that the soul, free from all other care, is entirely at leisure to attend to this ; and it is greedy of knowledge, exempt from prejudice, and that all the cells of the understanding and the memory being empty, we range ideas there at pleasure, especially if, in the art of introducing them, we follow their natural order, if we are not in too much haste to accumulate them, and if we give them leisure to settle themselves each in their place.'

'I see,' said Acelia, 'but without terrifying myself at it, that all this demands a continued attention.'—'That attention,' replied Madame de Lisbé, 'has nothing constraining nor painful. We live with our children, we have them under our eyes, we converse with them, we accustom them to examine, and to reflect ; we assist them, without impatience, in developing their ideas ; we never discourage them by a tone of ill-humour or contempt ; severity, which is only of service to remedying the fault of negligence, has scarce ever place in an unremitted education ; and as we do not suffer nature to take any vicious bent, we are not obliged to put it under constraint.'

'Shall I not be indiscreet,' said Acelia to her, 'in

testifying to you the desire I have of being present at one of your lessons?' Madame de Lisbé called her children, who were employed together in a corner of the hall. They flew to the arms of their mother; with a natural joy, at which Acelia was touched. 'Children,' said the mother, 'the lady would willingly hear you: we are going to question each other.'

Acelia admired the clearness and order of the knowledge which they had acquired; but she was still more enchanted at the grace and modesty with which they replied in their turns, at the good understanding which reigned among them, and at the lively interest which they took at the success of each other.

Acelia's object was to interest Melidor in this sight, and he was moved even to tears. 'How happy are you,' said he continually to Madame de Lisbé; 'how happy are you in having such children! It is the sweetest of all enjoyments.'

Acelia, on quitting her neighbours, requested their friendship: she embraced a thousand times their children, and prayed them to give her leave to come sometimes to instruct herself by their studies.

'What can be more astonishing, and more plain?' said she to Melidor, on going away. 'Can it be that a pleasure so pure is so little known, and that what is most natural should be what is most uncommon? People have children, and grow tired of them! and seek abroad for amusements, when they have such touching pleasures at home!'—'True,' said Melidor; 'all children are not so well endowed, —' And who has told us, replied Acelia, 'that

Heaven has not granted us the same favour? Ah, my dear, it is for the sake of sparing ourselves, that we so often reproach Nature. We generally blame her, in order to justify ourselves. Before we have a right to think her incorrigible, we should have done every thing to correct her. We are neither weak nor wicked; our children ought not to be so. Let us live with them, and for them; and I promise you they will resemble us.'

'You are going to have two assistants,' said she in the evening to the abbé. 'We have just had a foretaste of the pleasure of educating our children.' And she related what they had seen and heard. 'We would follow the same plan,' added she. 'You, my good abbé, you shall teach them the languages; Melidor is going to apply himself to study the arts, and of nature, in order to be able to give lessons on them. I reserve to myself what is easiest and most simple, the manners, the objects of sentiment; and I hope, in a year, to be able to keep pace with you. You must shew us the sources, and direct our studies, step by step, on the shortest plan.'

The abbé applauded this emulation, and each of them set about filling his task with an ardour, which, far from weakening itself, only redoubled. Melidor found no further vacancy in the leisure of the country, it seemed to him as if time hastened his course. The days were not long enough to attend to the cares of agriculture, and the studies of the closet. One might have said, that these employments stole from one another. Acelia was divided, in like manner, between the cares of her household and the instruction of her children. Nature seconded her views. Her children, full of application and

docile, whether by the example of their parents, or through a mutual emulation, made their little exercises their diversion.

But this success, satisfying as it was to the heart of a good mother, was not her most serious object. She had ensured to Melidor the only inexhaustible resource against the dulness of solitude, and the attraction of dissipation. 'I am easy,' said she, 'at last,' when she saw in him a determined liking for study, it is a pleasure which costs little, which we find everywhere, which never tires, and with which we are sure of not being obliged to fly ourselves.

Melidor, restored to himself, far from being ashamed to confess that he owed his reformation to his wife, took a pride in relating all she had done to reclaim him from his errors: he ceased not to commend the courage, the understanding, the sweetness, the firmness, she had mingled in it; and all the world, on hearing him, said, This is a Wife of Ten Thousand!

A FATHER'S ADVICE

To a new married Pair.

Hail! happy pair! 'tis friendship tunes the lay,
That joys to see this kind auspicious day;
This happy morn which crowns that mutual love,
Unerring wisdom first ordain'd above.

Say, what inducement taught the breast to move,
The soul to languish, and the heart to love?
What native instinct, or exterior charms,
First rais'd the tumult of love's soft alarms?

'Twas winning piety, and sense conjoin'd,
That spoke the innate beauties of the mind:
Cementing friendship also lent her aid,
And crown'd the happy choice which prudence made.

No bribing wealth, nor base designing art,
Urg'd on to flatter, or impell'd the heart ;
Spontaneous efforts fann'd the latent fire,
And grace inherent sanctify'd desire.

May Cana's Lord attend your steps below,
And smile propitious as ye onward go ;
May he, indulgent, bless your future days,
And tune your grateful hearts, to sing his praise.

Behold, my friends ! a father's tender care,
In all the blessings which in life ye share :
His goodness view in all you daily prove,
And own your mercies are the gift of love.

Should adverse-providence your lives attend,
And every sweet with some kind bitter blend :
With grateful hand the friendly cup receive,
And drink the portion heaven reserv'd to give.

If poverty, or want, await you here,
The feeling stroke with resignation bear ;
The God, who sent them, rules their potent sway,
And, by his presence, smiles their frowns away.

The various ills in life, you're born to share,
Are bounteous blessings of paternal care ;
This each shall own, and both with joy confess,
Nor even wish to find your trials less.

Like humble pensioners, devoted stand,
Imploring mercies from your Father's hand ;
With grateful hearts receive his kind supplies ;
Nor wish imparted what his love denies.

If thus resolv'd, pursue your destin'd way,
Nor stop to listen what the world might say :
Let nobler thoughts your conscious minds employ,
And crown your interval of life with joy.

But, as ye journey on, expect to find
Those troubles, incident to human kind ;
They fondly dream of happiness in vain,
Who seek to find it without loss or pain.

In many paths must tread your wand'ring feet,
Where ease with pain, where joy with sorrow, meet ;
These, loving pilgrims, as ye onward stray,
Must be your trials in life's rugged way.

If love and harmony ye would preserve,
Avoid, by careful steps, that fiend, Reserve ;

Let both alike with conscious pleasure see
A gen'rous mind, from false deception free.

Let both in each, a soft companion find,
Indulgent, tender, affable, and kind ;
Devoid of art, let each attempt to prove,
A greater warmth of undissembled love.

In joy, in sorrow, or in pain or ease,
Let each alike be studious how to please :
In every trial take an equal share,
Each bear a part, and strive to lessen care.

Let concord, harmony, and peaceful joy,
Each future moment of your lives employ ;
Thus shall you both substantial bliss secure,
And heav'n, indulgent, choicest blessings pour.

Decrepid age shall then with pleasure view
His snowy honours, crown'd with joys anew :
With grateful heart survey the trials past,
And hail the moment which shall bring the last.

Diviner bliss shall each fond breast inspire,
And fill the soul with pure seraphic fire ;
With holy rapture, make your latter days
Resound the language of incessant praise.

Your setting sun, when life's short day is o'er,
Shall rise unclouded, and go down no more ;
His genial rays shall ev'ry care destroy,
And stamp eternal all your future joy.

Deign, happy pair, t' accept the feeble lay,
The pleasing theme of this auspicious day,
'Tis friendship speaks—if more she can declare,
Be that the subject of devoted pray'r.

The Triumph of Virtue over illicit Love.

EDWARD, King of England, father of that famous Edward, who under the name of the Prince of Wales conquered the French near Poitiers, and took their King John prisoner: Edward, I say, father of that Edward, whom he had by his first marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Hainault,

had a long war to support, not only against the French, but also against the Scots, his neighbours, who, observing his embarrassment, strove to make themselves masters of a part of his states; which obliged the King to send General William Montague, with a considerable force, to secure his frontiers.

Montague repelled the enemy, and by a thousand illustrious actions merited the title of Earl of Salisbury, which his Majesty conferred upon him, accompanying that reward with his consent to marry the daughter of his first minister, who was one of the greatest beauties of his court. Some few days after his marriage, the King sent him into Flanders with the Earl of Suffolk. This voyage was unprosperous. The two Earls were taken and brought into France, and the Scots, imagining Salisbury-castle was defenceless, suddenly laid siege to it, and set an army on foot, with which they pretended to penetrate into the heart of England; but their design was made abortive; for the Earl at parting had left things in such good order, having provided against every contingency, that the garrison repulsed the assailants with considerable loss.

The King, apprised of this irruption, set out with an army to succour the place. On his march, news was brought him of the siege being raised; but, being pretty near, he would not return without seeing the Countess of Salisbury, and paying her a few compliments on the alarm the Scots had given her. This politeness cost him dear.

The Countess, having notice of the intended honour, went out to meet the King, accompanied by her Ladies, and escorted by the valiant man who had so well defended her. Whatever was precious

and magnificent, in those times, was an implement of her attire; and this, added to the joy of having escaped the danger she was threatened with, gave new lustre to her beauty, which was still more exalted by the modest graces of her countenance.

In this manner it was that she presented herself before Edward, who found her more beautiful than any thing he had ever seen before, and more redoubtable than all the combined forces of the French and Scots. The first civilities over, he said to her, with the most gracious air imaginable: 'I believe, Madam, that, without arming all these brave people, who have so nobly defended you, it would have been fully sufficient to have placed yourself on the ramparts of the castle; your enemies, respecting your charms, would never have dared to attack you; at least, you would have made a greater impression on their hearts, than their arms could have made on the place.'

'Sir, answered the Countess, blushing, I hardly believe I should have been safe, where your Majesty fancies I ought to have placed myself; for, in the way the Scots battered the castle, in which they knew I was, for twelve hours without intermission, it might be reasonably thought I had nothing to expect from their courtesy.'

The King knew by this answer, that the Countess was desirous the conversation should turn to any other subject than gallantry. Wherefore, admiring her discretion, and not willing to give her pain: 'Come, Madam,' said he, 'let us go and see the breaches your enemies have made in the castle, which, perhaps, it will be more easy to remedy,

than those I perceive you have no mind to take notice of.'

The Countess had prepared a magnificent feast, which was served up as soon as his Majesty had entered the castle. He eat but very little, so much was his mind taken up with the merits of the beautiful object before him, and the conflicts this new passion had raised in his heart; for, besides the difficulties he foresaw in gaining an ascendant over the Countess, he was sensible that generosity forbade his having recourse to his authority, for seducing the wife of a man, whose services deserved a quite different reward, and who was actually the captive of his enemies. 'Shall I aggravate his troubles,' said he to himself, 'by robbing him of the only thing that can alleviate them? No, I will not consent to it. The Countess's virtue ought, on this occasion, to help me to call forth my own, and fortify me against the impression her charms have made on my heart.'

Such was his situation, when the Countess, surprised at his reverie, and under some uneasiness about his not eating, imagining, that it was, perhaps, because the regale was not to his liking, excused herself to him with a modest and disconcerted air, that she had done her best; but that not accustomed to have so great a Monarch at her table, his Majesty ought to have the goodness to excuse her, especially at a time when the disorders of a siege had caused a good many in her mind and family.

'This I find no fault with,' answered the King, fetching a deep sigh; 'it is the disorder of my heart I have reason to complain of.' The Countess, little accustomed to speeches of gallantry, did not under-

stand what he meant; and, believing he was full of resentment, against the attempt of the Scots, humbly represented to him, that he should forget that injury, content himself with his victory, and be glad that it had not cost him much blood.

‘Ah! Madam,’ said the King, rising from the table, and taking the Countess by the arm to a window; ‘I cannot longer hold out; my virtue is reduced to its last ebb; it has fully resisted the evil I endure, and which you only can remedy.’ ‘Ah! Sir,’ cried she, ‘believing that the King indeed felt some great pain, tell me your ailment, and, if it was my blood that could relieve you, I would shed the last drop of it for the preservation of my Sovereign, my benefactor, and my deliverer.’

‘Here your blood will be of no service,’ answered the King precipitately; ‘it is too dear to me to desire it to be shed, or your person exposed to the least danger: all I require is your pity, and, if it be true that you wish my preservation, a little tenderness on your side, must repair the harm your eyes have done me. Even generosity engages you so to do. I am come here to defend you against an audacious attack, and, in return for my good will and services, find myself defeated, and conquered by the force of your charms.’

He would have continued still longer in the same tone, and the astonished Countess would not have thought of interrupting him, had he not interrupted himself, to tell her, with a passionate air: ‘Well, Madam, you make no answer; speak, if you please, for it is from your beautiful mouth that I wait the sentence of my life or death.’

‘I confess, Sir,’ answered then the Countess, ‘that

what your Majesty has said has filled me with surprise, and that, not knowing how to notice it, I could not otherwise behave than by silence, which I still would have kept, had not your Majesty ordered me to break it. No, Sir, I can hardly recover out of my surprise. Can you on the same day mingle so great an affront with so much goodness, and make me purchase, at the expence of my honour, that which I receive in the visit your Majesty is pleased to make me? Have you forgot, Sir, how much all my family has been devoted to you, and does your great heart permit you to think of seducing the wife of a man now in chains among your enemies? Ah! rather suffer me to weep for the loss of his liberty; suffer me to bewail his absence, without imbittering my grief, by proposals I should not listen to with the same moderation, if any other than my Sovereign had dared to make them. Yet, Sir, quite the Sovereign as you are, your power is limited, and, as you require a positive answer, I must tell you, without departing from the profound respect I owe you, that you may deprive me of life and all its pleasures; but that you cannot make me forfeit that innocence, without which life and fortune would be detestable to me, and which alone can comfort me amidst all the disasters your anger might heap upon me. But can my innocence exercise the anger of your Majesty? On the contrary, ought not the quality of father of your subjects, the services of my relations, those of my husband, his captivity, all, in fine, engage you to chastise me, if I was capable of dishonouring the one, by being wanting in fidelity to the other. I must therefore think, that it was only to try me

your Majesty did so speak to me; yet this trial is an extreme mortification to me, as it indicates a doubt of my virtue.'

Here the Countess let drop some tears, and the King, deeply affected by her sorrows, enchanted by her charms, and still more by her virtue, passed, without making any reply, into the apartment which had been prepared for him, that he might there hide the disorder the modest and spirited remonstrance of the Countess had just thrown him into. He admired the solidity of her answers, her firmness; and could not help finding, that reason was on her side, and that his own had gone much out of its bias.

He did all he could to recover it from its wanderings, and spent the rest of the day and the following night in the greatest agitations of mind. At length, unable either to conquer his passion, or to come to a resolution of gratifying it by criminal violence, he believed that flight was the most eligible measure he could pursue, and, having given orders for his departure, he declined seeing the Countess till the moment of setting out.

'Twas then, in taking leave of her, he beseeched her to have pity upon him, and to reflect a little on what he had said to her the day before; to which this virtuous Lady answered, that her warmest wishes should always be for his Majesty's triumphing over all his enemies, as well internal as external.

Whilst this Monarch was retiring from a place that had been so fatal to him, his thoughts still taken up with his new passion, and the means of conquering or gratifying it, the Countess received

a courier, who brought her the melancholy news of her husband's death. He had got out of captivity, but, falling ill as he was coming home to his dear wife, he died on the way.

The Countess grievously lamented his death, and at length, having settled her affairs, returned to the house of Earl Varuccio, her father; for, as she had no children, the Earldom of Salisbury reverted to the Crown.

The King, hearing of her return to London, fancied that fortune seconded his happiness, and, flattered by new hopes, ceased to resist a passion that created him so much uneasiness. But the Countess's behaviour made him soon relinquish his vain hopes; for, finding him renew his suit as before, she cut off from him all the opportunities of seeing her, and voluntarily condemned herself to a retreat, to which her state of widowhood served as a specious pretext, but little suitable to a widow of twenty-six, and one of the most charming women in the world.

The King, seeing immediately into her intention, did all he could to induce her to appear in public, and for this purpose gave the most gallant entertainments; but he never had the pleasure to see her shine at them, and nothing was capable of making her appear out of her father's house, who, as first Minister, usually resided in London.

So discreet and regular a conduct could not be relished by the King, who, tired out by so long a resistance, perceived that his virtue was ready to abandon him; so that, following the advice of a more interested than scrupulous confidant, he resolved to devote himself blindly to his passion.

However, before proceeding to the last extremities, he was desirous to have recourse again to intreaties, and to assume the character of a suppliant in a letter he directed his confident to deliver to the Countess. She read it without the least emotion. 'You will be pleased, Sir, to acquaint the King,' said she, 'that he may spare himself the trouble of writing to me again on this business, the answer I gave him at Salisbury castle being the only one he can have from me.' This was all the confident could obtain.

The King dissatisfied with this message, and not knowing what course to take, ordered him to go for the Countess's father, who, ready to execute his master's will, repaired that instant to him. He found the King on his bed, who, as soon as he had entered, desired him to shut fast the door, and sit down near him at the bed-side. Then looking at him with an air of dejection: 'My Lord,' said he, 'knowing you to be of approved fidelity to me, I was glad to confer with you without witnesses on an affair where my life is concerned, my future peace depending on it, and it being decisive of my good or bad fortune. I expect from you not only advice in regard to it, but also assistance, which none but you can give me; and, if you refuse me, I can have recourse to nothing but my despair.'

'Sir,' cried Earl Varuccio, 'why this desponding situation of mind, and why should your Majesty indulge it, if it be in my power to apply the remedy? Can you doubt of my zeal and affection? What must I do? Speak, Sir, and think I shall find nothing difficult to procure you the tranquillity I see you deprived of, were I for that purpose to make a

sacrifice to you of myself and all that is dearest to me in the world. Yes, Sir, continued he, raising his right hand towards heaven, I swear by all that is most sacred, that I am ready to do all that your Majesty shall command me, whatever risque I may run in doing it.'

'My Lord,' said the King, 'now does your promise bring me to full life; I never made the least doubt of your zeal. But I presumed not intirely to depend on an assistance, which in some measure I dared not to ask you for, and which yet you can grant me, without exposing your life, or that of your relations.' He then told him, greatly embarrassed, and faltering in his speech, all that had happened between him and the Countess, his daughter.

Whilst the King spoke, Varuccio could not help betraying all the symptoms of equal horror and amazement. 'Sir,' said he abruptly, 'I took an oath, and as rash a one as was formerly Jephthah's vow. My zeal for serving your Majesty has been a little too precipitate. 'Tis true, it never once entered my thoughts, that you would have required from me a proof of this nature; and that not content with having a design upon the honour of my daughter, you should likewise make me the contriver of the shame of my family; and believe I could be made to swallow down the shame by the hope of reward, and a fortune that cannot tempt such a heart as mine. The respect due to royal dignity does not permit me to say to your Majesty all that my integrity of heart might suggest; but, without a moment's hesitation, I shall keep my oath, how rash soever it may be, and shall say to



my daughter all that I possibly can to engage her to answer your love. I will place in a very favourable light your tender constancy; and I will awake her attention to the fortune she may make by loving you. I will speak to her, not as a father, but as the confidant of your Majesty; still I declare to you, that after saying all your whole heart could wish for, you must not think of my using violence, or any other right that that of representation. I hope her virtue will not permit her to yield to my eloquence; but if I was to be unfortunate enough to persuade her, by playing the unworthy part your Majesty obliges me to; in such case I should reserve to myself the right of acting the father, and should chastise her as she deserved.—These, Sir, are my sentiments; keep your benefactions and promises for base souls. Remember that during our last war with the Scots you had reproached a certain Lord, that from a barber he became an Earl for having favoured the amours of the late King, your father. No like reproach shall ever be made to me. The noble blood that runs in my veins shall ever inspire me with sentiments, looking down with contempt on high fortune, when it is to be acquired at the expence of my honour.' The Earl stepped out, speaking these last words, and left the King in the greatest consternation and confusion in the world.

He went directly to the Countess, to whom he said: 'Daughter you are going to hear the most extraordinary proposal a father ever made to a daughter, especially such a father as I am, who always have had honour at heart, and always preferred it to the most illustrious fortune Know then,

daughter, that notwithstanding these sentiments in which I have brought you up, and which I have with joy marked in your heart; and though I should much rather see you dead than capable of others; I find myself this day constrained by the fatality of my star to make to you a declaration of love on the part of the King, and to give you advice contrary to my inclination, by soliciting you to make a return of tenderness to that amorous Prince, who offers you, with the most splendid fortune, the most constant love. An oath, too lightly made, obliges me to speak to you in his favour, and even to intreat you to comply with his passion. But I am bound no farther, and you are free to act as you shall judge most adviseable. I promised to request that you would comply, but not to command nor to force you. So, dear daughter, to satisfy my oath, I now pray you once for all to satisfy the King; his life depends on it, and it ought to be precious enough to you for making a sacrifice to it of your honour.'

'I never, indeed, expected,' answered the Countess, 'a proposal of the kind, and still less from the mouth of my father. Could the King have made choice of so strange a confidence, and given you the unworthy commission you have now acquitted yourself of? But, dear father,' added she, bursting into tears, 'can you doubt one moment of my intentions, and, though you might be capable of adding force to counsel, you should find me ready to resign the life I hold from you, rather than renounce the sentiments of honour I have imbibed from your blood. Tell then the King what I have told himself and others, that I shall sooner relinquish life

than cease to be a woman of honour. If my constancy still irritates him; if it appears to him criminal; I am ready to expiate it in the most cruel punishments. But his power neither extends over my honour nor my conscience, and I would rather consent to death than to his criminal desires. This, father, is my last and firm resolution.'

Earl Varuccio, charmed with his daughter's answer, embraced her tenderly, and, having related to her how the King had surprised his oath, he went to give an account to that Monarch of the success of his commission, protesting to him on his conscience that he had acquitted himself of it, and that he had not only counselled his daughter to submission to his will, but had also used intreaties for that purpose. He likewise assured him that his counsels and intreaties were ineffectual, and delivered to him word for word the answer he had just received from the Countess.

The King had been extremely perplexed, waiting his return; and had even made new efforts to conquer his passion. He found Varuccio's reasons very just, and blushed at thinking he could give him so shameful a commission. But, when informed that he had fruitlessly proceeded to that extremity, all his virtue deserted him, he lost patience in losing hope, and, abandoning himself to desperation, said all that the most vehement passion was capable of inspiring him with.

The Earl, foreseeing that the matter would not terminate here, and apprehensive that there would be no further occasion for his Ministry, said: 'Sir, I have fulfilled what I engaged to do; and I hope that your Majesty in its turn will perform the pro-

mise it made me of granting whatever I should ask. I ask neither for wealth, nor posts of honour; to one of my years nothing but calm repose is wanting; so that all the favour I wish for is leave to spend the remainder of life on my estate. The King consented to his requisition, and he set out the same day with his four sons, leaving at London his wife and daughter, with the rest of his family.

The King had no difficulty to see into the motive of his retreat, judging he declined making himself a party in the affair, and that secure of his daughter's virtue, he had left her to herself, not being able to leave her in better hands, that it might be seen she was mistress of her conduct and actions, and that none could impute to him her way of behaving to his Majesty.

'Twas then that this amorous Prince, losing all hopes, kept no longer any measure, and, from being intirely occupied by his passion, was observed to neglect the care of affairs, and to forsake the pleasures he had been most addicted to. So extraordinary a conduct surprised the whole court; and, as the King's amour was now no secret, the Courtiers made loud complaints of the Countess's rigours, and the dismal situation she had reduced her Sovereign to. Some said, that she deserved punishment; and others, flattering the Monarch's passion, pretended to prove to him by substantial arguments, that he could, to satisfy himself, make use of his whole authority, and make himself happy by force, as he could not succeed in becoming so by his cares and tenderness.

The King, persuaded by these speeches so flattering to his passion, and infatuated by the passion

itself, determined to gratify it. But, before using force, he was willing once more to cite that haughty beauty in form, and to give her warning for the last time, after which, she was to expect to be treated as a place taken by assault. He charged one of his Secretaries of State to serve this summons on the Countess, and to declare his intentions to the mother.

The Secretary acquitted himself punctually of his commission. The Countess was not in the least moved, and, still answering in the same resolute manner, she told the Envoy, that the King might, if he thought it agreeable to the laws of the kingdom and of his own conscience, as he was to answer for his conduct before God, take away her goods, liberty, and life; but that she was ready to sacrifice all to preserve her honour. So saying, she passed into her closet, leaving the Secretary with her mother, who, more easy to be intimidated, and trembling and dismayed at all this minister of the King's will made her to dread from the effects of his just resentment, begged for time to speak to her daughter, and promised to induce her to comply with the King's desires.

Her request being granted, she ran to her daughter's apartment, and, dismissing her attendants, thus spoke to her amidst a profusion of tears: 'Believe me, dear daughter, a lover that wears a crown ought not to be treated as a private person, and Sovereigns have always a right to make us know that they are our masters. Of this to-day you will be made sensible, unless, yielding to necessity, you gain an ascendant over yourself, by consenting to what you cannot hinder. By so doing it is in your power

to prevent the ruin of our family, and to avert the dreadful storm ready to pour down on our heads. It is a melancholy thing for me to see myself forced to give you an advice so opposite to the sentiments of virtue, which I inculcated into you from early youth; and I even swear to you that I give you this advice in spite of myself; for I would not give it, did I see the least appearance of sheltering your honour from the violence intended against you; but, once more, we must suit ourselves to times and circumstances, and give way to force. Can I procure a numerous band to defend you against those who will come to invest this house, and take you out of it by an armed force? Alas! I can oppose to them nothing but my tears, which they will pay no regard to. Shall I call my women to my aid, and can their distaffs ward off pikes and halberts? It would be ridiculous so to think. So, my dear child, there is no probability of being able to save your honour; and, if so, I believe I might, without hurting mine, counsel you to guard against other misfortunes that threaten us, because you remedy nothing by bringing them upon us.'

The Countess, who had listened attentively to all her mother said, here interrupted her by her sobs, and, overwhelmed by the grief that pierced her heart, fell in a swoon at her feet. The good Lady was extremely alarmed; she called out for help, and her cares had soon the wished-for effect. They recalled that beauty to life, who came to herself, and, fencing round her heart a-new with its noble resolution, turned to her disconsolate mother, and said to her with a dry eye and serene aspect: 'Be comforted, Madam; it shall not be said that I was

born to cause the ruin my family, and to open to you an inexhausted source of tears. It is more just I should alone feel that calamity, which my destiny is pleased to impose on me. I must, as you have said, suit myself to time, yield to force, and to necessity, and suffer only what cannot be avoided. I have taken a resolution to see the King, in order to secure my family from the effects of his resentment. Wipe away then your tears, and let us go off quickly to prevent the orders he may give for taking me away by force.'

The mother, charmed to find in her daughter a docility, which in a great degree she had despaired of, embraced her tenderly, and, getting into a calash with her, without other company than two of their waiting-ladies, drove in haste to the King's palace, where she first asked for the Secretary of State, who, a few hours before, was at her house. This minister, overjoyed to see them, ran to announce them to the King, and said, introducing them to him: 'Sir, I here bring company your Majesty has long wished to see.'

The King stepped forward to salute the ladies, and gave them a most gracious reception; after which, the mother, ordering her attendants to withdraw, said to him in tremulous accents: 'Sir! I here bring with me my daughter, to make reparation for all the trouble she has given your Majesty; I beg you would forget it, and not impute it to the rest of the family.' 'Be assured, Madam,' replied the amorous King, 'what you have done this day in my favour defaces all that is past, and I am more than indemnified for all the rigours of your daughter, by her voluntary condescension to see

me, as it has prevented the cruel necessity of compulsion. I hope that neither will ever have room to repent of this effort of complaisance, but on the contrary will applaud themselves for it.' The good lady retired, and left her daughter in the King's power.

'Twas then that this enamoured Prince, consigning over his heart intirely to joy, said to the beautiful Countess every thing love could inspire that was tender and gallant; and throwing himself at her feet, laid aside for a moment the character of King to assume that of the most submissive lover,

At length his fondness not permitting him to moderate his desires, or to defer longer the gratification of them; the Countess prayed him first to give her a short audience, and then said to him: 'You may believe, Sir, that I am not come here to oppose your will, or to continue to offend you by persisting in my resistance: No, Sir, I am in your power; it so pleased my star, and my nearest relations were themselves willing to deliver me up to it, though they should, on the contrary, have fortified me in the sentiments of virtue, which they force me to renounce. But your Majesty, I hope, will be persuaded, that my virtue is the only consideration that has made me culpable in your eyes, nothing being so certain that, equally sensible of your goodness and merit, I an hundred times wished the distance was less great between us, that I might find means to satisfy you without incurring the guilt of a crime. Having now made known to you my sentiments, take it not amiss, Sir, if I should endeavour to examine into yours, and to be assured, if you do me the honour of loving me in

reality, or if you have only a desire to satisfy yourself, and that, piqued by my refusal, you made it a sort of point of honour to yourself to triumph over my resistance. My delicacy requires this eclaireissement, which I beg you would give me.'

The King protested, that he loved her more than he had ever loved any one in his life. 'It is not by words, Sir,' replied the Countess, 'I can be persuaded, but by facts. I have a favour to ask of your Majesty; swear to me that you will grant it, and then, but not till then, I shall be convinced of your tenderness.' The King swore, by all that was most dear and sacred to him, that he would grant the Countess all she should ask, were it the half of his kingdom, in this, imitating the complaisance that Ahasuerus had formerly for Queen Esther; but how great was his surprise, when, bound by an oath which it was no longer in his power to violate, he saw the Countess's face lighted up with smiles, and an air of confidence, on taking from under her gown a dagger, which she had the precaution to carry about her, ever since she was threatened with violence. Firmly grasping it, 'Sir,' said she, 'the favour I have to ask of you, is, to make no attempt on my honour. You cannot now do it without falsifying your oath, in which case, I will inviolably keep that, which I make to you in my turn, of burying this dagger in my bosom. It is your business, Sir, to choose, and to tell me which of these two oaths you would have performed.' With these words, she threw herself on her knees, and endeavoured by her tears to determine him to what was right.

Heaven seconded her wishes; for the King,





When you are here, you will find a letter
by an artist which it will be a pleasure to
see and to read.

moved to find so much virtue and so much courage in the soul of the Countess, after remaining for some time fixed in admiration, and a surprise hard to be expressed, said to her: 'Rise, Madam, I can no longer hold out against so much virtue. You triumph over me, and this day I am resolved to make your triumph authentic by crowning your virtue. It is the only resource that remains to me for contenting my love without violating my oath, and without exposing myself to create displeasure in you; it is the only one that can make me perfectly happy, and the only one that suits you, because you are worthy of the throne: Prepare yourself, therefore, to share it with me, to reign over the English, as you reign sovereignly over my heart.'

The King, hereupon, gave orders for calling to him the Lords, then in waiting at court, and having at the same time sent for the Countess's mother, and the two waiting-ladies, he commanded them all to salute the Queen, on whose finger he put a very beautiful diamond ring, after giving her a kiss as a mark of his engagement. He next ordered a Bishop, distinguished by his learning and great reputation, who was then present, to prepare for giving the benediction to his marriage, after acquainting the assembly of the secret scene that had passed between him and the Countess, and shewing them the dagger, that might be justly called the faithful witness of her virtue.

The Countess thanked the King in the most affecting terms for this return of fortune to her, as surprising as it was illustrious. The mother testified her gratitude by tears, which her joy made her shed in abundance; and there was not one but was

touched by so tender a scene. Couriers were dispatched to the Countess's father and brothers, to assist at her nuptials; and the King embraced them with as much tenderness, as if the one had been his father, and the others his brothers. He heaped on all wealth and honours. The marriage at first was private, the King's affections not permitting him to wait for its solemnization, which his Majesty reserved for the day on which it was to be publicly celebrated.

This was the first of July. All the Peers of the kingdom were summoned to appear in their respective ranks, and assist at the coronation of the new Queen, who, having been carried the evening before incognito from the King's palace to her father's house, was thence conducted to Westminster-abbey, where his Majesty entered into new engagements with her, declaring her publicly Queen.

The ceremony of her coronation followed that of her second espousals, after which she was led to the palace, dressed in royal robes, with the crown on her head, and followed by all the Lords and Ladies in the kingdom, who made the most magnificent appearance imaginable.

It was then were heard the joyful acclamations of the people, and by a strange alteration, those, who had some time before censured the Countess, were forced to render homage to her virtue by bestowing on her a thousand praises. The women and maidens were assiduous in strewing the streets with flowers through which she was to pass; and these streets were ornamented with the finest pieces of tapestry, and the air resounded with cries of joy from all parts: 'Long live our beautiful Queen,

whom her virtue has crowned ! Nothing but feasts and balls were held for several days, and it was in one of these balls that Edward created the Order of the Garter, which is considered in a very distinguished light in England, that in all ages the greatest Lords might repute it a singular honour done them to wear the liveries of that beautiful Queen, and that the gift of her Garter might be to them the constant object of their ambition.

And *HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE*, whence a consequence may be drawn of more advantage to the Countess, than that which has been drawn in in favour of Porus ; for, if it is said, in regard to that brave Indian, that virtue pleases, though conquered ; we may here conclude that virtue is invincible, that of the Countess having triumphed over all the assaults formed against it, and having opened to her the way to the throne, by triumphing over royal authority. A great example to invite all to the imitation of so engaging and triumphant a virtue !

The Garter.

WHEN Edward England's sceptre sway'd,
Edward the third I should have said,
At court one jovial holy-day,
The nobles brisk, the ladies gay,
Music and dancing fir'd each part,
Swift mov'd the leg, quick beat the heart,
Just in the middle of a tune,
Of minuet, or of rigadon ;
Which of the two most authors doubt,
Nor have I time to make it out,
A Garter dropt, they all agree,
From a fair Countess' bended knee,

The King with the odd adventure pleas'd,
 Stoop'd low, and quick the trophy seiz'd,
 Let this the Badge of Knighthood be,
 This the reward of chivalry.

Charlotte to Werter.

COMPLAIN, my dear Werter, no more,
 For soon must your Charlotte resign
 This life, which with joy I'll restore,
 When my soul wings its flight to meet thine.

Then down, thou poor spirit, and rest,
 For soon will your wanderings end ;
 For deep is engrav'd in my breast
 The sorrows of Werter, my friend.

My husband, good Albert, adieu !
 Forgive the past faults of my life ;
 May my babes find a father in you,
 And you a more dutiful wife.

Give each for me, Albert, a kiss,
 Which is all that I now can bestow ;
 May their years be a series of bliss
 Unmix'd with the bitters of woe.

Come, Death ! in thy horrors appear !
 Nor think that you me can affright ;
 Undaunted I'll meet thee a stranger to fear,
 And embrace thee with joy and delight.

Hark ! methinks that I hear Werter chide ;
 Displeas'd he appears at my stay ;
 See—his arms he extends to me wide,
 Impatient to bear me away.

Oh, I'll come, thou dear shadow of youth,
 Who dy'd for an inflated love ;
 I've known your affection and truth,
 And will meet you in regions above.

No longer to limits confin'd,
 To heav'n's high summit we'll soar,
 And our souls be in union combin'd,
 And the sorrows of Werter be o'er.

THE DECISION OF LOVE,

A Fragment.

DRESSY, thou intruder, I pr'ythee forbear,
 How can you so teize me to seek :
 What fluttering thief in my bosom is there,
 When my eyes they too plainly must speak.
 Last night, when at tea, how you press'd me to know
 When by chance there escap'd me a sigh,
 In the room, had you sought, was the troublesome foe
 That forc'd the soft tear from each eye.
 Ah, seize the invader, and bear him away,
 That has wounded so deep with his dart ;
 Let peace in my bosom once more bear a sway,
 And banish for ever the smart.
 For to drive him from hence, that he ne'er might return,
 Each different way have I strove ;
 But ah, my poor heart—ev'n now it does burn,
 And yields to the conqueror Love.
 In vain to dissemble, I find it too much
 To treat the dear youth with disdain ;
 For it's Henry, gods !—is the malady such,
 Can soothe and allay the soft pain.
 Ah, Cupid says, take me—I then must obey,
 For never, my love, will we part ;
 The church is in view, Hymen points us the way,
 To give you my hand and my heart.

RELIGION ONLY CONFERRING TRUE HAPPINESS:

An Oriental Story.

ASTRAMON, the hermit of Aullukabis, records the adventures of his life :—‘ Let the sons of affliction, and the disciples of adversity, learn to be content with the will of the Almighty, and no more presume to arraign the justice of his will.

‘ When the angel of death had laid his hand on my father Horam, I, his eldest son, was proclaimed

the sultan of the east. My grief at his decease was intense, as my affection for him bore a much greater sway in my mind than my wishes to ascend his throne; and notwithstanding the endeavours of my court to alleviate the melancholy which so powerfully oppressed me, still my countenance was overshadowed with a perpetual gloom. It is true, the welfare of my subjects lay nearest my heart, and I swayed the sceptre of my forefathers with strict impartiality; and this gained me the veneration of my subjects, who every-where proclaimed me the taught of heaven, the father of my people.

‘I married Zorayde, the daughter of Cosrou, who then reigned at Ispahan; for such was the destiny of heaven. The most perfect beauty shone around her person, and her eyes were like the lustre of the morning. What neither the exertions of my nobles, or the advice of my imans, could effect, virtuous love alone accomplished. My melancholy disappeared: again my face recovered the tranquil smile, and in the enjoyment of Zorayde I felt happiness.

‘But it pleased heaven once more to afflict me: my dear Zorayde was attacked with a distemper, which not the most skilful physicians in my empire could remove: suffice it to say, she expired, and left me inconsolable. Had it not been for my attendants, I should have deprived myself of that life which none should take but him who gave it, and have rushed into the presence of Alla uncalled for. In vain did my imans endeavour to restore to me my lost felicity: I refused all comfort; my sorrow was most poignant, and the poignancy of my distress affected every one. I could not reconcile my

self to the judgments of Alla: I thought them too severe, and I secretly repined at his will.'

'In my court was a noble, whose name was Alibec. One day he thus in private addressed me: 'May Astramon, in whose wrath the angel of death goeth forth, and in whose hand the balance of power is suspended, regard the words of his servant: repine not, O Astramon, at the loss of Zorayde; if beauty is thy desire, behold the blooming daughters of Circassia, whose skin is like the polished ivory, and whose cheeks excel the roses of Tagna. I will engage to fill thy seraglio with these, that shall in thy leisure hours afford thee the felicity thou hast so lately lost.'

'I too ardently listened to this address, and as imprudently gave my consent. In a short time Alibec fulfilled his engagement, and in my seraglio my melancholy and sorrow vanished. I now rioted in excess of sensual enjoyments, and spent my time wholly with my female slaves. The care of my empire was now forgotten: I no longer paid my devotions at the shrine of Alla, nor filled my throne with that rectitude which once endeared me to my subjects. To support the pomp and luxury of my seraglio, I levied such heavy taxes on my empire, that it groaned under my oppression: in vain were appeals made of injustice, in vain did my subjects petition against the hardships they endured: I was insensible to their desires, and deaf to their numerous requests. I became quite enervated with dissipation, and lost all thought of the future. But heaven now prepared a judgment for me: my brother Omrah stirred up my subjects; they took up arms against me, and I was dethroned; no one

appeared in my favour, not even Alibec, who first seduced me from the paths of virtue. Ah, painful to relate! I experienced the disgraceful transition from a splendid throne to a gloomy dungeon. Complaints were preferred against me from various parts of my empire, and I was sentenced for death on the morrow: but Hassan, my keeper, whom I had much obliged when sultan, contrived my escape, and a dead body being placed in my cell, it was conjectured I had poisoned myself to elude the hand of justice. My brother Omrah reigned in my stead, and diffused that justice I had so long neglected.

‘Hither I came, unknown, and depressed with the most distracting thoughts. I looked with abhorrence on my past conduct: I perceived myself destitute and forlorn, and now indulged melancholy far superior to what I had done before. I again dared to arraign the decrees of him who cannot act unjust. In this condition I pined, living on the fruits of the earth, and drinking the crystal spring, that purled by my cave.

‘One evening, as I was sitting pensive and weeping, on a sudden my cell was illuminated with an uncommon radiance and splendour; and turning round, I perceived a messenger from heaven: ‘Astramon, (says he,) I am the genius Amrou, and am commissioned from the Almighty, to whom the whole world is but as a single drop of water in the bucket, or the dust in the balance, to give thee instruction. Shall not he who giveth all things, withhold or withdraw his bounty whenever he pleaseth, but some repining mortal must arraign his justice? Consider, O man, that his delight is not in inflict-

ing punishments, but rather in dispensing blessings. Hadst thou attended to the precepts of his prophet, and inculcated his instruction, religion would have taught thee resignation: so shouldest thou have known that misfortunes are the kind corrections of his hand, and that they are commissioned to instruct mankind. Arise then, Astramon! Pay thy devotions to Alla with sincerity; be perfectly resigned to his will, and thou shalt find that he is yet thy teacher, thy friend, thy father!

‘The genius now disappeared; the angel of instruction imprinted on my mind his precepts: I bowed before Alla; I acknowledged my sins, and breathed out my unbounded thanks to him with an humble heart. I repented of my past transactions, and confessed my frailties: my devotions became fervent and habitual; peace dawned on my mind like the eastern blush of the morning, and my latter days are by far much happier than my first.’

‘Learn, then, O man, to be content with the decrees of heaven: consider what I have written, and be assured that true religion can alone confer happiness here, and assure us permanent felicity in the world that is to come.’

The Lady's Revenge.

AMONG the number of those gay gallants who pride themselves on being distinguished at all public places, none had more reason to boast of the modish accomplishments than Ziphraes: he sung, danced, dressed well;—had the knack of setting off, to the

best advantage, his family, his fortune, and his person:—knew how to trace his ancestors, long before the conquest; to discover some particular perfection in every acre of his land, and to give all his limbs and features such gestures as his glass informed him would be most becoming: in fine, he was what we women call a mighty pretty fellow; for, as the poet too justly says of us,

‘Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form
And empty noise, and loves itself in man.’

As he either found, or thought himself admired by all the ladies he conversed with, he in return seemed to admire them all.

Many friendships were broken, and great animosities have arose, on the score of this Almanzor in love, who triumphed wherever he came, without giving any of the fair contenders for his heart leave to think she had the power of entirely subduing it:—if one seemed to have the advantage over him to day, she was sure of yielding it to morrow to some other beauty, who again lost it in her turn: nay, sometimes in the same hour he would press one lady by the hand, whisper a soft thing in the ear of another, look dying on a third, and present a love sonnet of his own composing to a fourth.

In this manner did he divide his favours, till he became acquainted with Barsina, a lady of a good fortune, and a very agreeable person:—she lived mostly in the country; and when she was in town, kept very little company, and seldom appeared in any public place:—she was, indeed, more reserved than any one I ever saw of her age and circumstances; and though she had an infinity of wit, chose rather to be thought to have none, than to

expose it by speaking more than she thought consistent with that modesty, which she set the higher value upon, as she saw others value it so little.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this character of reserve, as to any other perfection in her, though few women can boast of greater, that made the conquest of her heart more flattering to the vanity of Ziphraanes, than any he had yet gained:—but be that as it may, he approached her with a different kind of homage to what he had ever paid to any other woman; and not only gave her that proof of his serious attachment, but also a much greater, which was this: he entirely gave over his gallantries to every former object of them, and confined his addresses to her alone, to the astonishment of all his acquaintance, who spoke of it as a prodigy, and cried, ‘Who would have believed it? Ziphraanes is grown constant!’

This change in his behaviour, joined with a secret liking of her person, and the sanction of a near relation’s persuasion, who had introduced him to her, and thought they would be a proper match for one another, engaged her to receive him in quality of a lover; though long it was before he could prevail on her to acknowledge she did so through any other motive than merely in compliance with the request of a person so nearly allied to her.

To make trial of his perseverance, she pretended business called her into the country: he begged leave to accompany her; but that not being permitted, he followed to her retirement, took lodgings as near as he could, and visited her every day, renewing the declarations he had made in town; nor

would he return till she had fixed the day for coming also.

As she came in the stage-coach, she could not prevent him from doing so too, if she had been affected enough to attempt it: yet could not all his assiduity, his vows, his protestations, meet any farther reward than the bare acceptance of them.

By degrees, however, he gained further on her, and got the better of that cruel caution which had given him so much trouble; and she at last confessed, that she thought him worthy of every thing a woman of honour could bestow.

With what rapture he expressed himself at hearing these long wished-for words, any one may judge, by the pains he had taken to induce her to speak them.—He had now nothing to do but to press for the confirmation of his happiness, and in the most tender terms beseeched her to settle a day for that purpose; to which she, blushing, answered, he must depend for that on the gentleman who first brought them acquainted, and had always been so much his friend.

This he seemed very well satisfied with, as she doubted not but he would, and as she knew the person she mentioned had greatly promoted the interest of his love; and she now began to set herself to think seriously on marriage, as of a state she should soon enter into.—Some days, however, passed over, without her hearing any thing more of the matter, than that Ziphraes told her that he had been to wait on her cousin, but had not the good fortune to meet with him at home.

Prepossessed as she was in favour of this lover, it seemed a little strange to her, that the vehemence

of the passion he professed should not influence him to watch night and day for the sight of a person to whom she had referred the grant of what he had seemed so ardently to desire:—besides, she very well knew there could have been no difficulty in finding him, had the other attempted it in good earnest; and this, with the imagination that she observed somewhat of a less tenderness than usual in his looks and behaviour to her, filled her with very perplexing agitations.

A week was hardly elapsed since she made him that soft concession above recited, when he sent to acquaint her he was extremely indisposed with a cold, and could not have the pleasure of waiting on her.

This message, and the manner in which it was delivered, heightened her suspicions that she had deceived herself in an opinion either of his love or honour:—‘I am betrayed, (cried she in a good deal of agony of spirit,) it is owing to the coldness of his own heart, not any the inclemency of the season has inflicted on him, that he absents himself.’

She kept her vexation concealed, however; and though her relation had visited her several times since she had seen Ziphraanes, she never once mentioned any thing concerning him, till that gentleman one day, in a gay humour, said to her, ‘Well, cousin, how thrive my friend’s hopes?—When are we to see you a bride?’—On which, before she was aware, she cried, ‘I am not the proper person to be asked that question:—What does Ziphraanes say?’

‘I cannot expect that confidence from him, which you, so near a relation, deny, (answered he;)

but indeed I wanted to talk a little seriously to you on that head :—I am afraid there is some brulee between you ; for I have met him two or three times, and he rather seems to shun than court my company.'

To hear he was abroad at the time he had pretended sickness, and that he had seen the very person to whom she had consigned the disposing of herself, without speaking any thing to him of the affair, was sufficient to have opened the eyes of a woman of much less penetration and judgment than she was. She was at once convinced of his falsehood and ingratitude ; and the indignation of having been so basely imposed upon was about to shew itself, by telling the whole story to her cousin : when some ladies that instant coming in to visit her, prevented it.

No opportunity offering that night to disburden the inward agony she was inflamed with, by reason her cousin went away before the rest of the company took leave, she passed the hours till morning in a situation more easy to be conceived than described.

She would have given the world, had she been mistress of it, to have been able to have assigned some reason for so sudden a change in a person, whose love and constancy she had as many testimonies of as were in the power of man to give :—the more she reflected on his past and present behaviour, the more she was confounded ; and how far soever he had insinuated himself into her heart, she suffered yet more from her astonishment, than she did from her abused affection.

The greatness of her spirit, as well as her natural

modesty and reserve, would not permit her either to write, or send to know the meaning of his absence; and her cousin not happening to come in, she had none on whose discretion she could enough rely, to make a confident on in an affair which she looked upon as so shameful to herself; and endured, for three days longer, a suspense more painful than the certainty which the fourth produced had the power of inflicting.

As soon as she rung her bell in the morning, her maid brought a letter, which she told her was left for her very early, by a servant belonging to Ziphraanes.—‘Ziphraanes! (cried Barsina, with a hurry of spirits which that moment she had not command enough over herself to be able either to repel or to conceal,) what is it he can say?’

To Barsina.

‘Madam,

‘SINCE I had last the honour of waiting on you, a proposal of marriage was made to me, which I found it was very much to my convenience to accept; and I did so the rather, as I knew there was too little love on your side to render it any disappointment:—I thought myself obliged to acquaint you with it before you heard it from any other hand; and wish you as happy with some more deserving man, as I hope this morning will make me:—I shall always continue to think of you with the greatest respect, and am,

Madam,

Your most humble,

and most obedient servant,

ZIPHRANES.’

What she felt on reading this letter, any woman, who, without love, has the least pride or sense of resentment, may judge; but as Barsina had certainly once a great share of regard for this perfidious prophaner of the most ardent vows and protestations, her affliction must be violent indeed, at the first news of his inconstancy.

But whatever it was, with her usual prudence, she confined it to her own breast; and though that day, and several succeeding ones, she heard of nothing but Ziphrene's marriage, and the wonder every one expressed at the suddenness of it, as well as that it was to any other than herself; yet did she so well stifle all the emotions of her soul, that none could perceive she was the least disturbed at it.

His ungenerous behaviour had doubtless turned her heart entirely against him:—she soon grew to despise him much more than ever she had loved; but then the thought how much she had been deceived in him, and that he had it in his power to boast that he had made an impression on her, gave her the most poignant anguish.

In fine, all the passion she now had for him was revenge; and by what method she should inflict a punishment in some measure proportionable to his crime, took up her whole thoughts; and at last, having hit on one to her mind, was not long before she accomplished it.

She knew he was accustomed to walk every day in the Park; and being informed that since his marriage he continued to do so, she made it her business to throw herself in his way; and meeting him according to her wish, accompanied only with

an old gentleman, who did not seem to be a person of any very great consequence, she went directly up to him, and told him she desired to speak with him, on which the other immediately took leave.

Ziphranes was so confounded at the sight of her, that he was scarce able to return the salutation she gave him with the complaisance of a gentleman; which she perceiving, to add to his mortification, told him she did so; but added, with a great deal of seeming gaiety, that he had no reason to be under any manner of concern; for though his quitting her for another was extremely cruel, he had it in his power to atone, and it was for that end she came to seek him.

All this, which he could not but look on as railery, was very surprising to him from a woman of her serious and reserved temper:—and his confusion both at that, and meeting her, was still so great, that he could not answer it in kind as he would have done, had he been more master of himself; and it was but with a stammering voice he at last drawled out, that he should rejoice to oblige her in any thing he could.

What a force has conscious guilt!—How mean, how cowardly does a base action render one!—He who found it easy to commit the crime, trembled at the reproaches it deserved.—Barsina felt a gloomy satisfaction in her mind at the pain he was in, but that was little to what her resentment demanded; and it was necessary to ease his present disquiets, in order to have it in her power to inflict on him others of a more terrible nature.

She therefore assumed as much softness in her eyes and voice as a person not accustomed to dis-

simulation could possibly put on, and, with a half sigh, 'Well, Ziphraanes, I accuse you not, (said she;) love, I know, is an involuntary passion; and besides, I have heard say there is a fate in marriage which is not to be withstood:—I only think the long acquaintance we had together ought not to have been so abruptly broke off:—I might have expected you would have taken one tender leave of me at least!'

He was beginning to make some pitiful excuse or other for his behaviour in this point, but she would not suffer him to go on:—'Say nothing of it, (interrupted she,) what is done is past recall; but if you would have me think you ever meant me fair, or that all the vows you made were but to ensnare and triumph over my artless innocence, you must comply with the request I now make you; which is, to let me see you once more at my lodgings:—you may depend on hearing no upbraidings: I desire no more than to take a last farewell; and if you will gratify me in this, which I know you will think, and I confess, is but a whim, I give you my solemn promise never more to trouble you.'

Such an invitation, and delivered in this manner from a mouth which he had reason to believe would have been filled with expressions of a vastly different sort, might very well amaze him: he thought her behaviour, as indeed it was, a little out of nature, and quite the reverse of that reserve and perfect modesty she had formerly treated him with. But to whatever source this change in her was owing, he could not be so unpolite as to refuse what she desired of him, and it was agreed be-

tween them that he should breakfast with her the next morning.

Accordingly he came: she received him with great civility, but somewhat more serious, and more like herself, than the day before:—chocolate was served up; and the maid attending while they breakfasted, Barsina entertained him only with discourses of ordinary affairs.—When they had done, she ordered a bottle of Cyprus wine to be set upon the table, and made a sign to her servant to leave the room.

Now being alone together, she filled out two glasses, and presented one to Ziphraes; but he desired to be excused, telling her he never drank any sort of wine in a morning.—‘You must break through that custom for once, (said she, smiling,) and to engage you to do so, as well as to shew I have not the least animosity to the lady who has supplanted me in your affections, the toast shall be health and happiness to your bride.—This, sure, you will not offer to refuse.’

With these words she put the glass a second time into his hand: ‘Well, Madam, (answered he,) it would not become me to disobey you:—since you so much insist upon it, I will do myself the honour to pledge you.’

She then drank the above-mentioned health; and he having drained his glass to the same, ‘Now I am satisfied, (cried she;) though my cruel stars denied me the pleasure of living with you, we shall die together at least:—I drank my happy rival’s health sincerely, and may she enjoy long life, and many prosperous days, if she can do so without Ziphraes; but for a little, a very little longer,

shall she triumph with him over the forsaken Barsina.'

'What is it you mean, Madam?' said he hastily: 'That you have drank your bane, (answered she;) the wine that I gave you, and partook of myself, was mixed with the most deadly poison, nor is it in the power of art to save the life of either of us.'

'You would not do so, sure?' cried he. 'What could I do but die, (replied she,) when your inconstancy had made my life a burden not to be borne? and to have died without you, would have been mean and poor, unworthy of my love, or my revenge:—now both are gratified.'

'Tis a question whether these last words reached his ears: for, before she had quite given over speaking, he started up and ran out of the room like a man distracted, uttering a volley of curses on her, and on himself, as he went down the stairs.

What effect the draught had on Barsina, and what kind of reflections entered her head, when left to think seriously on what she had done, the reader shall hereafter be informed at full; but we must now follow Ziphraes, who had not the least inclination to die, and see how he behaved in a situation so terrible to him.

The moment he got within his own doors, he sent for a physician, told him he had swallowed poison, and that he had reason to fear it was of the most mortal kind; though by whom administered, and for what cause, he kept a secret, not to alarm his wife.—Oil was the first thing judged necessary, great quantities of which he took; but nothing appearing but what any stomach, thus agitated, might disgorge, more powerful emetics were prescribed;

but even these had no other effect than to throw him into fainting fits:—yet, low and weak as he was, he continually cried out, ‘Have I yet evacuated the poison?’ and being answered in the negative, told the doctor and apothecary that they were ignorant fellows, and he would have others sent for.

It was in vain the one assured him that there was not in the whole *materia medica* a more efficacious medicine than what he had prescribed; or that the other alleged, his shop afforded the very best drugs in town: he still called out for better advice, and accordingly two others of the same faculty were sent for.

These said that it was possible the poison might be lodged in some of the secretory passages, and therefore the former prescription, which could reach no farther than the *primæ viæ*, wanted its due effect:—that there was a necessity for the whole viscera to be cleansed; that every gland must be deterged;—all the meanders of the mesentery penetrated;—not a fibre, or membrane, even to the capillary vessels, but must suffer an evacuation;—and the whole mass of nervous fluid also rarified; and that after all this was over, he must go through a course of alteratives, which should pass with the chyle into the subclavian vein, in order to purify the blood, and abrade the points of any sharp or viscous particles, which the poison might have thrown into it, and were not to be eradicated by any other methods.

This, and a great deal more learned cant, which it was impossible for any one, not practised in physic, either to understand or remember, our patient list-

ened to with the utmost attention; and looking on this second doctor as an Esculapius, told him he relied upon the great judgment he found he was master of, and put himself wholly under his direction.

Glisters, cathartics, and diaphoretics, in abundance, were now prescribed; all which Ziphraanes readily submitted to, and went through their different operations with a consummate resignation, till, to avoid death, he was brought even to the gates of it; and when reduced to such a condition, as not to be able to move a finger, or speak accurately, it was thought proper, in order not to lose so good a patient, that some intermission of his tortures should be permitted, and in their room balsamic cordials, and all manner of restoratives, administered.

As youth and a good constitution helped him to sustain the asperity of the first medicines, so it greatly added to the efficacy of these latter ones, and he was in a few days able to sit up in bed, and take nourishing food pretty frequently, though in small quantities.

The fears of his own death dissipated, he began to have a curiosity to know what was become of Barsina, and accordingly sent privately to enquire after her in the neighbourhood where she lived.

The person charged with this trust, brought him word that she was dead, and had been buried in a very private manner about three weeks past; and that some of those he had questioned concerning her, spoke as if 'twas whispered she had been guilty of her own death; but, as to that, they could not be positive, though they were so as to her decease; and that they saw her coffin put into a

hearse and six, at five o'clock the very next morning after they heard of death, attended by one mourning coach, with only her maid in it, and that it was supposed they carried her out of town.

This intelligence made him hug himself for the precautions he had taken, to which alone he thought he owed the preservation of his own life; but then, at the same time, he shuddered at the reflection of the danger he had escaped.

He did not, however, enjoy any calm of mind but for a short while. A friend of his, who came to visit him, happened to mention doctor Mead's Treatise on Poisons; which maintaining that there was a possibility for the venom to lurk in some parts of the body for many years after it was thought to be entirely expelled, and then break out with a fierceness which no art could subdue, the poor unhappy Ziphraanes presently imagined that might be his case, and could not be at rest till he had again consulted his physician.

Few people choose to argue against their own interest: Ziphraanes had been too liberal of his fees, for the doctor to offer any thing in opposition to this tenet; but, on the contrary, favoured it obliquely, by asking him if he did not sometimes feel little twitches in his head, his back, or about his heart? Which he answering, with great concern, that he did, (as indeed it was impossible he should not, after the violent operations he had undergone,) 'Alas! alas! (cried the empiric, shaking his head,) these are bad symptoms:—you must have more physic:—I am afraid, indeed, the venom is not quite expunged.' And then ran on a long discourse on the nature and subtilty of some poisons,

till he had terrified his patient almost out of his senses.

Whether the same medicines as were before prescribed, or others of a different kind, were now administered, I will not pretend to say ; but whatever they were, they brought him into such a condition, that his life was despaired of; and the doctor was obliged, indeed, to have recourse to all his art to save him.

But, not to be too tedious in so disagreeable a part of my story, I shall only say that fate had not yet decreed to call him hence : he once more recovered, and seemed to want only change of air to re-establish his former health.

As he was thought too weak to travel so far as his own country seat, which was near a hundred miles from London, lodgings were hired for him at a little village called Casehaughton, the air of which was judged extremely proper for his condition by his doctor, as being neither thick nor too pure for one so much weakened as he had been.

He soon experienced the good effect of it, or of having entirely left off even the most palatable compositions of the apothecary's shop, and in a few days was able to walk about the gardens, every morning bringing him an encrease of strength, of appetite, and spirits.

In fine, he grew in a very small time so perfectly well, that he was beginning to think of returning home, when an odd and surprising accident happened to throw both his mind and body into fresh disorders, equal, at least, I may say, to any he had before experienced.

He was indulging the pleasing meditations of his



The Lady's Revenge!



recovery, one evening, in a fine lane at a little distance from the village, when, as he was walking on, he saw a lady dressed all in white, leaning over a gate that opened into some fields belonging to a gentleman in that part of the country :—he thought nothing of this adventure, but passed forward; when, being advanced between twenty and thirty paces of the gate, he imagined he beheld the figure of Barsina, her shape, her stature, her face, the very she in every part :—he started back and stopped, all horror and amazement; but, unwilling to be deceived by similitude, he summoned up all his courage, and still looked attentively, till the object of his terror turned full upon him, which before it had not; and crying out, ‘Ziphraanes!’ immediately vanished from his sight, or rather his sight forsook his optics, for he fell into a swoon the instant he heard his name pronounced, and by a voice so exactly the same with that of Barsina, that he was certain it could proceed from no other than her ghost.

Unluckily for him, he had gone out this evening entirely alone, which, since his illness, he had never done before; and had not the diligence of one of his servants, who fearing, as the night was drawing on, the air might be prejudicial to him, made him come in search of him, he had probably laid in that condition till some worse accident had befallen him.

The fellow seeing him lie prostrate and motionless, at first thought him dead; but, rubbing his temples, and partly raising him, perceived his mistake, and with much ado brought him to himself. The first words he spoke seemed strangely incoherent,



Published by T. Kincaid, July 1, 1818

The Lady's Revenge!



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vided that recess for her, and sometimes came down to visit her, she frequently walked about the fields belonging to the house, without any body with her. and, as if every thing concurred to favour the undesigned deception, she happened to have a white loose *robe de chambre* on, when, in one of those little excursions, she saw, and was seen by her perfidious lover.—As she had not heard he was so near a neighbour, the unexpected sight of him made her shriek out ‘*Ziphranes,*’ without any design of renewing his terrors; nor did she immediately know the effect it had upon him, for she flew back into the house with all the speed she could, not caring to run the hazard of what treatment she might receive from him in a solitary place, by way of retort for the plagues she had given him.

The next day, however, afforded her sufficient matter to have gratified her spleen, had any remained in her, against a man now too much her contempt to be any longer the object of her hate.—Every one’s mouth was full of the news that a gentleman had seen a spirit over the gate by the lane, and that he was run mad upon it.

Impossible was it for her to refrain being merry at the first part of this intelligence; but, mean and base as he was, she could not avoid affording him some share of pity as to the last. She resolved, however, not to give herself any farther trouble concerning him; and having gratified the just resentment she had against him, even more than she had expected to do, returned to town, and appeared with all her former serenity and good-humour.

Though, as I have already observed, she never kept a great deal of company, she was yet seen by

enough to have it known every-where that she was alive.

The whole transaction afterwards got wind, till it was in the mouth of all their acquaintance.—Those who loved Barsina, highly approved of the method she took to punish his inconstancy, and even the friends of Ziphraes could not condemn it.

It was some time before he could be brought to believe what he was told from every quarter; and even when his fever left him, and he grew perfectly restored as to his bodily health, yet still his mind continued in a very disturbed situation; and after being with great difficulty convinced of the truth, the raillery he found himself treated with wherever he came, on the subject of poisoning, and having seen a spirit, so much soured his temper, that, from being that gay, polite, entertaining companion, I at first described him, he is now one of the most morose, ill-natured men in the world.

Disregarded by his wife, ridiculed by his acquaintance, and uneasy in himself, he lives an example of that vengeance which heaven seldom fails to take on perjury and ingratitude; and even Barsina, though the instrument of inflicting it, almost pities his condition, and confesses the consequences of her stratagem are more severe than she either wished or intended.

I heartily wish, however, that those who are abandoned and betrayed by men, either through a determined baseness, or caprice of nature, would assume the spirit she did, and rather contrive some means to render the ungrateful lover the object of contempt than themselves, by giving way to fruitless grief, which few will commiserate, and which

greatly adds to the triumph of the more happy rival, if she can be called happy, whose felicity consists in the possession of a heart that has once been false, and consequently can never be depended upon.

Love Elegy.

Am I what avails that Heav'n increas'd my store,
That Fortune smil'd propitious at my birth ;
'Tis not to wealth or dignity I soar,
Nor do I covet pow'r to rule on earth.

Riches and honours yield no lasting bliss,
And grandeur shields not from an aching heart ;
The thoughts of pride I from my breast dismiss
And freely from the hope of fame I part.

I only ask that Delia may be kind,
And yielding listen to the vows I make ;
That love like mine may captivate her mind,
And I alone of that fond love partake.

The softest passion thrills thro' all my veins,
I deeply sigh, tho' Delia does not hear ;
The fondest heart is doom'd to suffer pains,
Which Time itself can't render less severe.

Could I but kindle in her gen'rous soul
A flame as bright, as lasting as my own,
No meaner passion should our pow'rs controul,
For our employment should be Love alone.

Clasp'd in her arms, what could the fates deny
To damp the transports of my glowing breast ?
The fleeting hours should witness as they fly,
That Delia's love alone would make me blest.

In some neat cottage on a rural spot,
Secure from sultry heat and winter's blast,
Chearful I'd live, contented with my lot,
Enjoy each day, and pleas'd review the past.

Whilst others court the gayer scenes of life,
And join in noisy mirth the giddy train ;
Here free from gnawing envy and from strife,
Belov'd by Delia, I'd their joys disdain.

A B S E N C E:

A Pastoral.

Alas! I am sick and dismay'd,
With grief I could lie down and die;
My Phillis, dear angelic maid,
Has left me to mourn and to sigh.
Now, ye shepherds, no longer I join
In the pleasures and sports of the plain;
The dance I must henceforth resign,
Till my Phillida mix in the train.

Oh can ye remember that hour
When Phil so applauded my song?
How contented we sat in the bow'r,
And my music she strove to prolong.
Ah, chide me not, tho' I relate
Those joys I esteemed so dear;
Ah, chide me not, tho' at my fate
I cannot help shedding a tear.

How sweetly my time was once spent,
When summer was quite in its prime;
To the groves and the gardens I went,
Pick'd flow'rets, and drest them in rhyme.
For whenever a wreath I'd prepare,
I would always a sonnet compile;
Then to Phillis the trophy I'd bear,
And she always vouchsaf'd me a smile.

But blossoms of sweetest perfume
With her breath—no, I durst not compare;
They may boast of their fairness and bloom,
But my love is more blooming and fair.
The mildness that dwells in her face,
Well bespeaks the sweet worth of her mind;
But I'm ready to die in the place,
Fearing absence might make her unkind.

But why do I grieve and repine?
She bade me repine not nor grieve,
When I ask'd her consent to be mine,
To my soul oh what hope she did give!
She was sorry, she said, I possess
The most trivial doubt of her truth;
She bade my poor heart be at rest,
For she lov'd me, and no other youth

Oh then let me banish despair,
And invite chearful hope to my soul ;
In my favour since Phil does declare
There is nothing besides can controul.
Now my bosom of torture I'll clear,
Pinion'd time will fly swiftly away ;
Ere 'tis long I shall visit my dear,
And my love with her own she'll repay.

The happy Divorce.

UNEASINESS and inconstancy are, in the greatest part of mankind, nothing more than the consequence of false calculation. Too strong a prepossession in favour of the happiness we desire, makes us experience, as soon as we possess it, that uneasiness and disgust which suffer us to relish nothing. The imagination deceived and the heart dissatisfied, wander to new objects, the prospect of which dazzles us in its turn, and the approach disabuses us. Thus from illusion to illusion, life is passed away in changing the chimera: this is the malady of lively and delicate souls; nature has nothing sufficiently perfect for them; whence it proceeds, that it is thought such a mighty matter to fix the taste of a pretty woman.

Lucilia, in the convent, had painted to herself the charms of love, and the delights of marriage, with the colouring of an imagination of a girl of fifteen, whose flower nothing had yet tarnished.

She had seen the world only in those ingenuous fictions which are the romance of human nature. It costs nothing to an eloquent man to give love and marriage all the charms that he conceives. Lucilia, according to these pictures, saw lovers and

husbands only as they are to be met with in fables, always tender and full of love, saying nothing but fine things, taken up solely with the care of pleasing, new homages, or pleasures eternally varied.

Such was the prepossession of Lucilia, when they came to draw her out of the convent to marry the Marquis De Lisere. His engaging and noble figure inspired her with a favourable opinion of him, and his first addresses succeeded in determining the irresolution of her soul. She saw not yet in the marquis the ardour of a passionate lover; but she thought modestly enough of herself not to pretend to set him on fire at first sight. This liking, tranquil at its birth, would make a rapid progress; he must have time. However, the marriage was concluded upon, and solemnized before the inclination of the marquis was grown a violent passion.

Nothing was more steady or solid than the temper of the Marquis de Lisere. In marrying a young woman, he proposed to himself, in order to make her happy, to begin by being her friend, persuaded that an honest man does whatever he pleases with a well disposed woman, when he has gained her confidence; and that a husband who makes himself dreaded, invites his wife to deceive him, and authorises her to hate him.

In order to follow the plan which he had traced out to himself, it was necessary not to be a too passionate lover: passion knows no rule. He had considered well before his engagement, on the kind of liking with which Lucilia inspired him, resolved never to marry a woman whom he should love to

distraction. Lucilia found in her husband only that lively and tender friendship, that attentive and constant complaisance, that soft and pure pleasure, that love, in short, which has neither its hot nor cold fits. At first, she flattered herself that intoxication, enchantment, transports would have their turn; but the soul of Lisere was unalterable.

'This is very extraordinary,' said she; 'I am young, handsome, and my husband does not love me! I am his, and he thinks it enough to possess me with coldness. But, then, why suffer him to be cold? Can he have any violent longings for what is in his power without reserve or trouble? He would become passionately fond of me, if he were jealous. How unjust are men! We must torment them, in order to please them. Be tender, faithful, fond, they neglect, they disdain you. An even course of happiness makes them dull: caprice, coquetry, inconstancy, rouse and enliven them; they set no value on pleasure, but in proportion to the trouble it gives them. Lisere, less sure of being beloved, will become a thousand times fonder. That is easy, let me be in the fashion. Every thing around me presents me with enough to make him uneasy, if he is capable of jealousy.'

After this fine project, Lucilia gave herself up to dissipation, to coquetry: she assumed a mystery in all her proceedings; she made parties without the marquis. 'Did I not foresee it,' said he to himself, 'that I had a wife like other women? Six months after marriage, she begins to be tired of it. I should be a happy man now, if I were passionately fond of my wife! Happily my liking and esteem for her leave me full enjoyment of my reason: I must

make use of it, dissemble, subdue myself, and employ nothing but gentleness and soothing measures, to keep her in order. They do not always succeed; but reproaches, complaints, restraint, and violence, succeed still less.' The moderation, complaisance, and tranquillity of the marquis, put Lucilia out of all patience. 'Alas! said she, 'do what I will it is all to no purpose; this man will never love me: he is one of those cold souls whom nothing moves, nothing engages; and I am condemned to pass my life with a stone, that knows neither how to love nor hate! O, the delight of sensible souls, the charm of impassioned hearts!—Love, who raisest us to Heaven on thy fiery pinions! where are those flaming darts, with which thou woundest happy lovers? where is that intoxication into which thou plungest them? where are those ravishing transports with which they mutually inspire each other?—Where are they?' continued she. 'In free and independent love, in the disposal of two hearts which give a loose to themselves. And why should the marquis be fond? What sacrifice have I made him? By what marks of courage, by what heroic devotion of myself, have I moved the sensibility of his soul? Where is the merit of having obeyed, of having accepted for a husband an amiable and rich young man, chosen without my consent? Is it for love to interfere in a marriage of convenience? But is this then the lot of a woman of sixteen, to whom, without vanity, Nature has given wherewith to please, and still more wherewith to love? For after all, I cannot conceal from myself the graces of my figure, nor the sensibility of my heart. At sixteen, to languish without hope in cold indifference, and

to see at least a score of years waste away without pleasure, which might have been delicious! I say a score, at least, and it is not desiring to tire the world, to be content to renounce it before forty years of age. Cruel family! was it for you that I took a husband? You chose me an honest man! a rare present you made me! To be dull with an honest man, and to be dull all one's life! Very hard, indeed!

This discontent soon degenerated into peevishness; and Lisere thought he perceived, at last, that she had taken an aversion to him. His friends displeased her, their company became troublesome to her, she received them with a coolness sufficient to keep them at a distance. The marquis could no longer dissemble. 'Madam,' said he to Lucilia, 'the end of marriage is to make people happy; we are not so, and it is in vain to pique ourselves on a constancy which restrains us. Our fortune puts us in a condition of doing without each other, and of resuming that liberty of which we imprudently made a mutual sacrifice. Live by yourself; I will live by myself. I ask towards me only that decency and regard which you owe to yourself.'—'With all my heart, Sir,' replied Lucilia with the coldness of disgust; and from that moment every thing was settled, that Madam might have her equipage, her table, her domestics, in one word, a separate maintenance.

Lucilia's suppers soon became ranked among the most brilliant in Paris. Her company was sought by all the handsome women and men of gallantry. But there was a necessity for Lucilia's having some particular, and he who should engage her first, it

was observed, had the only hard task ! In the mean time she enjoyed the homages of a brilliant set ; and her heart, yet irresolute, seemed to suspend her choice only to render it more flattering. She thought, at last, she saw the person who would determine it. At the approach of the Count de Blamzé, all other pretenders lowered their tone. He was, of the whole court, the most to be dreaded by a young woman, it was agreed that there was no resisting him, and so they spared themselves the trouble. He was beautiful as the day, presented himself with grace, spoke little, but extremely well ; and if he said common things, he rendered them interesting by the most pleasing sound of voice, and the most beautiful look in the world. They could not say that Blamzé was a fop, his foppery had had so much dignity. A modest haughtiness formed his character ; he decided with the gentlest air in the world, and the most laconic tone : he listened to contradictions with good humour, replied to them only with a smile ; and if they pressed him to explain himself, he smiled still and kept silence, or repeated what he had said before. Never did he combat the opinion of another, never did he take any trouble to give a reason for his own : it was the most attentive politeness, and the most decisive presumption that had ever yet been united in a young man of quality.

This assurance had something commanding in it, which rendered him the oracle of taste, and the legislator of fashion. They were never sure of being right in the choice of a suit, or the colour of a carriage, till Blamzé had approved by a glance. '*It is excellent, it is handsome !*' were the precious words

from his mouth; and his silence a dead warrant. The despotism of his opinion extended even over beauty, talents, wit, and graces. In a circle of women, she whom he had honoured with a particular attention was that instant in vogue.

Blamzé's reputation had gone before him to Lucilia's; but the deference which even his rivals paid him, redoubled the esteem she had conceived for him. She was dazzled with his beauty, and still more surprised at his modesty. He presented himself with the most respectful air, seated himself in the lowest place, but all looks were soon directed towards him. His dress was the model of taste: all the young people who surrounded him studied it with a scrupulous attention. His laces, his embroidery, his manner of dressing his head, were all examined: they wrote down the names of his trades-people and workmen. 'It is strange,' said they, 'we see these designs, these colours, no where else!' Blamzé confessed modestly, that it cost him very little trouble. 'Industry,' said he, 'is at its highest perfection; you need but to enlighten and direct it.' He took a pinch of snuff as he said these words, and his box excited new curiosity; it was, however, the work of a young artist whom Blamzé had drawn from his obscurity. They asked him the price of every thing; he replied with a smile, that he knew the price of none of them; and the women whispered in each other's ear the name of the female who took these matters under her care.

'I am ashamed, Madam,' said Blamzé to Lucilia, 'that these trifles should engage the attention which ought to centre in a more interesting object. Pardon me if I listen to the frivolous questions of these

young men: never did complaisance cost me so dear. I hope,' added he in a low voice, 'that you will permit me to come and make myself amends in some more tranquil moment.'—'I shall be very glad to see you,' replied Lucilia blushing, and by her blushes, and the tender smile with which Blamzé accompanied a most respectful bow, the assembly judged that it would not be long before matters came to a conclusion. Lucilia, who did not see the consequence of a few words said in her ear, and who did not think that she had made an amission, scarce paid any attention to the meaning looks which the women cast on each other, or the light railleries which escaped the men. She delivered herself up insensibly to her own reflections, and was quite grave the whole evening. They often turned the conversation on Blamzé; all the company spoke well of him: his rivals talked of him with esteem; Lucilia's rivals spoke of him with complaisance. Nobody was more genteel, more gallant, more respectful; and of twenty women, on whose account he had reason to pride himself, not one had any reason to complain. Lucilia became attentive; nothing escaped her. 'Twenty women?' said she within herself; 'that is much: but where is the wonder? He seeks one who may be worthy to fix him, and capable of fixing herself.'

She hoped the next day that he would come early, and before the crowd of visitors: she waited for him; she grew uneasy; he never came; she was out of temper; he writ; she read his billet, and her ill-humour ceased. He was distracted to lose the most agreeable moments of his life. Some impertinents had broke in upon him, he would

have made his escape · but these impertinents were people of rank. It was not in his power to be happy till the next day ; but he beseeched Lucilia to receive him early, 'To abridge,' said he, 'by a few hours, the cruel weariness of absence.' The company came as usual, and Lucilia received them with a coldness at which they were piqued. 'We shall not have Blamzé this evening,' said Clarissa, with a disconsolate air, 'he goes to sup at Araminta's little box.' At these words Lucilia turned pale, and the gaiety which reigned around her only served to redouble the grief which she endeavoured to dissemble. Her first emotion was, not to see the perfidious man more. But Clarissa wanted, perhaps, either out of malice or jealousy, to impute a wrong to him of which he was not guilty. It was after all engaging herself to nothing, to see him once more ; and before condemning him, it was but just to hear him.

While she was yet at her toilette, Blamzé arrives in an undress, but the most elegant undress in the world. Lucilia was a little surprised to see a man whom she scarce knew appear in a dishabille ; yet if he had given himself time to dress perhaps she would have been sorry for it. But he said so many handsome things to her on the freshness of her complexion, the beauty of her hair, the brilliancy of her morning appearance, that she had not the courage to complain. However, Araminta did not go out of her head ; but it would not have been decent to appear jealous so soon ; and one reproach might betray her. She contented herself with asking him what he had done with himself the evening before. 'What did I do with myself ! Do I

know myself? O, how troublesome the world is? How happy are we in being forgotten and far from the crowd, in being devoted to one's self? and the person we love! Follow my advice, Lucilia, get out of this whirlwind: the more repose, the more liberty, as soon as we give ourselves up to it. Now I have mentioned the whirlwind, what do you with all these young fellows who pay court to you? They dispute with each other the conquest of you: have you vouchsafed to make a choice?' The easy familiarity of Blamzé, had at first astonished Lucilia; this question entirely confounded her. 'I am impertinent perhaps?' resumed Blamzé, who perceived it. 'Not at all,' replied Lucilia, with gentleness, 'I have nothing to conceal, and I am not afraid that any body should see through me. I amuse myself with the levity of these giddy young fellows, but not one of them seems to me worthy of a serious attachment.' Blamzé spoke of his rivals with indulgence, and thought that Lucilia judged too severely of them. 'Cleon, for example,' said he, 'has something very amiable in him; he knows nothing as yet; it is a pity, for he speaks well enough of things which he is ignorant of, and he is a proof to me, that with wit one may dispense with common sense. Clairfont is a coxcomb; but it is the first fire of his age, and he only wants to be disciplined by a woman who has seen life. Pomblac's disposition pronounces him a man of sentiment; and that simplicity which looks so like silliness, would please me well enough if I were a woman: some coquette will make her advantage of him. Little Linval is conceited, but when he has been supplanted five or six times, people will not be

surprised to see him grown modest. At present,' continued Blamzé, 'none of all these will suit you; we behold you, therefore, free: what use do you make of your freedom?'—'I endeavour to enjoy it,' replied Lucilia. 'That is mere childishness,' resumed the count: 'we never enjoy our freedom but in the moment when we renounce it; and ought not to preserve it with care, but in order to loose it at a proper opportunity. You are young, you are handsome: do not flatter yourself with being long disengaged: if you will not resign your heart, it will resign itself; but among those who may pretend to it, it is of importance to make a right choice. As soon as you love, and even when you do not love, you will be beloved infallibly: that is not the point; but at your age women have need of finding in a lover, a counsellor, a guide, a friend, a man formed by the custom of the world, and able to enlighten you in respect to the dangers you are going to run in it.'—'A man like yourself, for example!' said Lucilia, in an ironical tone, and with a sneering smile. 'Yes, indeed,' continued Blamzé; 'I should do pretty well for your purpose, were it not for all this multitude that besiege me: but how to disengage myself from it.'—'Why, do not disengage yourself from it at all,' replied Lucilia; 'you would excite too many complaints and make me too many enemies.'—'As to complaints,' said the count, coldly, 'I am accustomed to them: as to enemies, one never gives one's self the least concern about them, when one has cause to be satisfied, and the good sense to live for one's self.'—'At my age,' said Lucilia, smiling, 'we are still too timorous, and though there were nothing farther to

experience in it than the despair of an Araminta, that alone would make me tremble. — ‘An Araminta,’ replied Blamzé, without any emotion. ‘Araminta is a good creature who hears reason, and who does not give herself up to despair: I see somebody has been talking to you of her; you shall have the whole account of my connections with her. Araminta is one of those beauties, who seeing themselves on the decline, that they may not fall into oblivion, and to revive their expiring consequence, have occasion from time to time to make some noise in the world. She has engaged me to pay her some small attentions, and to behave to her with some warmth. It would not have been handsome to refuse her, so I made myself subservient to her views. In order to give the more celebrity to our adventure, she has thought proper to take a little box. It was in vain that I represented to her that it was not worth while for a month at most which I had to bestow on her: the box was furnished without my knowledge, and in the handsomest manner; she made me promise, and there lay the grand point, to sup with her there with an air of mystery; yesterday was the day appointed. Araminta, for the greater secrecy, invited nobody there but five of her female friends, and permitted me to carry only the like number of my friends. I went; assumed an air of pleasure: was gallant and warm towards her. In a word, I let all the guests go away, and did not retire myself till half an hour after them; this was all, in my opinion that decorum required: and accordingly Araminta was charmed with me. It was sufficient to bring her again into vogue: and I may henceforth take my

leave of her whenever I please, without fear of reproach. This, Madam, is my manner of conducting myself. The reputation of a woman is as dear to me as my own; nay, more: it costs me nothing to make a sacrifice to her glory of my own vanity. The greatest misfortune to a woman who sets up for a beauty, is to be forsaken; I never forsake them; I leave myself to be discharged, I pretend even to be inconsolable at it, and sometimes I have shut myself up three days successively without seeing any body, in order to leave the lady from whom I had detached myself all the honour of the rupture. You see, beautiful Lucilia, that the men are not all as bad as they say, and that there are still among us principles and morals.'

Lucilia, who had read only the romances of time past, was not at all accustomed to this new style, and her surprise redoubled at every syllable. 'What, Sir?' said she; 'is this what you call principles and morals?'—'Yes, Madam; but this is rare, and the singular reputation which my proceedings have acquired me, does no great honour to the rest of our youth. Upon honour, the more I think on it, the more I wish, for your own interest, that you had somebody like me.'—'I flatter myself,' said Lucilia, 'that I shall be treated as tenderly as an another, and that, at least, I shall not experience the shock of being forsaken.'—'You are merry, Madam; but, to be serious, you deserve a person who thinks, and knows how to develope those qualities of heart and understanding, which I think I have discovered in you. Lisere is a good man; but he never knew how to make the most of his wife; and in general the desire of pleasing a husband is not

strong enough, to induce a woman to give herself the trouble of being amiable to him to a certain degree. Happily, he leaves you at your own pleasure; and you would not be worthy of so reasonable a procedure, if you should lose the most precious time of your life in indolence and dissipation.'—'I am not afraid,' said Lucilia, 'of falling into any of these excesses'——'We see, however, nothing else in the world.'—'True, Sir; and that is the reason why I should be difficult in my choice, if I had any design of making one: for I think there is no excuse for an attachment, but that it is solid and durable.'—'What, Lucilia! at your age would you pique yourself upon constancy? Really, if I thought so, I should be capable of committing a folly.'——'And that folly would be——' 'To grow prudent, and attach myself in good earnest.'——'Seriously! would you have the courage?'—'Upon my credit, I am a little fearful of it, if you would have me own the truth.'—'A strange declaration?'—'It is a little ill expressed; but I beg you will pardon me: it is the first in my life.'—'The first, say you?'—'Yes, Madam: hitherto they have had the modesty to spare me the trouble of making advances; but I see plainly that I grow old.'—'Well, Sir, for the novelty of the thing, I pardon you this first essay: I will do more still, I will confess to you, that it cannot displease me.'—'That is happiness indeed! Do you give me leave to love you; and will you do me the honour to love me too?'—'Ah! that is another thing; time shall show me whether you deserve it.'—'Look at me, Lucilia.'—'I do look at you.'—'And do not you laugh?'—'What should I laugh at?'—'At your own answer. Do

you take me for a child?—‘I talk reasonably to you, I think.’—‘And it is in order to talk reasonably to me, that you have done me the honour to grant me a *tête à tête*?’—‘I did not think, that in order to be reasonable, we had need of witnesses; after all, what have I said to you, which you ought not to have expected? I find in you graces, wit, an engaging and noble air.’—‘You are very good.’—‘But that is not enough to merit my confidence, and determine my inclination.’—‘Not enough, Madam! excuse me a little. Please to inform me, what you would require more?’—‘A more thorough knowledge of your temper, a more intimate persuasion of your sentiments for me.’—‘I promise you nothing. I forbid myself nothing; you have every thing to hope, but nothing to claim: you are to consider whether that suits you.’—‘No price, without doubt, beautiful Lucilia, should be thought too dear to merit and obtain you: but seriously, would you have me renounce all the charms of the world to have my happiness depend on an uncertain contingency? I am, you know, and I am non-conceited of it, I am the man the most sought after in all France; be it taste or fancy, it is no matter; it is her concern that should have me, though but for a time.’—‘You are right,’ said Lucilia; ‘I was unreasonable, and your moments are too precious.’—‘No, I confess to you seriously, that I am tired of being in fashion; I was looking out for an object that might fix me: I have found it; I attach myself: nothing can be more fortunate; but still this ought not to be to no purpose. You would have time for reflection; I give you twenty-four hours: I think that is very handsome, and I never gave so

much time before.'—'My reflections are too slow,' replied Lucilia, 'and you are too much in a hurry for us to agree on this point. I am young, perhaps have sensibility; but my age and sensibility shall never engage me in an imprudent step. I have told you, if my heart yields, time, proofs, reflection, the pleasing habitude of confidence and esteem, will have decided its choice.'——'Madam, in good earnest, now do you think to find an amiable man sufficiently disengaged to lose his time in spinning out an intrigue to this length? and do you yourself intend to pass your youth in consulting whether you shall love or no?'—'I cannot tell,' replied Lucilia, 'whether I shall ever love, nor what time I shall employ in resolving: but that time will not be lost, if it spares me regret.'——'I admire you, Madam; I admire you!' said Blamzé, taking his leave; 'but I have not the honour to be of the ancient order of chivalry, and I did not come here so early to compose a romance with you.'

Lucilia thunderstruck at the scene which she had just had with Blamzé, passed in a short time from astonishment to reflection, 'Is this, then, said she, the man in vogue, the most amiable man in the world? he condescends to think me handsome; and if he believed me capable of constancy, he would be guilty of the folly of loving me in good earnest; but yet he has not time to wait till I have consulted myself. I must seize the moment of pleasing him, and determine in twenty-four hours: he never gave so much time before. Do the women, then, humble themselves thus, and the men thus subscribe them the condition? happily he has made himself known to me. Under that modest air

which had seduced me, what conceit, what presumption! Ah! I see, the most mortifying evil to a woman, is that of loving a fop.'

The same day after the opera, Lucilia's company being met together, Pomblac came to tell her, with an air of mystery, that she would have neither Blamzé nor Clairfont to sup with her. 'Very well,' said she, 'I require not of my friends any assiduity that constrains them: there are even such people whose assiduity would constrain me.'—'If Blamzé be of that number,' replied Pomblac frankly, 'Clairfont has delivered you from him, at least for some time.'—'How so?'—'Do not be frightened: all is very well over.'—'How, Sir, what is over?'—'After the opera, the curtain being dropped, we were on the stage, and, according to custom, hearing Blamzé deciding on every thing. Having given us his opinion on the singing, the dancing, and the decorations, he asked us, if we were to sup at the little marchioness's: (pardon me, Madam, it was you he spoke of.) We replied, 'Yes.'—'I shall not be there,' said he; 'we are in the pouts since this morning.' I asked what might be the cause of these pouts. Blamzé told us that you had made him an assignation; that he never came; that you were piqued at it; that he had made up that this morning; that you played the child; that he was in a hurry to conclude; that you had demanded time for reflection; and that, tired out with your *ifs* and your *buts*, he had left you in the lurch. He told us, that you wanted to set off with a serious engagement; that he had some inclination to it; but that he had not time enough on his hands; that, on calculating the strength of the



citadel, he had judged that it might sustain a siege: but that nothing would do for him but a surprise. 'It is an exploit that might suit some of you,' added he; 'you are young, it is the time when one loves to encounter difficulties, in order to overcome them; but I forewarn you, that virtue is her fort, and sensibility her weak part: every thing was concluded, if I had taken the trouble to play the passionate lover!' I was fully persuaded that he lied,' resumed the young man, but I had the prudence to be silent. Clairfont was not so patient as I: he signified to him, that he did not believe one word of his story; and at this declaration they went out together. I followed them. Clairfont received a wound.'——'And Blamzé——?' 'Blamzé has two, of which he will not recover without some difficulty. While I helped him to get into his coach, 'If Clairfont,' said he, 'knows how to make an advantage of this adventure, he will carry Lucilia. A woman defends herself but ill against a man who defends her so well. Tell him that I dispense with this being a secret to her; it is just that she should know what she owes to her knight.' Lucilia had all the difficulty in the world to conceal the trouble and consternation which this story gave her. She feigned a head-ache, and it is well known that a head-ache, in a handsome woman, is a civil way of dismissing impertinents: so they left her alone at their rising from table.

Delivered up to herself, Lucilia could not console herself for having been the subject of a duel, which would make her the town talk. She was strongly touched by the warmth with which Clairfont had revenged the affront offered her; but

what an humiliation to her if this adventure should make a noise, and Lisere should be informed of it? Happily the secret was kept. Pomblac and Clairfont made a point of saving Lucilia's honour; and Blamzé, being cured of his wounds, was far from boasting of an imprudence by which he had been so severely punished. It will be asked, perhaps, how a man, till then so discreet, came all of a sudden to cease to be so. It is because we are under less temptation to publish favours which we obtain, than to avenge ourselves for the rigours we undergo. This first indiscretion had liked to have cost him his life. He was for a month on the brink of the grave. Clairfont had less difficulty to get his wound cured, and Lucilia saw him again with a tenderness hitherto unknown to him. If we attach ourselves to any one who has exposed his life for us, we attach ourselves as naturally to the person for whom we have exposed our life; and such services, perhaps, are stronger ties to the person who has performed them, than to the party for whom they were performed. Clairfont then became desperately in love with Lucilia; but the more she owed him in return, the less he dared to require any thing of her; he found a sensible pleasure in being generous, and he ceased to be so if he availed himself of the rights he had required to Lucilia's gratitude: accordingly, he was more timorous than if he had merited nothing; but Lucilia read his soul, and this delicacy took the strongest hold of her. In the mean time, the fear of appearing to want gratitude, or the dread of carrying it too far, made her dissemble her knowledge of the intelligence Pomblac had given her; thus the good-will she testified towards Clair-

font appeared free and disinterested, and he was so much the more affected by it. Their mutual inclination every day made a sensible progress. They sought one another with their eyes, conferred with intimacy, listened to each other with complaisance, gave one another an account of their proceedings, in reality, without affectation, and, as it were, for the sake of saying something; but with so much exactness, that they knew, almost to a minute, the hour at which they were to see each other again. Clairfont insensibly became more familiar, and Lucilia less reserved. Nothing remained but to explain themselves; for which purpose there was no need of those marvellous incidents which love sometimes sends to the assistance of bashful lovers. One day that they were alone, Lucilia let her fan drop; Clairfont picks it up, and presents it to her; she receives it with a pleasing smile; that smile inspires the lover with the courage to kiss her hand; that hand was the most beautiful hand in the world; and from the moment that Clairfont's lips were applied to it, she was unable to withdraw it. Lucilia, in her emotion, made a slight effort to draw back her hand; he opposed a gentle violence, and his eyes tenderly fixed on Lucilia's eyes, entirely disarmed her. Their looks had expressed every thing before their tongues interfered; and the mutual confession of their love was made and returned in two words. 'I breathe, we love!' said Clairfont, intoxicated with joy. 'Alas! yes, we do love!' replied Lucilia, with a profound sigh; 'it is no longer time to deny it. But remember that I am bound by duties; those duties are inviolable; and, if I am dear to you, they will be sacred.'

Lucilia's inclination was not one of those fashionable passions which stifle shame in their infancy, and Clairfont respected it too much to take advantage of it as a weakness. Transported with being loved, he for a long time confined his desires to the delicious possession of a heart pure, virtuous and faithful. 'How little we love,' said he to himself in his delirium, 'when we are not made happy by the single pleasure of loving! Who was the stupid savage who first branded with the name of rigour that resistance which timid modesty opposes to wild desire? Is there, beautiful Lucilia, is there a denial which your looks would not soften? Can I complain when you smile upon me? And has my soul any wishes still to form, when my eyes draw from yours that heavenly voluptuousness with which you intoxicate all my senses? Far be from us, I consent to it, all those pleasures followed by regrets, which would trouble the serenity of your life. I respect your virtue as much as you cherish it yourself; and I should never pardon myself the having caused any remorse to spring up in the bosom of innocence itself. Sentiments so heroic charmed Lucilia; and Clairfont, more tender every day, was every day more beloved, more happy, and more worthy to be so. But at length the raileries of his friends, and the suspicions they excited in him with respect to that virtue which he adored, embittered his happiness. He became gloomy, uneasy, jealous; every thing vexed him, every thing gave him umbrage. Lucilia every day perceived her chain become closer and heavier; every day there were new complaints to hear, new reproaches to undergo. Every man that she received

with civility was a rival whom she must banish. The first sacrifices that he required were made without opposition: he demanded new ones, he obtained them; he wanted still more, she was weary of obeying him. Clairfont imagined he saw in Lucilia's impatience and invincible attachment to the connections which he prohibited; and that love at first so delicate and submissive, became fierce and tyrannical. Lucilia was terrified; she sought to appease him, but to no purpose. 'I will not believe,' said the imperious Clairfont, 'I will not believe that you love me till you live for me alone, as I do for you. What! if I possess, if I fill your soul, what do you do with this troublesome crowd; Ought it to cost you any thing to banish what afflicts me? Would it cost me any pain to renounce every thing that would displease you? What do I say? Is it not a continual violence that I do myself to see any thing but Lucilia? Would to Heaven we were freed from this crowd, which besieges you, and which deprives me every moment either of your looks or your thoughts! The solitude that so terrifies you would complete all my wishes. Are not our souls of the same nature? or the love which you think you feel, is it not the same that I feel? You complain that I demand sacrifices of you! Require, Lucilia, require in your turn: choose the most painful, the most grievous trials; you shall see whether I hesitate. There is no connection which I would not break, no effort which I would not make; or rather I should not make any. The pleasure of gratifying you will make me amends, will serve instead of every thing; and what they call denials would be to me enjoy-

ments.—‘You think so, Clairfont,’ replied the tender and ingenuous Lucilia, ‘but you deceive yourself. Each of these denials is but little; but altogether make up a great deal. It is the continuance of them that is tiresome: you have made me know, by experience, that no complaisance is inexhaustible. While she spoke thus, Clairfont’s eyes, sparkling with impatience, were sometimes turned up to heaven, and sometimes fixed on her. ‘Believe me,’ continued Lucilia, ‘the sacrifices of true love are made in the heart, and under the veil of mystery: self-love alone demands public ones; to that victory is little; it aspires to the honours of a triumph; and that is what you exact.’

‘What a cold analysis,’ cried he, ‘and what vain metaphysics! Love, to be sure, reasons thus! I love you, Madam; nothing, to my misfortune, is truer; I would sacrifice a thousand lives to please you; and whatever may be this sentiment which you call self-love, it detaches me from the whole world to deliver myself up to you; but in abominating myself thus, I would possess you in the same manner. Cleon, Linval, Pomblac, all these are sufficient to make me uneasy: I cannot answer for myself. After this, if you love me, nothing ought to be more precious to you than my repose; and my uneasiness, were it even a folly, you ought to dissipate. But why do I say a folly? You render my alarms and suspicions but too reasonable. And how should I be easy, when I see that every one who comes near you engages you more than myself?’

‘Ah, Sir! what acknowledgments do I owe you?’ said Lucilia with a sigh; ‘you make me

see the depth of the abyss into which love was going to plunge me. Yes, I see that there is no slavery comparable to that which a jealous lover imposes.'—'I, Madam! do I make you a slave? Have not even you an absolute empire over me? do you not do what you please with me?'—'Enough, Sir: I have suffered a long time; I flattered myself; but you now draw me out of my illusion, and nothing can lead me into it again. Be my friend, if you can be so: it is the only title that remains to you with me.'—'Ah, cruel woman! would you have my death?'—'I want nothing but your ease and my own.'—'You overwhelm me. What is my crime?'—'Loving yourself too well, and not esteeming me enough.'—'Ah! I swear to you'—'Swear nothing: your jealousy is a vice in your disposition, and the disposition never corrects itself. I know you, Clairfont; I begin to dread you, and cease to love you. This very moment I see my frankness makes you desperate; but of two punishments I choose the shortest; and by taking away from you the right of being jealous, I create you the happy necessity of ceasing to be so.'——'I know you in my turn,' replied Clairfont with a stifled rage: the delicacy of a sensible soul ill agrees with the levity of yours; it is a *Blamzé* that you must have for a lover, and I was a fool to take it ill. . . .—'Go no farther, interrupted Lucilia, I know all that I owe to you; but I retire, to spare you the shame of having reproached me with it.'

Clairfont went off in a rage, and fully resolved never more to revisit a woman whom he had so tenderly loved, and who had dismissed him with so much inhumanity.

Lucilia, restored to herself, found herself, as it were relieved from a burden that overwhelmed her. But, on one side, the dangers of love, which she had just experienced; on the other, the sad prospect of everlasting indifference, suffered her to hope hereafter for nothing but cruel disquietudes, or insupportable dulness. 'What,' said she, 'has Heaven given me a sensible heart, only to make me the sport of a fop, the victim of a tyrant, or the gloomy companion of a kind of philosopher, neither affected nor moved at any thing! These reflections plunged her into a languor which she was not able to conceal: her company perceived it, and became soon as melancholy as herself. The women, to whom her house was a rendezvous, were alarmed at it. 'She is lost,' said they, 'if we draw her not out of this sad state; she is disgusted with the world: she loves nothing but solitude; the symptoms of her melancholy become every day more terrible; and by the force of some violent passion which agitates her, it is to be feared that she will fall again into the power of her husband. Do we know nobody to turn this young head? Blamzé himself set about it the wrong way, and did not succeed: as to Clairfont, on whom we depended, he is a little fool who loves like a madman; no wonder she should be affronted.'——'Hold,' said Cephisa, after being lost in thought for some time, 'Lucilia has a romantic way of thinking; she must have something in the fairy taste, and the magnificent Dorimon is exactly the man that suits her. She will grow mad for him, I am sure; let us engage him only to go and invite her to supper at his fine country-house: I will take upon me to give him his lesson.'

The party was accepted, and Dorimon made acquainted with it.

Dorimon was the man in the world who knew best the most able artists, received them with the best grace, and recompensed them most liberally; accordingly, he had the reputation of a connoisseur, and a man of taste.

If, some centuries hence, this tale should be read, they may imagine it mere fiction, and the habitation I am going to describe may pass for a fairy castle; but it is not my fault if the luxury of our times come into competition with the marvellous of fables, and if, in the representation of our follies, probability should be wanting to truth.

On the rich banks of the Seine, arises, in form of an amphitheatre, a small eminence exposed to the first rays of the morning, and the ardent fires of noon. The forest which crowns it, defends it from the chilling blast of the north, and the watery influence of the west. From the summit of the hill fall in cascades three copious springs of water purer than chrystal, which the industrious hand of art has conducted by a thousand windings over green slopes. Sometimes these waters divide themselves, and glide along in meanders; sometimes they reunite in basons, in which the heavens behold themselves with delight; then they precipitate themselves, and pour along, dashing against rocks cut out into grottoes in which the chissel has imitated the fanciful varieties of nature. The Seine, which forms a bow at the foot of the hill, receives them into his peaceable bosom; and their fall recalls to our minds those fabulous times in which the nymphs of the fountains descended into the humid palace

of the rivers, to temper the ardours of youth and love.

An ingenious whimsicalness seems to have designed the gardens watered by these streams. All sides of this smiling scene agree without sameness; the very symmetry is striking; the eye roves without lassitude, and reposes without dullness. A noble elegance, a richness well managed, a bold and yet delicate taste, have been employed in embellishing them. Nothing is neglected, nothing forced or laboured with too much art. The concourse of simple beauties forms all its magnificence; and the equilibrium of masses, joined to the variety of forms, produces that beautiful harmony which forms the delight of beholders.

Groves ornamented with statues, lattice-work fashioned into arbours and bowers, decorate all the known gardens; but these riches displayed without understanding and taste, generally excite nothing more than a cold and dull admiration, soon attended with satiety. Here the disposition and connection of the parts form, of a thousand different sensations, but one continued enchantment. The second object that is discovered adds to the pleasure raised by the first; and both are still farther embellished by the charms of the new object that succeeds without effacing them.

This delicious landscape is terminated by a palace of such airy architecture, that the Corinthian order itself has less elegance and lightness. Here the columns imitated the palm-trees united in arbours. The roof of the vault, formed of palms, composes a chapitre more natural and as noble as the vase of Callimachus. These palms were interwoven

among each other in the interstices of the columns, and their natural wreathings concealed from the **deceived eye** the heaviness of the entablature. As these columns are sufficient for the weight of the edifice, they leave continued transparency to the walls, by means of chasins artfully contrived. We see none of those double roofs which crush our modern architecture; and the frightful irregularity of our Gothic chimnies is lost in the crown-work.

The interior luxury of the palace is suitable to the magnificence without. It is, in short, the temple of the arts and of taste. The pencil, the chissel, the graving tool, every thing that industry has invented for the delicacies of life, is there displayed with a discreet profusion; and the pleasures, the daughters of opulence, there flatter the soul through all the senses.

Lucilia was dazzled with so much magnificence; the first evening appeared to her a dream; it was nothing but one continued scene of shows and feasting, of which she plainly perceived herself was the divinity. The earnestness, the vivacity, the gallantry with which Dorimon did the honours of this beautiful dwelling, the changes of scene which he produced with one single look, the absolute empire which he seemed to exercise over the arts and pleasures, recalled to Lucilia's imagination every thing that she read of the most celebrated enchanters. She dare not trust her eyes, and even thought herself enchanted. If Dorimon had availed himself of the intoxication into which she was plunged, the dream perhaps had ended after the manner of modern romances. But Dorimon was merely gallant; and all he had the courage to permit himself to do,

was to ask Lucilia to come sometimes and embellish his hermitage, for so he called his mansion.

Lucilia's companions had observed her with attention. The most experienced judged that Dorimon was too much taken up with his magnificence, and too little with his happiness. 'He ought,' said they, 'to have seized the first moment of surprize: it is a kind of transport which we do not feel twice.'

In the mean time, Lucilia's head being filled with all that she had just seen, she formed to herself the most wonderful idea of Dorimon himself. So much gallantry bespoke an imagination brisk and sprightly, a cultivated genius, a delicate taste, and a lover, if ever there was one, wholly taken up with the care of pleasing. This portrait, though a little too flattering, was not wholly unlike. Dorimon was yet young, of an engaging figure, and a most joyous temper. His wit was all in sallies: he had in his way of thinking little warmth, but much refinement. Nobody said more gallant things; but he had not the gift of enforcing them; every body loved to hear him, but nobody believed him. He was the most seducing man in the world for a coquette, the least dangerous to a woman of sentiment

She consented to see him again at his own house, and this gave occasion to new entertainments. But in vain had the gallantry of Dorimon re-assembled there all the pleasures which she had given birth to: in vain were these pleasures varied every instant with as much art as taste: Lucilia was at first slightly moved, soon after satiated; and before the close of the day, she conceived it possible to grow dull in this delicious abode. Dorimon, who never

quitted her, exerted all the talents of pleasing ; he held her in discourse on a thousand ingenious subjects, he mingled also some soft things with them ; but still this was not what she had conceived. She thought to find a god, and Dorimon was but a man ; the pomp of his house eclipsed him ; proportions were not observed ; and Dorimon, while he surpassed himself, was all the while inferior to the idea which every thing around him inspired.

He was very far from suspecting the injury which this comparison did him in the imagination of Lucilia, and he waited only one happy moment to avail himself of his advantages. After the concert, and before supper, he led her, as it were by chance, into a solitary closet, where she might go, he said, and ruminatè, when she should have any moments of pouting. The door opens, and Lucilia sees her image reflected a thousand times in the dazzling pier glasses ; the voluptuous paintings with which the panels were covered, multiplied themselves around her. Lucilia admiring herself thought she beheld the goddess of loves. At this sight an exclamation of surprize and admiration escaped her, and Dorimon seized the instant of this sudden emotion. ‘ Reign here ; there is your throne,’ said he to her, shewing her a sofa, which the hand of fairies had sown with flowers. ‘ My throne ? said Lucilia, seating herself, and with a tone of gaiety ; ‘ well, aye, I like it pretty well, and I find myself the queen of a mighty pretty people.’ She spoke of the multitude of loves which she perceived in the glasses. ‘ Amidst these subjects, will you condescend, Madam, to admit me,’ said Dorimon with ardour, and throwing himself at her feet. ‘ Ah ! as to you,’ said she, with a

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serious air, 'you are no child;' and at these words she would have got up, but he retained her with a strong hand, and the effort she made to escape rendered him still bolder. 'Where am I then?' said she with terror: 'let me go; let me go, I say! or my cries——' These words awed him. 'Excuse, Madam,' said he, 'an imprudence, of which you are yourself in some measure the cause. To come here *tête-a-tête*, and repose yourself on this sofa as you have done, is giving to understand, according to the received custom, that a little violence would not be ill-taken. With you I see plainly that it means nothing; we misunderstand each other.'— 'O very much,' said Lucilia, going out in a rage; and Dorimon followed her, a little confounded at his mistake. Happily their absence had not been long enough to give time for slander to speak ill of it. Lucilia dissembling her perturbation, told the company that she had just been seeing a very fine cabinet. They ran there in a body; and their exclamations of admiration were only interrupted by the coming in of supper.

The sumptuousness of this feast seemed to improve still upon all the pleasures that they had tasted. But Dorimon endeavoured in vain to do the honours of it: he had lost that gaiety which was so natural to him: and Lucilia replied to the gallant things they addressed to her, in order to draw her out of the reverie, only by a forced smile, with which good-breeding endeavours to disguise ill-humour.

'There,' said her friends to her, on going home with her, 'there now is a man who suits you: with him life is a continual enchantment; it appears as

if all the pleasures obeyed his voice ; the moment he commands, they arrive in troops.'

'There are some,' said Lucilia coldly, 'which cannot be commanded : they are above riches ; we find them only in our hearts.'—'Upon my word, my dear,' said Cephisa to her, 'you are very difficult.'—'Yes, Madam, very difficult,' replied she with a sigh : and during the rest of the journey they kept a profound silence. 'This is nothing but a handsome woman spoiled,' said her friends, at quitting her ; 'yet if her whims were chearful ones, we might amuse ourselves with them : but nothing in the world is more gloomy. It was worth while indeed to separate from her husband, to be a prude to the rest of the world !'

'Is this then the world so much boasted of?' said Lucilia, on her side ; 'I have passed rapidly through every thing agreeable in it ; what have I found ? a coxcomb, a jealous lover, a vain man, who arrogates to himself, as so many charms, his gardens, his palace, and his entertainments, and who thinks that the severest virtue can desire no better than to yield to him. Ah, how I hate those makers of romances, who have lulled me with their fables ! My imagination filled with a thousand chimeras, I thought my husband insipid ; and yet he is worth more than all I have seen. He is plain : but is not his plainness a thousand times preferable to the vain pretensions of a Blamzé ? He is temperate in his affections, and what would become of me, if he were violent and passionate like Clairfont ? He loved me little, but he loved only me ; and if I had been reasonable, he loved me enough to make me happy. I had not with him those pompous and noisy plea-

asures which intoxicate at first, and soon after cloy. but his complaisance, his sweetness, his delicate attentions, furnished me every moment with pleasures, the most pure and solid, if I had but known how to relish them. Fool that I was! I pursued illusions, and fled happiness itself: it is placed in the silence of the passions, the equilibrium and repose of the soul. But, alas! it is a fine time to acknowlédge my errors, when they have made me lose the friendship, the confidence, perhaps the esteem, of my husband. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to reproach myself with but the indiscretions of my age.—But is Lisere obliged to believe me in this point, and would he vouchsafe to hear me?—Ah, how difficult is it to return to one's duty, when we have once abandoned it?—Difficult! and why? Who hinders me? The dread of being humbled.—But Lisere is a good man; and if he has spared me in my errors, would he distress me in my reformation? I have but to detach myself from a pernicious society, to live at home with such of my female friends as my husband respects, and whom I can see without blushing. All the while that he has seen me delivered up to the world, he has never come near me; but if he sees me restored to myself, he will condescend, perhaps, to recall me to him; and if his heart be not restored to me, the only consolation that remains to me, is that of rendering myself worthy of it: I shall be at least reconciled to myself, if I cannot be so to my husband.

Lisere, full of grief, had kept sight of her through all her whirl of company: he depended on the justness of her way of thinking, and the probity of her soul. 'She will perceive,' said he, 'the frivolous-

ness of the pleasures which she seeks, the folly of the women, the vanity of the men, the falsity of both; and, if she returns virtuous, her virtue will be but the more confirmed by the dangers it has run. But will she have escaped all the shelves that surround her, the charms of flattery, the snares of seduction, the attractions of pleasure? We despise the world when we know it thoroughly; but we give ourselves up to it before we know it, and the heart is frequently lost before reason enlightens it. O Lucilia!" cried he, looking at the portrait of his wife, which in solitude was his only consolation; 'O Lucilia! you were so deserving of being happy! and I flattered myself that you would be so with me. Alas! perhaps some one of those handsome corrupters, who form at once the ornament and misfortune of the world, is at this very time employed in seducing her innocence, and is bent upon her defeat, merely for the pleasure of boasting of it. What, would my wife's shame raise an eternal barrier between us! It would no longer be permitted me to live with her, from whom death alone ought to separate me! I have betrayed her in abandoning her. Heaven had chosen me for the guardian of her imprudent and frail youth. I have consulted only custom, and I have been struck only by the frightful idea of being hated as a tyrant.'

While Lisere floated thus in this cruel uncertainty, Lucilia was not less agitated between the desire of returning, and the dread of being repulsed. Twenty times had she risen, after passing the night in sighs and tears, with the resolution of going to wait his rising, in order to throw herself at his feet, and ask his pardon. But a shame well known to

sensible and delicate souls, had still withheld her footsteps. If Lisere did not despise her, if he still preserved any feeling for her, any esteem; from the time when she had broken off with her parties, from the time that she had lived retired and solitary, how came it that he had never vouchsafed to see her even once? Every day, as he went by, he enquired after his lady's health; she heard of it; she hoped that at last he would ask to see her: each day this hope was renewed; she expected, all trembling, the moment of Lisere's calling; she drew as near as possible, in order to listen to him, and retired in tears, after having heard him ask, as he went along, '*How does my Lady do?*' She could have wished to have Lisere informed of her repentance, of her return to herself: 'But to whom can I trust,' said she, 'to friends! is there one of them faithful enough, discreet enough, wise enough for so delicate an interposition? Some of them might have the talents but had not the zeal; and others had the zeal, but not the talents: besides, it is so hard to trust to others what we dare not confess ourselves! A letter; but what shall I write to him? General expressions would not touch him, and particulars are so humiliating?' At length a thought came into her head, by which her delicacy and sensibility were equally satisfied. Lisere had absented himself for two days, and Lucilia seized the opportunity of his absence to execute her design.

Lisere had an old servant whom Lucilia saw melting into tears at the moment of their separation, and whose zeal, honesty, and discretion, were well known to her. 'Ambrose,' said she to him, 'I have a favour to ask of you.'—'Ah, Madam!

said the good man, 'command me; I am yours with all my soul : would to God that you and my master loved one another as I love you ! I know not which of you is wrong : but I am sorry for you both : it would be delightful to see you together, and I see nothing here which does not give me sorrow, ever since you have been on ill-terms.'—'It is perhaps my fault,' said Lucilia, humiliated ; 'but my dear Ambrose, the evil is not without remedy : only do what I shall tell you. You know that my portrait is in your master's chamber.'—'O yes, Madam, he knows it very well too ; for he sometimes shuts himself up with it for whole days : it is all his consolation. He looks at it, he talks to it, he sighs most pitifully ; and I see plainly that the poor gentleman would still much rather converse with you than with your picture.'—'You tell me very comfortable news, my dear Ambrose ; but go and take away that portrait privately, and chuse, in order to bring it to me, a time when you may not be seen by any body.'—'I, Madam, deprive my master of all that he holds dearest in the world ! rather ask my life.'—'Be assured,' replied Lucilia, 'my design is not to deprive him of it. To-morrow evening thou shalt come and fetch it, to put it in its place again : I will only beg of you to say nothing to my husband.'—'Very well,' said Ambrose, 'I know that you are goodness itself, and you would not now, at the latter end of my life, give me the mortification of having made my master uneasy.' The faithful Ambrose executed Lucilia's order. She had in her portrait the tender and languishing air which was natural to her ; but her look was serene, and her hair set with flowers, She

sent for her painter, and ordered him to draw her with her hair dishevelled, and to paint the tears trickling from her eyes. As soon as her idea was carried into execution, the picture was replaced in Lisere's apartment. He comes into it, and his eyes are soon raised on the dear object. It is easy to conceive how great was his surprise. The dishevelled hair strikes him first: he draws near, and sees the tears flow. 'Ah!' cried he; 'ah, Lucilia! are these the tears of repentance? Is that the sorrow of love?' He goes out transported; he flies to her; he seeks her with his eyes, and he finds her in the same situation as the picture had represented her. Immoveable for a moment, he eyes her with tenderness; and suddenly throwing himself at her feet, 'Is it really true,' said he, 'that my wife is restored to me?'—'Yes,' said Lucilia with sighs; 'yes, if you think her still worthy of you?'—'Can she have ceased to be so,' replied Lisere, locking her in his arms. 'No, my dear, be comforted; I know your soul, and I have never ceased to mourn and to esteem you. You would not return to me if the world had been able to seduce you, and this voluntary return is the proof of your virtue.'—'Oh! thank Heaven,' said she, her heart being eased by the tears which flowed in abundance from her eyes; 'thank Heaven, I have no shameful weakness to blush at: I have been foolish, but not dishonest.'—'If I doubted it, would you now be in my bosom?' replied Lisere; and at these words—but who can describe the transports of two sensible hearts; which, after having groaned under a cruel separation, were re-united for ever. On learning their reconciliation, the family were filled with joy; and the good Ambrose said,

his eyes swimming with tears, 'God be praised ! I shall now die content.'

From that day, the tender union of this pair serves as an example to all those of their age. Their divorce has convinced them that the world had nothing that could make either of them amends: and this is what I call A HAPPY DIVORCE.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE :

An Ode.

DESCEND, O muse ! the verse inspire,
 Pure as our grateful thoughts arise ;
 Soft as the gentle swain's desire,
 When melting at his charmer's eyes.
 Each noble sentiment impart
 That warms the good and gen'rous heart.
 While libertines, to sense enslav'd,
 Their awkward happiness pursue ;
 And Mammon's sons, by wealth deceiv'd,
 Are only to their idol true ;
 Let us in Hymen's bands rejoice,
 And ever bless our mutual choice.
 A choice by Reason's self approv'd,
 Where lovely virtue stands confess'd ;
 Virtue, by all the Gods belov'd,
 In native innocence drest.
 Strangers to jealousy and strife,
 We pass the flitting scene of life.
 With souls united, we exclude
 The guilty train of loose desire ;
 Despise the dull, the vain, the lewd,
 Who glow with momentary fire :
 Whose hopes by each new face are crost,
 Most wretched when they covet most.
 For, when the mind knows no restraint,
 And rushes to forbidden joys,
 It quickly feels its sickly want,
 And pleasure in fruition dies :

So wretches, by disease oppress,
Seek change of place, in vain, for rest.

Oh! would poor mortals once be wise,
And ruminatè on virtue's charms!
Come, radiant daughter of the skies,
And force them to thy blissful arms!
Come, Constancy, with air serene,
And Truth, with all-persuading mien!

Let Envy, with her wistful eye,
Our heart-felt happiness dispraise:
Celestial Peace, for ever nigh,
Sweetly her dove-like wings displays:
Instant she calms each rising care,
Nor grief can find an entrance here.

To ev'ry turn of fate resign'd,
In mutual confidence we live;
Conscious that appetites confin'd
Can only true enjoyment give:
That Heav'n, averse to lawless love,
Can only faithfulness approve.

See blooming youth around us rise,
Confessing our indulgent care!
On us they fix their grateful eyes,
The subjects of their constant pray'r;
Still blessing those all-hallow'd bands
That join'd their tender parents' hands.

But, oh! what pleasures are reveal'd,
When each to each pours forth the mind;
When not one moment is conceal'd,
And all is innocent and kind!
So did the first fond pair enjoy,
Till vice convey'd her base alloy.

Congenial minds can only know
The bliss that ever must endure:
And what exalts our kind below
Is virtuous love, divinely pure!
'Tis that alone the wise pursue,
Who know the specious from the true.

While thus supremely blest, we dare
The noisy taunts of Folly's sons;
And mourn the wretch who throws off care,
And on destruction blindly runs
Who spends his precious time in vain,
In pleasure propagating pain.

MONIMIA :

An Ode.

In weeds of sorrow wildly dight,
Alone beneath the gloom of night,

MONIMIA went to mourn ;
She left her mother's fond alarms ;
She left a father's folding arms ;
Ah ! never to return !

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disast'rous planets now had power,
And evil spirits reign'd ;
The lone owl, from the cloister'd isle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile
Ill-boding prophet, 'plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gaz'd upon the wave ;
Then raising wild to Heav'n her eyes,
With sobs and broken accents, cries,
" I'll meet thee in the grave."

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumin'd by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove ;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And sweetly-mournful sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree ;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow,
" She mourn'd her mate like me !"

" I lov'd my lover from a child,
And sweet the youthful cherub smil'd,
And wanton'd o'er the green ;
He trained my nightingale to sing,
He spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
To crown me rural queen.

" My brother died before his day :
Sad, through the church-yard's dreary way,
We went to walk at eve ;

And bending o'er the untimely urn,
 Long at the monument to mourn,
 And look upon his grave !

" Like forms funereal while we stand,
 In tender mood he held my hand,
 And laid his cheek to mine ;
 My bosom beat unknown alarms,
 We wept in one another's arms,
 And mingled tears divine.

" From sweet compassion love arose,
 Our hearts were wedded by our woes.
 And pair'd upon the tomb ;
 Attesting all the powers above,
 A fond romance of fancied love
 We vow'd our days to come.

" A wealthy Lord from Indian skies,
 Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
 Implor'd a mutual mind ;
 Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
 But HARRY's footsteps never flew
 The wonted scene to find.

" Three nights in dire suspense I sat
 Alone ; the fourth convey'd my fate,
 Sent from a foreign shore :
 ' Go, where thy wand'ring wishes tend,
 Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
 You'll never see me more.'

" Despair ! distraction !—I obey'd,
 And one disorder'd moment made
 An ever-wretched wife ;
 Ah ! in the circuit of one sun,
 Heav'n ! I was wedding and undone,
 And desolate for life !

" Apart my wedding robes I tore,
 And guarded tears, now gushing o'er,
 Distain'd the bridal bed :
 Wild I invok'd the funeral yell,
 And sought devoted now to dwell
 For ever with the dead.

" My Lord to Indian climates went,
 A letter from my lover sent,
 Renew'd eternal woes——

' Before my love my last words greet,
Wrapt in the weary winding sheet,
I in the dust repose !

' Perhaps your parents have deceiv'd,
Perhaps too rashly I believ'd
A tale of treach'rous art ;
MONIMIA ! could you now behold
The youth you lov'd in sorrows old,
Oh ! would it break thy heart !

' Now in the grave for ever laid,
A constant, solitary shade,
Thy HARRY hangs o'er thee !
For you I fled my native sky ;
Loaded with life for you I die ;
My love, remember me !

" Of all the promises of youth,
The tears of tenderness and truth,
The throbs that lovers send ;
The vows in one another's arms,
The secret sympathy of charms ;
My God ! is this the end ?"

She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted sought in evil hour
The promontory steep ;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fix'd and earnest eye-balls strain
The dashing of the deep.

" Waves that resound from shore to shore !
Ye rocks loud bellowing to the roar
Of ocean, storm, and wind !
Your elemental war is tame
To that which rages in my frame,
The battle of the mind !"

With down-cast eye and musing mood,
A lucid interval she stood
The victim of despair :
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,
" My God ! my Father ! where ?"

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood ;

Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave,
Both parents saw, but could not save;
The shriek of death arose!
At once she sunk to rise no more;
And sadly sounding to the shore,
The parted billows close!

The Philosopher and his Wife.

PHILO the philosopher was one day invited, with his wife, to dine at the house of a lady remarkable for two things, which are said to gratify the first and strongest of the human passions. She had, at her command, all the power which is conferred either by beauty or by riches.—Philo was sitting at her table, when a servant appeared loaded with a sack of a considerable size. It was thrown carelessly upon the floor, and there left to remain, as it were a load of feathers: the solid sound hit our philosopher and his wife on the nerves, and made them start. ‘Heavens!’ said Philo, ‘that must be money; what a bouncing sum! yet our hostess is so accustomed to receive sacks of this sort that it makes no impression upon her. What a slap has it given me, who am only a spectator!’ ‘Odds bobs! (cried the philosopher’s wife, casting one eye on the sack, and one upon her husband) a third of that bag would make a rich woman of me for ever!’—‘That sum!’ (replied the lady, with inconceivable sang-froid)—‘Alas!—A very nothing—scarce worth telling—follow me.’ The philosopher and his wife, in silent wonder, followed the lady, who opened a large portable drawer, and discovered it full of guineas.—

‘Hem!’ said the philosopher.—‘Mercy! (cried his wife, catching up an handful, as much as to say) oh! that ye were mine.’—The lady shut the drawer with the calm hand she had opened it, and returned in the utmost ease to her seat. ‘’Tis all a custom (said she, in a tone of voice perfectly sensible); I am so used to receive large sums, and to have those drawers filled with guineas, that the custom passes now amongst the ordinary occurrences of life, and seldom excites an emotion either of pleasure or of pain; but ’tis thus, my friends, with every *other* possession.’—‘God bless my soul!’ (cried the philosopher’s wife) ‘Drink a glass of that lady’s Burgundy my dear’—quoth Philo, ‘and pray, give me another.’—‘God bless my soul!’ repeated his wife, pouring out the wine. The philosopher drank three bumpers, one after another, as fast as he could pour them down; and after every bumper, his sensations, with regard to money, became more philosophic; at the third glass, he bowed to the lady of the house, and retired to ascend the lofty flight of stairs that led into his own apartments. As he was ascending, the liquor operated, and the spirit mounted his brain as he mounted the stair-case. ‘Adorable juice of the grape! (cried he) what a power hast thou to heal the wounds of an empty purse! I swear to Bacchus (added he, snapping his fingers), I do not care *this* for all the money that is now in mine hostess’s strong box.’ As Philo entered his lodgings, a dog who had been long of his household, was found snoring in the profundity of sleep on the threshold.—‘Happy being! (said Philo, stepping over him cautiously) thou hast no money, and art yet happier even than Philo.’ He entered

the first chamber, and looking to the farther end of it, beheld the bed that had so often received a poor but affectionate couple. 'Good again! (said our philosopher with a disordered voice) I am sure of a large stock in love, though I may be sometimes short of money.' He next entered his study the scene of his contemplation, and looking into one of the drawers, the first thing that struck him was a file of receipts.—'Better and better (said he), I have these to shew for a good heart, were all other points to fail me.—These testimonials of my honesty, are so many letters of credit, and vouch that my character is much better than my circumstances.'—The second drawer which he opened, contained the flights of his fancy, written when the fit of composition was upon him.—'Hah, hah! (cried he, as at the discovery of a treasure) have I found my omnium, my summum bonum, at last! Here are evidences of pleasure enjoyed and of value received, which even money itself cannot purchase, with all its sovereignty.—Oh, Imagination! Imagination! how hast thou soothed, how hast thou charmed me! When, but for thee, reason would have distracted, and matter of fact driven me to despair—how hast thou sparkled in my cup, and timely infused into it the balms of hope!'—He opened a third box; and taking thence a little purse, with his finger and thumb he held it inverted, and produced the sum of his present substance.—Eight crowns, hoarded against the day of trouble, shone on his table.—'Hoity, toity! (exclaimed he) why I am a very Cræsus—eight crowns!—Clodius has but four—Mercutius three—Marcius two—Sporus only one—Catullus none—Vertumnus hath per-

haps been running half over this plentiful city for a dinner; and hapless Curiatius knows not where he shall obtain this night a bed.—There is misery! But for Philo—there is no praying for him!—I have a good bed, a good wife, much health, more philosophy, a large file of receipts to look back upon, and eight crowns to look forward with: in such a flow of prosperity, let me not be proud; let me learn to humiliate—let me be grateful—let me bow to the supreme bestower.’——A violent burst of laughter here interrupted our philosopher’s rhapsody. It proceeded from a visitor, in a rich suit of clothes, who overheard his effusions. ‘Paltry fellow! (cried Philo) thy fortune is on thy back, while mine is in my heart.’—After this disagreeable intruder was gone, our philosopher sat himself down in a corner of his study to meditate. He first represented the lady with whom he dined, in the act of passing her fair fingers over heaps of gold, which he regarded not: and then he opened a little box, in which he had put several gold trinkets, &c.—

• ‘Tis just thus (said he): these gold trinkets have been in this drawer a long time—I have lost through frequency the very power of admiring them—I scarce see them:—but thee, oh my PEN!—my plumed associate—source of life, and weapon of defence:—my friend—my patron! *Thou* art for ever agreeable!—With thee I can transcribe my sensations.—When my purse is empty, with thy aid I can ideally replenish it. When my creditors call, I can draw my bill upon imagination at sight.—When the sun does not chuse to shine in the Heavens, I can cause his beams to play through my assistance upon paper!—Eight crowns only

188 THE MATRIMONIAL MISCELLANY,

are, it is true. now actually in my possession ; but

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Just at this time, the same day, a man who was no sooner informed of the treasure, than she laid out eight hundred and eighteen pounds in decorations. Imaginary wants grow out of imaginary riches—when Philo went to bed, he



Published by T. Kinnersey Sep^r 1. 1818.

The way to Value Riches.

are, it is true, now actually in my possession ; but it is in thy power to increase it, oh delightful instrument, to eighty thousand !—Does misery drop a tear ? Thou shalt procure the penny which, well-timed, shall sometimes dry it up more effectually than a pound. Am I myself at any time in want ? *À la bonne heure*, I shall give those who are in better circumstances, and have as good a heart, an opportunity to relieve me ; but with regard to fortune, I am now resolved to try an experiment.—Oh spirit of fancy attend !” Here Philo rose hastily ; and opening his bureau with great formality, took a sheet of paper, and cutting it into small round pieces, put them into a drawer, and shut it with the utmost caution. ‘In that drawer (said he to himself) suppose me now to have deposited a thousand guineas ; ’tis an object that must be guarded well. It behoves me to take great care of so immense a treasure—I tremble while I possess it :—well, what is to be done first ? It is a new thing with me to have so large a sum in my house, and I must take extraordinary measures to secure it.’ From this moment commenced the real misery of our philosopher. In shutting the drawer, he found, for the first time in his life, a defect in the catch of the lock.—‘Oh, ho ! (said he) this must be rectified.—’Twas a very good protector for eight crowns, but will by no means do to guarantee a thousand guineas.

Just at this crisis, in came the philosopher’s wife, who was no sooner informed of the treasure, than she laid out eight hundred and eighteen pounds in decorations. Imaginary wants grow out of imaginary riches—when Philo went to bed, he



18th May 19th June - 19th June.

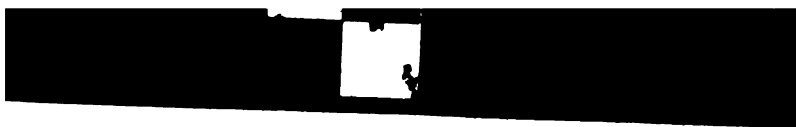
188 THE MATRIMONIAL MISCELLANY,
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8.
Just at this time, an old man, who was no sooner informed of the treasure, than she laid out eight hundred and eighteen pounds in decorations. Imaginary wants grow out of imaginary riches—when Philo went to bed, he



Published by T. Kinnerley Sep^r 1, 1818.

Why do I Value Riches.



never found either his pillow or his sensations so uneasy.

'Lord bless me, Polly, (said he in a fearful tone) take care that the fire is safe, for if any spark should get into my bureau, we are ruined for ever.'—The philosopher's wife, who was at this time dreaming she had jewels in her ears, cried out to some visionary spectator, 'have they not a fine water, madam? Are they not sparklers, Sir?'

The next morning, Philo read an account of a robbery committed at two hundred miles distance, and his heart throbbed with apprehension at the intelligence. His wife said gapingly, 'I declare, Philo, I have not closed my eyes since you had that thousand pounds.'—'And my head aches miserably,' replied Philo.—'For my part, I think (said she) to *wish* is better than to *possess*.'—'By my faith (answered Philo) unless we could make the receipt of such sums a matter of practice and indifference to us, like the handsome lady with whom we yesterday dined, I believe so too.'—'Since that is the case, husband, (rejoined the wife) let us get rid of this thousand pounds as fast as we can, and after it is spent, let us live as usual; half our time in the management of our little, and the other half in labouring for a fresh supply.'—'You are perfectly right, my dear (said the philosopher, taking his wife by the hand, and leading her to the bureau which contained the imaginary thousand pounds), our money is all in paper, child (said he): I tried an experiment.—I wished to flatter myself with being the owner of a thousand pounds—the very idea has cost us loss of sleep, great fear, great folly, and great care. I am very happy to have the pleasure

of telling you, that we are just as we were.'—'Have we not eight crowns still (said the philosopher's wife)? And don't we look for more by the post?'—'And is there not my Essay on Fortune—my poem on the Danger of Wealth, and my Treatise on Economy,' said the philosopher.—'True, (answered his wife); so let us warm the broth which was left at dinner, and go comfortably to bed: for honest poverty is a friend to repose.'—The lock of the bureau had that night the key in it; for there was nothing to fear, and they slept off the fumes of their late fancies without any interruption; for they were no longer put out of their way, by an idea of possessions to which they were unaccustomed, and which deranged their little system. On their awaking, the philosopher's wife declared she was perfectly refreshed.

'Ay, (said her husband, gently taking hold of her hand) eight crowns and a good feather-bed are absolutely necessary, and what we are used too; but the weight of a thousand pounds in the drawer, is too mighty to be borne in the brain of honest, little folks, without making the head ache.'

Such were the sensations of a philosopher and his wife at the sight of a sum of money.

*Human Happiness scarce ever found without an
Allay of Wretchedness.*

SEGED, King of Æthiopia, to the inhabitants of the world, the children of pride, of humiliation and of fear, the inheritors of pain, grief, and vexation, and seldom of consolation and contentment:
GREETING.

Thus spoke to himself Seged, the monarch of forty nations, and the dispenser of the waters of the Nile, in the 27th year of his reign: 'Thy labours are finished O Seged! Thou hast conquered the hearts of thy subjects, stifled rebellions, calmed the jealousies of courtiers, kept war from thy frontiers, and built forts on thy enemy's territory. Thy subjects look up to thy throne with admiration, and dread neither danger nor calamity. And thou, Seged, shalt thou not share with them the felicity thou hast procured them? Shalt thou be the only stranger to joy in the midst of a contented people? Think and be wise. Thou wilt be so by tasting the fruits of thy exploits and of thy wealth, the real use of which is for securing thy happiness.'

Then had Seged a palace of pleasure built for himself in an isle of the lake Dambia. 'There will I retire, said he, at least for ten days, far from tumult and cares. A longer relaxation does not suit the the masters of the world; but for my whole life I need not refuse myself a happiness of ten days. I consecrate them to a total exemption from fear and trouble, sorrow and discontent. Let no mournful object approach my abode; no afflicting thought trouble the harmony of my soul; no bitterness mingle with the sweets of my feasting. I must have my whole heart replete with joy; and then shall I know what it is, when all its desires are gratified.'

The sovereign's orders were executed in a few days, and Seged was preparing to repair to that delicious palace. The isle where it was built deserved that honour by its extreme beauty. Cultivated by the hands of voluptuousness, it charmed

the sight and smell, it enchanted all the senses. Each shrub had a new sort of beauty ; each flower exhaled a pleasure. To the west of this spacious paterre, were magnificent alleys for the morning's walk : To the east, shady groves, formed by art, where reigned silence and the freshness of the cool breeze, and where the purling of a rivulet, together with a pleasing confusion, invited to sleep in the heat of the day. There, in short, were found all the objects that correspond with the different sensations of pleasure the soul is susceptible of.

To add to its sweets, Seged gave orders for all the amiable persons of his court to attend in the isle of Dambia. He made choice of those who seemed to him best fitted for tasting and communicating pleasure. Never was a prince's edict more punctually executed. The imperial yachts were soon filled with the finest ladies and gentlemen ; all, who had any reputation for wit or sprightly fancy, set out for that abode of felicity. The lake seemed to rejoice from bearing so splendid a train on its bosom ; music there echoed in the gayest and most animated airs ; joy glistened on every face, and hope flattered every heart.

All at length arrive. Seged from that moment resolved to remove every cause of reflection, or uneasiness to deliver up his heart to all the impressions of pleasure during the ten fortunate days. After which, ' I will resume,' said he, ' my former condition, and my life will be a mixture of good and evil.'

Forthwith he withdrew to his chamber to examine at leisure what sort of festivity he should begin by. Having at his disposal all the artificers

of the different kinds of pleasure that could be imagined, he had nothing more to do but to chuse; but the quantity embarrassed him; he could not prefer any one without depriving himself of the rest, and he could not have them all at once. He had scarce made a choice, when he altered it to adopt another: this other, by excluding the first, equally displeased him; he long meditated without being able to fix upon any thing; his mind was fatigued by the operation, and his ideas confounded. Returning to the apartment where he was expected, he appeared with heavy eyes and an air of gloom, which instantly spread the infection of discontent through the whole assembly. The monarch perceived and was irritated by it; he found his trouble increased by the very persons who should have endeavoured to dissipate it. This obliged him to go back to his closet to find some alleviation in himself. He had thoughts upon thoughts, thousands of different images occurred to his mind; time slipped away insensibly in this state of profound reflection, till at length, having resumed his serenity, he raised his head, and saw on the lake the last rays of the setting sun. 'Alas!' said Seged, fetching a sigh, 'such may be the longest day of man's existence; he sees it at an end, before he has learned how to employ it to any useful purpose.'

His regret, for having lost so great a part of the first day, made the evening sit uneasy on him. He made some efforts in complaisance to his courtiers, to assume an appearance of gaiety, and to inspire them with a joy he did not feel himself; but it little availed: he therefore deferred pleasure to the next day, and retired to his bed-chamber, to par-

take, if possible, of the sweets of sleep, in conjunction with those who surely enjoy those sweets by their labour and their poverty.

The next day he rose betimes, and resolved to be happy that very day. In this view, he had posted up on his palace-gate an edict, importing that during nine days no one was to appear before the King with a melancholy aspect; threatening, that whoever infringed this law, even by uttering a word of discontent, should be for ever banished from the palace of Dambia.

Immediate information was given of the edict in all the apartments of the court, and in all the groves of the park. That instant pleasantness was suppressed by motions of fear. They who were dancing on the green turf, or singing in the delightful arbours, thought of nothing but settling and studying their countenance, that Seged might be satisfied with it. The thoughts of banishment kept them all on their guard to put on as much as possible the appearance of good humour.

Seged comes: Every one presents him a face adjusted to laughing strains. He could easily discern, through these forced smiles, a variety of uneasiness, timidity, and constraint. Accosting his favourites with great familiarity, he saw them reserved in their answers, as studying what to say, that they might not slip a word of offence. He proposed diversions, to which not one dared to object, lest he might make his humour suspected. He brought on the carpet several agreeable subjects of conversation, which produced nothing more in some but a few far-fetched witticisms, with a laboured laugh in others. At length after many

fruitless attempts to inspire them with confidence, and animate them to a sprightly disposition, he found himself obliged to acknowledge that joy cannot be commanded, and therefore for that day willingly relinquished all hopes of happiness.'

To allay his courtiers apprehensions, he went and shut himself up in his chamber, where he concerted measures for not being frustrated in happiness the ensuing day. After which throwing himself on his bed, he courted the refreshment of sleep. Here a troublesome dream disturbed him. He imagined that an inundation had swept away his palace, and he awoke in all the terrors of a man struggling to keep himself from being drowned. Recovered a little from this alarm, he again composed himself to sleep; but his imagination still shocked brought on him a new fright, and he thought he saw a foreign army invading his kingdom. Then striving to rise, as it often happens in a dream, without being able so to do, he believed himself given up by traitors to the enemy. This thought made him jump out of bed by an emotion of anger and consternation.

The day began to appear, and, as he had no hopes of sleeping in his present perturbation of mind, he put on his cloaths. The inundation and invasion still haunted his mind; nothing was capable of banishing the notion, and on that account he could not endure the least thought of diversion. Insensibly however his trouble made room for reflexion; he reproached himself with his weakness; shamed himself out of the dream; but, before he could so far gain upon himself, a good part of the day was spent. That convinced him:

more than ever of the little dependence that is to be placed on the plans and projects of the human mind; he could not help deploring on this occasion the misery and vanity of a being whose quiet is so much beholden to the vapours of his imagination. Satisfied at length that his terrors and troubles had no foundation, he was vexed with himself that he had lost the present time in moaning over the past; and he was fully persuaded that such thoughts served only to prolong a melancholy vision. But in the midst of these fine reflexions the third day closed in, and Seged took again the resolution of being happy the next.

The prince had the best night in the world. In the morning he found himself fresh and full of health; every thing promised him a charming day. He entered his gardens with a great number of the lords and ladies of his court in waiting, and, seeing nothing but the effusions of amiable joy about him, 'Well!' said he, 'this is indeed a day of pleasure!' The rays of the sun glittered on the waters of the lake; the birds contended with each other in powers of melody through the thickets of the groves; the trees were gently agitated by the zephyrs. He passed as chance directed him from alley to alley without care. There he saw young maidens singing in the shade, here he indulged the recreation of seeing others dancing on the green: One time he devoted his imagination to all the sallies of pleasurable notions; another time his mind was taken up with good reflections, and he pronounced sententious maxims, enjoying with complacency the admiration he had excited. Thus gently glided on the time without a cloud of gloomy thought, or without the least cross accident.

This innocent pleasure had already lasted three hours, when the King was all of a sudden alarmed by loud shrieks from the women that accompanied him. He turned about and saw them all in disorder, endeavouring to save themselves by a precipitate flight. A young crocodile, rising from the lake, had darted like an arrow about the park, seeking to devour somebody. Seged saw him, and was full of indignation that a vile animal should come to disturb his felicity: He soon had him chased into his former abode, but could not prevail upon his courtiers to remain on that beautiful spot, neither could he dissipate the ladies' fright. They thought of nothing but the dreadful danger they had escaped; and full of so horrid an object, the witty sallies of their mind were all flagged, and their tongues remained without other motion than from expressions of fear.

How dismal was then Seged's situation! He could not help reflecting on that infinite number of accidents, which seemed to lurk in ambuscade on our way, and conspire against the happiness of men. He had, however, the consolation to think that the disaster had not happened through his fault, and that it would be easy to guard against the like.

Willing therefore to ascertain in the most solid manner the pleasures of the following day, he resolved to revoke his penal edict against sadness; having learned by experience that melancholy is not banished by supreme authority, that regal power cannot extend to command the perceptions of the mind, and that pleasure, in fine, is found only in a sort of liberty. He invited all indiscriminately to

devote themselves without constraint and limitation to diversion and mirth, proposing premiums for those who should distinguish themselves the next day by some agreeable invention. The tables of his apartments were spread with gold and pearls, with sumptuous garments and magnificent garlands, to be decreed by way of recompence to those who should best refine on elegance and pleasure.

This pompous exhibition of riches at first fixed every one's attention; they did not cease exalting the emperor's liberality. He promised himself to taste exquisite pleasure in the general emulation all hearts were enlivened with. But a mighty obstacle was the result even of this emulation. It was so strong that it changed into passion, and consequently deprived the mind of that sort of calm which is so necessary to mirth. What we ardently wish to obtain causes in us an equal fear of losing it; pleasure cannot subsist with this emotion of the soul. A sweet serenity, like the zephyr, that fans agreeably the air, is the source whence comes all that is pleasing in good humour; and this source was obstructed. Uneasiness and solicitude took its place. Nothing was done or said according to genuine nature; all was visibly strained, and spoiled by the affectation for being admired. With the view to gain the prizes, imagination was ransacked for the most flashy thoughts, a sort of contention of mind, always disagreeable, even in gaining admiration. Seged was grieved to observe that the desire of obtaining the prizes had a greater ascendant over his courtiers than himself.

As the day advanced, disputes became more and more warm. They, who were sensible of their

inferiority, began to shew their ill temper by malignant looks and murmuring. Seged perceived that, if he distributed the prizes according to merit, he should create discontent in all that would be deprived of them ; and, unwilling that a day destined for happiness should bear the marks of such an affliction, he declared that all his courtiers had equally succeeded, and so dismissed all of them with presents of the same value.

Vain precaution ! It only irritated, in their turn, all such as believed themselves certain of the first prizes. It was a mortification to them to see themselves put on a level with the tribe of pretenders ; and, though the prince had carried his liberality, in regard to them, beyond what they had a right to expect, they notwithstanding resented their not being adequately distinguished, to be able to triumph for the defeat of their competitors. ‘Alas,’ said Seged, with a deep sigh, ‘such is the condition of those who seek their felicity out of themselves, or strive to procure the happiness of others.’ He then withdrew to meditate on his usual reflexions, while the rest of his courtiers still kept murmuring against the distribution he had made ; and thus ended the fifth day.

The next morning he resumed his scheme of being happy. But the ill success of the measures he had hitherto concerted persuaded him that nothing was to be expected from either plan or system. He thought it therefore most adviseable to leave that whole day to chance, and let every one amuse himself as he should fancy.

This liberty diffused joy through the whole court, and the emperor imagined he had at last

discovered the secret of procuring himself an interval of felicity. As he walked about in this joyous unconstrained assembly, he overheard one of his courtiers muttering to himself in a corner : ' We are great fools to fear Seged, and stand so in awe of him as we do. In what does he surpass us in merit? He has, perhaps, executed two or three valorous exploits; but the luxurious ease he now abandons himself to shews that his mind is as weak as ours.' This occurrence struck him so much the more, as coming from a man, whom he had noticed to have distinguished himself by the basest flattery. The indignation he conceived at it suggested to him immediate thoughts of revenge : But considering, that an unguarded word might be reputed only as a fugitive thought, and perhaps too, was the effect of an involuntary motion of displeasure ; he contented himself with seeking out an honest pretext for dismissing him. So he resolved after a little reluctance ; and, having succeeded in stifling every desire of revenge, he spent the evening not only with tranquillity, but also with that pure joy the triumph over himself had acquired for him, though none knew any thing of the matter.

The remembrance of this act of clemency caused him to wake the seventh day in very good humour, which was visible in all the features of his face. Nothing happened to give him the least uneasiness, and his pleasure was rather increasing, when, taking notice of the tree under which he was, he remembered that, the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Gogam, he had hid himself under a tree of the same kind. A reflexion then started up in his mind, on the loss he had sustained in that unfor-



tunate battle, on the shamefulnss of his expedition, and on the miseries his subjects had suffered from the enemy ; all which had pierced his heart with sorrow. He recovered, however, out of these thoughts of distress, and began to taste the delights of the charming place he was in, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by the jealousies his distribution of the prizes had occasioned. In vain endeavouring to appease them by persuasion, he was obliged to have recourse to his authority for imposing an absolute silence.

Early in the morning of the eighth day, Seged was waked by an extraordinary noise in his apartments ; soon after he was informed, that the princess Balkis had been taken dangerously ill. He rose immediately, and, having sent for the physicians, was apprised by them, that there were scarce any hopes of her recovery. Here an end was put to all his pleasures. He could think of nothing but the condition of his dear daughter, whose eyes himself closed three days after.

Such were the days which Seged, emperor of Æthiopia, and monarch over forty nations, had destined for resting himself from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. He bequeathed this history to future generations, that no man should imagine he had in his power the happiness of a single day.

MATRIMONIAL DEAFNESS.

Two ears at a time are too many for use,
As they're only the inlets of strife ;
And some may be found, who (tho' wise) would refuse,
To possess these fair organs of life.

This deafness oft' times of advantage is found,
 Misfortunes may turn to a blessing ;
 When nonsense distracts, or when tumults abound,
 They then lose their force of distressing.

I wisely am taught to be deaf with one ear,
 While the other for use I employ ;
 One gate I shut up against trouble and care ;
 And the other keep open for joy.

When my consort begins her windpipe to clear,
 With peals that would rend worlds asunder ;
 Serenely I sit and cock up my deaf ear,
 Unmov'd 'midst the roar of her thuttlar.

To other day comes a dun, with 'Sir, you well know ;'
 'What say you?—speak louder a little ;'
 'You know, Sir, you borrow'd full twelve months ago ;'
 'Alas friend ! I can't hear a tittle.'

'You owe me ten pounds then,'—much louder he cries,
 And repeats it as strong as he can ;
 Then I point to my ears, and stare with my eyes,
 Till he scarcely believes me the man.

I brave as a Don, cry 'My hearing's quite lost ?'
 'And my money,' says he, 'too I fear ;'
 'Pox on him ! 'tis folly to talk to a post ;'
 So he leaves me as mad as an hare.

Thus my life, night and day, in soft indolence flows,
 Scolding, dunning, nor brawling I fear ;
 Ye married men all then, that wish for repose,
 Mind, and always be deaf in one ear.

ANTIEN T LOVE.

In days more antique, when pure love was in fashion,
 And only one youth could one maiden enflame,
 The furious effects of an over-drawn passion,
 In an age happily blazon'd some amorous name.

For in those simple times virgin favours tho' courted
 By numbers, were seldom by numbers possess'd ;
 And though ev'ry beauty the coy maiden sported,
 Only one happy man in these beauties was blest'd.

But now that the nymphs are more kindly complying,
 Nor churlishly grudge like their grandames, a smile ;
 Believe me, dear C——h there's no denying,
 But she who cheats one, will another beguile.

Nor should the wild glare of phosphoric affection,
 Still puzzle the sense while it dazzles the eye ;
 Like a meteor, it flashes all void of direction,
 Though confounding the object erratic still fly.

The fiercer the flame, it the sooner expires,
 Both nature and chemistry equally prove ;
 But the furnace of nature most heated with fires,
 By discharging the froth, keep the essence of love.

Enflamed or o'er-heated, their love as a passion,
 But proves, or our system, or organ's derang'd ;
 Entitled perhaps to a little compassion,
 But the diet once alter'd, the symptoms are chang'd.

ARISTUS AND ASPASIA :

on,

The Happy Pair.

It is frequently lamented by the advocates for matrimony, that there are very few happy couples: the few, however, who are happy, sufficiently prove that the marriage state is productive of as much felicity as human creatures can reasonably expect, when it is entered into with prudent views, and proper dispositions.

Well should the *matrimonial vows* be weigh'd ;
 Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in churches made.

If people are urged by sensual or sordid motives to attach themselves to each other for life ; if they only join their fortunes together, in order to make a figure in the gay world, without paying any regard to the domestic duties, or considering the hymeneal union in any other light than a political one ; they will probably repent of their connections,

and live to feel the emptiness of external appearance, when inward peace is wanting. There are moments in which the most thoughtless and dissipated are driven to reflection; and these moments, if they are not quite divested of sensibility, will be miserable.

Aristus, one of the best and most amiable men in the world, is happily married to a woman, who is equally amiable in her temper, and exemplary in her manners. Aspasia is possessed of the powers of pleasing a sensible man to a very eminent degree. She is not a beauty, but extremely agreeable in her person; and few women have stronger understandings. Aspasia always took more pains to cultivate her mind than to dress her head; and her husband is, therefore, never under a necessity of going from home in search of a suitable companion.

Aristus has a literary turn; and Aspasia a high relish for letters, with a very just taste. Reading, consequently, employs many of their leisure hours; and when they are engaged in the perusal of works of merit, they are never sensible of the flight of time.

Few people are so happy as Aristus and Aspasia in the marriage state; because few people reflect seriously on the rites which united them. The generality go through the forms prescribed by authority, without considering their force; and after they have, in the most solemn manner, sworn to the observance of their engagements, think no more about them, when they have turned their backs on the altar. The binding words, which ought to make a deep impression on their hearts, die upon their lips as soon as uttered; and the

approaching festivity of the honey-moon totally obliterates all moral, not to say religious, ideas.

When Aristus and Aspasia advanced to the sacred spot, and heard the conditions on which they joined their hands, they heard them with the most serious attention, and promised to perform the duties required with the most devout punctuality. The marriage ceremony did not to them appear trifling : they considered the importance of it before they made their vows ; and when they had made them, would have forfeited their lives rather than have broken them.

To a number of even ‘ good sort of people,’ according to the common phrase, matrimony is here drawn in colours rather too grave ; and many will say, that I make it appear quite gloomy, because there is something in the very sound of a wedding-day which operates like a charm on the spirits of the bride and bridegroom, and tends to excite gay thoughts in the mind, and pleasing sensations in the heart. But I mean not, by dwelling on the seriousness with which the marriage ceremony ought to be performed, to banish mirth and good-humour from the first, nor to damp the pleasurable sensations of the last. The seriousness which I recommend, is the true source of nuptial delight, and naturally tends to inspire the contracted parties, however paradoxical the assertion may seem, with cheerful reflections and happy feelings : and I flatter myself, that those who have any the faintest notions of the morality of matrimony, will subscribe to what I have said in its behalf.

Aristus and Aspasia are always studying, by a thousand refinements in their behaviour, to make

each other more and more happy every day : there is ever a complacency in their countenances, which arises not from a casual and involuntary motion of the features, but is evidently expressive of heart-felt felicity. They are singular in many respects from what is generally called *the world*, and they are not ashamed to appear so. They walk about together commonly, without desiring the company of a third person to entertain them ; and are consequently stared at, as a couple of odd folks, who are very particular. They chuse to be very odd : their joy is to be particular.

Sauntering together one day in the park, they met Flirtilla, who being married to a man she horribly hated, envied every woman happier than herself in a husband. Aspasia had often seen her at the house of a lady, with whom they were both acquainted, but they did not visit. Flirtilla, as she passed Aspasia, whose hand was round the arm of the amiable Aristus, asked her what was the price of a pair of doves. The joke was too plain to be mistaken ; but it was also too ridiculous to be gravely returned. Aspasia looked full at her, but made no reply. She turned directly to Aristus, and with the most winning smile convinced Flirtilla how much she gloried in her husband, and thereby mortified her more than if she had used a thousand sarcastical expressions. The severest expression is not half so mortifying as a contemptuous silence.

While Aristus is transacting his business abroad, Aspasia employs herself at home, to make his domestic retreat more and more delightful, by scheming something for his amusement at his

return, which he did not expect to find at his taking leave of her. She is certain, by thus employing herself, to make him redouble his endearments; and those endearments amply reward her for the exertion of her abilities to preserve his affections, and to increase them. Her little attentions upon these occasions always answer her expectations. She wishes, by diversifying his domestic pleasures, to render such pleasures his favourite ones; and she is never disappointed. Home is, by a constant assiduity, and ingenious talents, the place wherein the only happy hours of his life are spent. When a woman is thoroughly acquainted with her husband's inclinations, and from having a sincere regard for him makes it the employment of her life to flatter them before they are discovered to her, she will hardly ever fail, unless she is linked to a brutal wretch, who carries about him no marks of humanity except in his figure, of making herself permanently agreeable to her husband, and of strengthening his attachment to her.

Aspasia is fond of pictures, and nobody knows better when they are executed in a masterly manner. Landscapes give her the greatest delight, because they represent scenes and objects which she can look at without ever wearying her eye. Those who have a high relish for the beauties of nature, are never tired with beholding them: they are always new, and always agreeable; by these the best copies of nature's charms are viewed with a particular pleasure at all times. Aspasia loves the country: the painters therefore who exhibit rural views, and the manners of rural life, in the most lively colours, and with the greatest precision,

are the artists whom she particularly admires. She never visits any collection of landscapes without expressing her satisfaction at the sight of those which have real merit to recommend them to her attention ; and that is never attracted by indifferent pieces. Aristus hears her raptures with singular joy, when she is reviewing the animated performances of Barret, Wilson, Gainsborough, and Smith ; and when he has discovered what picture she prefers, approves her taste in the strongest terms. He says no more at the time she is giving proofs of her discernment in virtue, but takes an opportunity, ere he quits the house, unseen by her, to order it home early the next morning, before she is stirring, that she may be surprized with the sight of it when she comes down to breakfast. His connoisseur friends compliment him on his having enriched his collection ; but he assures them, that Aspasia's judgment directed him in the choice of the picture which they admire.

With the same artful address, and concealed delight, he surprises her with every thing in the toy, porcelain, and *bijouterie* way, which her delicacy, he knows, will not suffer her to purchase for herself : it appears very soon after she has hinted that it is vastly pretty, and that she should like it extremely, either upon her cabinet or dressing-table. She starts at the sight of what she never expected to see in her own possession ; and, in the exultation of her heart, cannot help breaking out into fond encomiums on the generosity of her dear Aristus, who stands in a corner of the room unperceived, and enjoys his own praises with double pleasure, because they were not intended for his hearing.

Aristus and Aspasia have been married ten years, and are as happy now as they were on the day which crowned their wishes. They have no children ; they never had any ; but they are, nevertheless, happy. If they have never known parental pleasures, neither have they felt parental cares. The felicity which they have for so many years enjoyed, by their mutual endeavours to cherish the flame which they mutually endeavoured to raise, might be weakened, if not destroyed, by untoward, undutiful children ; but it cannot be increased by the most amiable offspring.

The behaviour of Aristus and Aspasia in company, to each other, is always admired, even by those who would blush to be so unfashionable as to follow it : their behaviour makes, on every one who observes it, whether it is thought worthy of imitation or not, an impression in their favour, because it plainly appears to be natural, and not occasionally assumed. Their politeness is so easy and unaffected, that it leaves no reason to suppose it not habitual. Aristus is as complaisant to Aspasia as he was during his courtship ; and she is quite as obliging to him as when she received his addresses. At the most elegant tea-tables in town, whatever ladies are in the room, Aspasia is the principal object of his attention : if he sees that her cup is empty, while the servant is otherwise employed, he flies to take it from her ; and if the finest woman in the kingdom sat near her, in the same situation, she would only in the second place attract his notice. In this behaviour to Aspasia, in the genteel companies, he obstinately perseveres contrary to the common practice of the married men of

the age; but he perseveres with so much propriety, that those who are most ready to ridicule such behaviour, respect him for it. Aspasia's carriage to Aristus is, upon all occasions, equally polite, and equally respectful.

The familiarities which are authorized by matrimony, are too apt to throw down the fences raised by good-breeding against the encroachments of licentiousness; and we see too many instances, every day, of matrimonial infidelity, resulting entirely from a disregard to those soft civilities which give to social life all its agreeableness, and are particularly necessary to make the married life desirable. Aristus and Aspasia, thoroughly convinced of the consequence of these positions, are as studious, by the most refined good manners, and a strict observance of the above-mentioned civilities, to preserve each other's affections, as they were solicitous, ten years ago, to gain them. Let those who enter into the marriage state with a desire to be happy as Aristus and Aspasia, follow their examples: with such dispositions as theirs, and by such methods as they pursue, in the management of their lives, the same happiness, allowing for different situations, may be, not unreasonably, expected.

ARATUS AND LIVIA;

OR,

The Unhappy Pair.

ARATUS would never have married Livia, if he had not been threatened by his father with disinheritance, in case he refused her. He ran into

matrimony, therefore, to preserve himself from ruin. He saved himself, indeed, from the jaws of poverty, by marrying a woman whom he hated; he secured his patrimony by his obedience, but he lost his peace. Parents are too apt to suppose, that a rich marriage must be a happy one. It is strange that such notions should be so often entertained, even by men who in general make right reflections, when the experience of every day proves their absurdity.

If Livia was only deformed in her person, Aratus might in time, perhaps, conquer his aversion to it, or at least he may endure, though he cannot love her; but as she is, unfortunately, as crooked in her mind as in her body, she is, by her double deformity, odious to him in the highest degree. Haughty, passionate, and satirical, censorious and contradictory, Aratus enjoys not a moment's pleasure in her company from morning to night. She crosses all his designs, thwarts him in every thing; nay, even studies with a malicious ingenuity to tease him, because she knows that he married her merely from compulsion: and she discovers the more acrimony in her behaviour to him, as Amanda, whom he was obliged to desert on her account, possesses many charms both personal and intellectual; and is, indeed, an object every way as amiable as herself is disagreeable. When he does not come home exactly at the hour she expects him, she concludes that he has been with Amanda, and makes the house ring with her abusive language; for having had a very illiberal education, and being naturally vulgar, she communicates her sentiments in expressions only proper for the most

plebeian mouths, and which any woman, ever so little raised above the common herd, would blush to utter; so gross, so indelicate are her ideas, and so adequate to those ideas is her diction.

Aratus has reason, every day he wakes, to wish that he had, in opposition to the menaces of his father, followed his inclinations at the expense of his duty; so severely does he suffer for his obedience. With Amanda's small fortune he would have been happy, in all human probability; with Livia's immense riches he is certainly wretched. He lives, it is true, with more splendour now, than he could have done with Amanda; but, what is splendour without felicity? But why do I mention felicity? What an unfashionable word! Who ever thinks of being happy in the marriage state? I ought to make an apology for giving the least hint, that felicity is of more consequence than fortune!

Aukward, however, as I may appear to polite readers, I will persist in asserting, that those who marry only for the sake of making a splendid figure in the world, can never be happy; not even if they are indifferent to the persons with whom they are united, and flatter themselves that they can lead very pleasant lives unconnected with them.

As happy pairs, who love sincerely, have a thousand ways of rendering the marriage state agreeable to each other, which they never thought of before they came together; so unhappy pairs, who hate as sincerely, have innumerable methods to render it disagreeable to one another, by which, if they have any feeling, they must be affected. Nobody can hate his wife more heartily than Aratus hates

Livia ; but he cannot arm himself with insensibility, and pretend not to be hurt by her endeavours to make him unhappy. He avoids her as much as possible ; he is seldom at home ; but while he is there, her behaviour, together with his own thoughts on the misery which he brought upon himself, almost drive him to distraction. The visitations of providence may be borne without murmuring and repining ; but when sufferings are occasioned by our own follies, they gall us with double severity, and make us accuse ourselves with double vehemence.

Aratus inherits his father's estate ; but he cannot enjoy it. Were I to say that he enjoys it with such a wife as Livia, nobody, after the sketch I have drawn of her, would believe me. Aratus lives suitably to his fortune ; but, till Livia dies, he cannot live agreeably to his taste. Livia embitters all his moments, even those which he snatches to dedicate to his Amanda, who still loves, and with pity beholds him. Sensible that, when he was forced to leave her, he fondly doated on her, and did not leave her without doing the greatest violence to his inclination, she feels her tender heart throb for him alone ; and often receives his penitential sighs upon her chaste bosom, with a melancholy delight. The scenes between Aratus and Amanda are always highly pathetic. They meet with smiles, but their conversations are too interesting to prevent their parting with tears. The moments which Aratus dedicates to his Amanda, are the only happy ones of his life ; but those moments are few ; and those few interrupted by his reflecting, in the midst of them, upon the shortness of their duration, and

the hours of unhappiness which are to succeed them.

The extreme kindness with which Amanda always receives Aratus, gives him infinite pleasure; but the delicate tenderness of her behaviour often raises painful sensations in his breast. It makes him look on himself in a contemptible light. He calls himself to a severe account for having quitted so amiable a woman, though conscious that blind duty, and not a sordid passion, urged him to give his hand to the most unlovely being in the universe. Amanda, with gentleness, constantly rebukes him, when she hears his self-corrections; and tells him, that she knows too well the motives by which he was actuated when he married Livia, to think him answerable for them. He almost adores her for the nobleness of her sentiments; and bears the pressure of his yoke as patiently as he can, hoping one day to exchange it for a lighter.

The sight of a worthy man in such a situation as I have exhibited Aratus, naturally calls up reflections in a mind addicted to reflection, on the tyranny of parents with regard to the disposal of their children in marriage. The happiness of his child should be, one would think, the principal object of a good parent's attention; and yet we daily see men and women pretending to have nothing so much at heart as the happiness of their offspring, taking the only measures in the world to render them miserable. The observations I here introduce are, indisputably, very trite; but such observations may surely be with propriety repeated, as long as new subjects arise to extort them.

With a great share of low cunning, without a

grain of good-nature, Livia, from the time she rises to the time she goes to rest, tortures her imagination to disturb the happiness of all her acquaintance in general, and to destroy her husband's felicity in particular. Against him she exerts her art of tormenting with singular satisfaction, and very ingenuously contrives to make him exquisitely wretched. Out of respect to her sex, Aratus refrains from violence, and is too well-bred to return the language which he receives. As a man; he scorns to strike her; and, as a gentleman, to use scurrilous expressions: but she is often so provoking, that he is with the greatest difficulty able to keep his passions within the limits of decorum.

Being naturally of an ill-natured disposition, Livia feels a kind of happiness in the distresses of her fellow creatures; but if her temper was less diabolical, and more angelic, Aratus would find home no desirable place; for, setting aside her malevolence, there never was a more uncompanionable woman. Livia's intellects are extremely shallow; she has no attainments; her ignorance is excessive; and she is illiterate beyond all bearing. She has an unconquerable aversion to books; and wonders that Aratus can pore over them hour after hour, 'muddling his brains!' to borrow her own elegant phrase, which is frequently uttered.

To draw the picture of an unhappy married pair, is not an agreeable employment; but it may, perhaps, be an useful one. There are many views to be taken of matrimony, and the agreeable ones will appear to double advantage, when they are contrasted with those which are otherwise. By point-

ing out some of the general causes of infelicity in the marriage state, I may, I hope I shall, prompt those who are going to enter into it, to endeavour to deserve the approbation of the best part of the world.

From what I have already said, the unhappiness of Aratus with Livia is not to be doubted; but it may be placed in a still stronger light. By the jealousy of Livia, Amanda too has many uneasy moments, as well as Aratus; and his uneasinesses are considerably increased by her's. Every pang which so amiable a woman feels on his account, stabs him to the heart. When he thinks of her sufferings, he is, indeed, compleatly unhappy. He almost wishes every day that Livia would put it in his power to sue for a divorce, by resenting his contemptuous treatment of her, in a manner which a great many women of spirit would practise, without any impertinent, conscientious scruples; but she is so very disagreeable in her person, that Aratus has no hopes of being dishonoured by her. When a man is driven by the behaviour of his wife to this extremity of wishing, how much is his situation to be compassionated!

Livia, from the jealousy of her temper, is always upon the rack: she never see Aratus go out of the house but she thinks that he is going to visit Amanda; and is mean enough to bribe his servant often to watch her husband, and inform her whenever he is with Amanda. Of all the passions which torment us poor mortals 'is this pinfold here,' jealousy is most devoutly to be dreaded; because it never leaves the breast which

it inhabits. All other passions are temporary; they pain us for a while, and are often followed by pleasurable sensations:

But those who are by jealousy possess,
With peace of mind are never, never blest!

they live in a state of continued anxiety, and are tortured with all the pangs of avarice, without feeling any of its pleasure. Avarice has some pleasures, but jealousy feels none.

I have been insensibly drawn into the above reflections on this miserable passion, because Aratus suffers so much infelicity from its having taken full possession of Livia's heart. Every body who knows him pities his situation; more especially, because he cannot extricate himself from it without throwing himself into greater difficulties and perplexities.

To an Infant Sleeping in the Arms of its Mother

ENCHANTING smiler, gentle be thy rest;
The softest pillow is thy parent's breast:
There may'st thou sleep secure from all alarms,
There find life's calmest cradle in her arms;
There—whilst the world tumultuous raves around,
While pride and meanness right and wrong confound,
While blust'ring passions half mankind deform,
Soft may'st thou lie unconscious of the storm.
And, Oh! sweet cherub, happy is thy state,
Beyond the strange reverse of future fate:
Too soon, alas; thy pleasures will be o'er,
Too soon what pleases now, will please no more;
Naught equal to the present wilt thou know;
For pains and sorrows strengthen as we grow:
Trouble on troubles croud each rising year,
Heave the sad bosom, and extort the tear.
Soon will th' amusements of thy childhood fly,
And other trifles court thy wondering eye.
Ah then, dear babe, enjoy the happiest hour
That youth and fortune put within thy power,

Thy heaviest sorrows, now soon find relief,
 Transient thy tears, and transient is thy grief.
 But soon as trusted from thy mother's arm,
 Soon as the toy and rattle lose their charm,
 When reason dawns upon thy opening mind,
 Then wilt thou see the fate of woman kind :
 Passions will rise and strengthen with thy age,
 And fools in every shape thy heart engage ;
 The flutt'ring fop thy vanity address,
 This moment compliment, the next caress :
 The cautious traitor will thy glass attend,
 And herds of coxcombs round thy toilet bend
 When lovers praise the lightning of thine eye.
 Then, then beware—suspect a serpent nigh :
 With prudence hear the pretty things they say,
 Nor rashly throw thy happiness away.
 Oft, ere you change, a modest maiden life,
 Maturely weigh the business of a wife ;
 Better, far better, you should live unwed,
 Than lead a fool or villian to thy bed.
 Perpetual curses wait divided hearts ;
 Love, mutual love, the mutual bliss imparts :
 And, oh ! what agony attends the wife,
 Who drags her being through continual strife !
 Condemn'd to bathe the wretched couch with tears,
 To fret, and tremble, with a thousand fears !
 Condemn'd, unthank'd, for many a year to drudge
 And dread a husband, as thieves dread a judge ;
 A prey to every matrimonial care,
 Even till she begs for death to ease despair !
 But heaven on thee soft innocent bestow
 A lighter burden of terrestrial woe ;
 May fortune look more smiling on thy youth,
 And sense endear to thee the paths of truth ;
 Then shalt thou well repay a mother's care,
 And of thy sex be fairest of the fair.

Sweet state of childhood, unallay'd by woe,
 The truest period of our bliss below :
 Nature presides the guardian of the scene,
 And all is gentle, genuine, and serene.
 Soon as we leave the soft maternal breast,
 'Tis but a struggling warfare at the best :
 Farewel, a long farewel to peace of mind,
 For woes on woes unnumbered croud behind.
 May heav'n propitious prove as years increase,
 And grant unnumbered days of joy and peace.

FLORIO;

OR,

The Amiable Son.

CHILDREN, when they are dutiful and affectionate, are certainly blessings: I will not say that they are, when they behave so as to make their parents repent of having contributed to their existence. The joy of a happy father is not to be conveyed by words; the grief of an unhappy one is also inexpressible.

Among the number of the first is Benevolus; and no man ever deserved more to be blessed with an amiable offspring, for I never knew a more indulgent parent. Benevolus treats his son in such a manner as to make him sensible, that he is not only his father, but his friend; characters not so often united as they ought to be and Florio, by his whole behaviour, shows that his filial affection is equal to his filial duty. Fathers like Benevolus, and sons like Florio, are seldom seen: there are luckily, however, a few scattered up and down in the world, to prevent my being charged with drawing ideal beings.

Benevolus is a widower, and has no child except Florio: he married late in life, and is now advancing to the last stage, while Florio is in his prime. The contrast between them is very striking. Few young people think seriously enough to make proper allowances for the difference of years, even among their common acquaintance; still less are they inclined to make allowances for a remarkable difference in point of age between themselves and their parents. The majority of young folks, rising

into their meridian, are too apt to look upon their old relations, especially their nearest ones, as bars to their happiness; and if they do not absolutely wish them out of the way, behave as if they would not be at all sorry to be decently deprived of them. How different from his cotemporaries, in this respect, is Florio: The advanced age of Benevolus, instead of diminishing his duty, or lessening his affection, animates him to give the most pleasing proofs both of the former and the latter. Florio never thinks the time thrown away which is spent in the company of his father, because he knows that the chief happiness of that father's life arises from his filial assiduities, and endeavours to amuse him. He is of a lively disposition, loves society, and no young fellow is more happily qualified for spirited conversation, but he suffers no pleasurable party to divert him from paying due attention to his parent.

Benevolus is a man of fortune, and of a liberal disposition. Objects in distress, if they deserve to be relieved, always attract his notice. He lives, though in affluent circumstances, with great oeconomy and frugality, that his beneficence may be more extensively exerted; and contents himself with very few of the *unnecessaries* of life, in order to enlarge the circulation of his bounties. Florio sees his father so generously employed, without the least desire to interrupt his liberalities: on the contrary, he encourages them, and studiously searches for objects proper to be compassionated. Benevolus never opens nor closes his eyes without returning thanks to Heaven for being blessed with such a son as Florio; while the latter is equally grateful to providence for such a father as the

former. Happier mortals than the one or the other I never saw; and I question whether persons enjoying a greater portion of temporal felicity can be produced.

Strangers, who are not sufficiently acquainted with Benevolus and Florio to know their characters and connections, never behold them walking or riding together, without wondering to see youth and age upon so friendly, so sociable a footing. As a young and an old man, they view them always together with evident marks of surprize; but, when they are told that the objects of that surprize are father and son, they stare at them with redoubled admiration, and can hardly give credit to the intelligence. How would their wonder be increased, were they to be spectators of all the *minutiae* of behaviour in their private hours! By all who are intimately acquainted with them they are beheld with a respectful satisfaction, approaching to veneration.

‘What would I give,’ said Infelix one day to Benevolus, ‘what would I not give to be as happy in a son as you are?’ Florio was with his father when these words were uttered, and it would require a masterly hand to paint the looks of both at their delivery.

Florio, very early in life, discovered the most amiable dispositions, and an aptitude to receive the instructions of those who superintended his education. He had a very strong capacity, and gave his masters great pleasure by the quickness of his apprehension, and the docility of his temper; by his eagerness to acquire knowledge, and his ardent desire to enlarge the powers of his mind. To en-

courage that eagerness, and to promote that desire, Benevolus was ever ready ; and as he himself was possessed of an improved understanding, and very extensive literary accomplishments, he took an infinite delight in marking the swift progress which Florio made in his intellectual exercises. He would have been highly pleased to have seen such amiable dispositions, and such a happy propensity to literature, in any youth ; but to see those dispositions and that propensity in his own son, gave him a secret solid pleasure which beggars all description.'

As Florio grew up, he rather grew more than less addicted to letters. With his increasing years, his thirst for knowledge likewise increased : his acquisitions in learning are, at this time, amazing. But he is not only admirable for his literary acquisitions, he is equally extraordinary for his virtues as for his attainments. He had luckily an excellent pattern before his eyes in Benevolus, and by that example he was animated to a close imitation of it. After what I have said concerning Florio's capacity, taste, and temper, it is needless, I imagine, to add, that he has found very few companions of his own standing suitable to him, either in their minds or manners : I might subjoin, morals ; though in this polite age the morality of a companion is considered as a thing of the least consequence. Florio was never of this opinion ; the number of his associates therefore is very small ; his father was early his favourite, and to this moment continues so. With his father's conversation he is always improved, as well as entertained ; and Benevolus, by encouraging Florio to a free disclosure of his sentiments, is no loser. He is not one of those self-sufficient people,

who, at the latter end of life, think themselves too well accomplished to receive any addition to their knowledge; he frequently tells his friends that he feels himself wiser by conversing with his son, as well as happier by his filial regard.

What an agreeable sight is such a father and such a son; each studying, with the most refined address, to render the other happy! The sight must surely be agreeable to indifferent spectators; but it must prove doubly so to those who are in the same manner happily related.

Florio gave not long ago a more striking proof of his filial affection than any I have yet related. Though he has a strong understanding, he has also a tender heart, and is not ashamed of his sensibility. Who ever possessed such a heart, without being in love? Florio is at this instant desperately enamoured with a girl whom his father approves, and with whom he wishes him to be united. Benevolus, with his usual good-humour, joked him on his being so dilatory in his amours, and urged him to accelerate matters. Florio's answer upon the occasion was uncommon, and will do him honour as often as it is repeated.—‘Though I love Sylvia, Sir,’ said he, ‘next to you, as much as I love my life, I will never marry her while she refuses to be mine, unless I bury the son in the husband. The woman who refuses to let so good a father live with me after I am married, is unworthy my esteem.’ Benevolus embraced his son tenderly for this singular instance of his real regard for him, but was too much agitated by the most agreeable sensations to articulate the joy which they occasioned; he murmured out his happiness in broken detached

sentences ; in which there was, however, as much true elegance as if he had delivered the effusions of his heart with all the graceful pomp of oratory. He thought, before this instant, that he could not possibly love Florio more than he did ; but he certainly does love him more for his spirited, dutiful, and affectionate behaviour, with respect to Sylvia. There are few fathers, indeed, who deserve such a sacrifice ; there are fewer sons, I am afraid, disposed to follow Florio's example in similar circumstances.

Sylvia, piqued at the violent attachment of her lover to his father, in opposition to her desires, has, ever since she was shocked by his refusing to gratify them, taken infinite pains to weaken that attachment, and to laugh him out of his amiable prejudices. Florio is not shaken by her raillery, nor diverted from his resolution to marry her only on his terms : but as he has actually a passion for her, and prefers her to every other woman in the world, he suffers disquietudes which are not to be described. The struggles which he feels disturb his peace, but they produce no alteration in his sentiments in favour of his mistress. Painful as it is to give her up, his filial piety supports him under the conflicts which he endures, and renders him an exalted character ; a character certainly to be admired even by those who have not virtue enough to imitate it. Benevolus sees the uneasiness of his son with concern, because he fears that it will endanger his health ; but he almost venerates him for the virtues which produced it.

Such a domestic situation as I have described is not frequently met with ; and many people will,

I fear, regard it as fictitious : but there are many domestic situations, besides this, which would be called romantic, if they were exhibited to the world. Common characters may please common readers, to whom every extraordinary character will appear in a romantic light. Benevolus and Florio are drawn for readers of a different stamp.

MITIO;

OR,

The Profligate Son.

CHARACTERS like Benevolus and Florio are, I am sorry to observe, uncommon; those which I am going to draw are not rare. We see them every day, almost every hour; and, by seeing them so frequently, look at their opposites with the greater astonishment.

A more unhappy parent than Infelix never perhaps existed: he does not deserve to be unhappy, because he is the kindest father that ever lived; but all his tenderness is thrown away upon an obstinate, ignorant, immoral, ill-humoured, undutiful son, who is heir to his estate, and who will certainly run headlong to ruin whenever he unfortunately comes to the possession of it. Mitio, pleasing himself with the prospect of future riches, takes no pains either to improve his mind, or render himself, in any shape, useful to society, of which indeed he is a most unworthy member. His ignorance is extreme, and can only be exceeded by his ill-nature. He has a mortal aversion to reading, and can hardly bear the sight of a newspaper; though, by a cur-

sory perusal of those daily repositories of politics and literature, he might, without much trouble, pick up much useful intelligence, and make a tolerable figure in a modern conversation-piece. But Mitio never reads; and is therefore not properly qualified even to talk nonsense. He appears totally insignificant and contemptible in company: he goes about to public places, sees the world, stares around him, but makes no observations. The objects which strike his eyes go no farther; when they are removed, they are forgotten. He has no memory, and as little sentiment. Were he only stupid, one might bear him; but he is so malevolent as well as ignorant, that he is really a detestible creature. No monkey is more mischievous: all his pleasure arises from giving pain to some living creature about him. He is perpetually plaguing animals; and if he can create any uneasiness to his own species, without risking his person, for he is a contemptible coward, he will do it with immense satisfaction. It would be a tiresome task to enumerate all the freaks of his malevolence, which divert no person but himself. Every body who sees in what manner he employs his time, pities his poor father; and no father is certainly more entitled to compassion.

Mitio's temper is so refractory, that he acts diametrically opposite to the advice of his parent in every respect. He is vicious, and extravagant; delights in low company, and is proud of being at the head of it. Drinking, gaming, and gallantry, all in the lowest style, by turns he pursues; and in the pursuit of those vices is making hasty strides to a miserable manhood: he has not yet attained

sixteen : but if he is not carried off by his debaucheries before the age of inheritance, his constitution will be demolished. He may live to inherit his father's estate ; but I may venture to say that he will never enjoy it.

Sophronia, the mother of Mitio, in every respect an amiable wife, being of a gentle disposition, and in the strictest sense of the word a good woman, is very much hurt by the vicious and perverse behaviour of her son, whose extravagance and debaucheries will, in all probability, soon put an end to her existence ; for she has too much tenderness not to be deeply affected by his profligacy, and is too delicately formed to endure the anguish occasioned by it long. He sees her every day visibly declining in her health without emotion ; and though he is often told that he is himself the cause of her indisposition, hears it with unconcern. Mitio has no filial sensations ; he has no feelings. If his father and mother, and all his relations ; lay dead at his feet, he would drink his half-pint bumper over them dry-eyed.

Infelix and Sophronia, with all their admonitions or reproofs, cannot make any impression on their son, nor divert him from his attachment to those vices and follies to which he is by nature prone, and in which he seems determined to persevere, though he has already smarted for his sins, and has been more than once seized with dangerous disorders. He is insensible ; he is incorrigible ; equally deaf to advice, and regardless of warning. No young fellow ever took more pains to dishonour his species : he never appears happy but when going to gratify a pernicious passion, or to

indulge a brutal appetite. In the gratification and the indulgence of such passions and appetites he spends the greatest part of his time, and to the most ignoble purposes employs the little glimmering of reason which distinguishes him from the irrational animals of the creation. We are very ready to call a man of this cast a brute; but I believe it would puzzle a naturalist to produce a brute half so contemptible as a human being disgracing humanity.

Though Mitio is almost every day, in the kindest manner, intreated by his parents to quit the paths of libertinism and debauchery, he pays not the least attention to them, but leaves them with a ridiculous laugh, and tells them that they must not pretend to teach him how to conduct himself. If at any time they grow very serious in their reprehensions, and express their uneasiness at the turpitude of his behaviour, he desires them not to trouble their heads about his affairs; informs them, not in very dutiful language, that he does not understand such treatment; flies out of the house in a violent passion, and threatens never to return.

Mitio, besides his propensity to the greater vices already mentioned, has a remarkable *penchant* to the lesser ones, among which I reckon mischief-making in its numerous branches, pride, pertness, self-consequence, envy, and detraction, with others of the same stamp. With all these lesser vices, by which the peace of families is so frequently disturbed, Mitio is alternately tainted; and very ingeniously contrives—for in low cunning few people excel him—to make the whole house unhappy while he is in it; and to set half the neigh-

bourhood in which he lives by the ears. His haughty carriage to the servants at home, and the arts which he practises from morning to night to make them incur the displeasure of their master and mistress, render him thoroughly obnoxious; and the servants in every family which he visits are not more satisfied with his behaviour.

The companions which Mitio chuses for his joyous moments are so opposite in their manners to Florio, that they seem to be the inhabitants of another world; and, while such companions are his darlings, Infelix cannot reasonably hope for a reformation in him.

Infelix and Sophronia often, before Mitio, mention the peculiar happiness of Benevolus in having so excellent a son as Florio with the strongest marks of admiration; and paint all that young gentleman's filial virtues in the most striking colours, hoping to make their son thoroughly ashamed of his own vices, and undutiful behaviour: but Mitio hears them lavish their encomiums without the least desire to merit the same; he hears them, but commonly in a very inattentive manner, whistling, drumming with his fingers upon the table, scratching the wainscot with a key, or by applying his lips to the hollow part of it, making it resemble a cat-call; and, by such silly signs of inattention, increases the uneasiness which his parents feel on his account.

At the birth of Mitio, Infelix thought himself supremely blessed in having an heir to his estate. He had lost two boys soon after they were christened, and the sight of a third gladdened his heart beyond expression; but the joy which Infelix felt at the birth of Mitio lasted no longer than his

childhood; for, as soon as he was breeched, a variety of bad dispositions prognosticated the conversion of that felicity into the sincerest sorrow. Mitio has from that time degenerated every day, and his unhappy father is every day more and more grieved when he thinks to how unworthy a successor his riches may be transmitted. There is, indeed, a very strong probability that Mitio will die before Infelix, though there is a great disparity in their ages. According to the course of nature, Mitio has certainly the advantage of his father; but, in point of constitution, Infelix promises to be the longest liver.

I heartily wish that the character I have here drawn, was imaginary: it gives me no small pain to say, that it is copied from the life. There is great satisfaction in painting a Florio; but none in working upon a Mitio. The exhibition of both characters, however, may be attended with agreeable consequences; the former by alluring young persons to the paths of virtue, and the other by deterring them from following the foot-steps of vice.

The father who is blessed with a son amiable as Florio, will naturally thank Heaven, while he is reading the character of Mitio, for his happiness as a parent; whilst he who has a son like Mitio, though he cannot be charmed with his lot, ought not to murmur, but chearfully and patiently resign himself to such a severe calamity. He who impatiently wishes in vain for an heir to inherit his possessions, should reflect seriously on the parental character, and consider whether his unhappiness would not be more increased by a son of Mitio's

turn, than his happiness would be enlarged by one of Florio's disposition. By reflecting in this manner, he will learn to correct his impatience, and submit with humility to the dispensations of providence. The vanity of human wishes, in general, has been pointed out by several ingenious authors with the greatest propriety; and the particular vanity of wishing for children, merely to succeed to our fortunes, cannot be too severely exposed.

Courtship and Marriage in Lapland.

THE Lapland marriage customs are very remarkable and ludicrous. When a young man has made choice of a female, he employs some friends as mediators with the girl's parents.—The negotiators being supplied with several bottles of brandy, proceed therewith to the hut of the girl's father, accompanied by the suitor, but he is not allowed to enter until the liquor is drunk, over which they discuss the proposal. The lover is then called in, and entertained with such fare as the hut affords, but without seeing his mistress, who, on this occasion, is obliged to retire. When he has obtained permission to pay his addresses to the girl in person, he goes home, dresses himself in his best attire, and returns to the hut; when his mistress makes her appearance, he salutes her, and presents her with the tongue of a rein-deer, a piece of beaver's flesh, or some kind of provision. The girl at first declines the offer, it being in the presence of her relations.

When the lovers have agreed, he is allowed to visit his mistress as often as he pleases, but each time he must bring a bottle of brandy, a perquisite so agreeable to the girl's father, that, for the sake of it, he will often postpone the celebration of the nuptials for a year or two. At length the ceremony is performed at the nearest church; but even after this, the bridegroom must serve his father-in-law a whole year; at the expiration of which time he retires to his own habitation with his wife, and receives presents from his friends and relatives. From this time he sequesters his wife from the company of all strangers, especially of the male sex, and watches over her conduct with the most jealous vigilance.

When a lover goes to pay a visit to his mistress, during his journey through the fenny moors, he usually diverts himself with a song, which he addresses to his rein-deer. We have given a translation of one of these from the original, which Professor Scheffer obtained from Olaus Matthias, a native of Lapland.

The circumstances that successively present themselves to him during his journey are naturally interwoven. The anxiety of absence, the gloominess of the roads, and his resolution of frequenting them, as those only can carry him to the object of his wishes; the dissatisfaction he expresses even at the great rapidity with which he travels, and joyful surprise at the unexpected sight of his mistress, as she is bathing, are all beautifully described in the following composition :—

A Laplander's Song to his Rein-Deer

HASTE, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
 Our am'rous journey thro' this dreary waste ;
 Haste, my rein-deer, still, still thou art too slow,
 Impetuous love demands the lightning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread ;
 Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray ;
 Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
 No lay unstrung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
 Does all the flow'ry meadow's pride excel ;
 Through these I fly to her my soul adores ;
 Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
 My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires ;
 Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind ;
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
 And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair ;
 Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
 Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

But, lo ! with graceful motion there she swims,
 Gently removing each ambitious wave ;
 The crowding waves transported clasp her limbs !
 When, when, Oh ! when shall I such freedom have ?

In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,
 To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze ;
 From ev'ry touch you more transparent grow,
 And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

To this we shall add a Lapland love-song by
 the same author, and procured by the above
 mentioned professor :

The Orra Moor, and Lapland Love Song.

SOURCE of my daily thoughts and nightly dreams,
 Whose captivating beauties I adore ;
 O may the radiant sun's refulgent beams
 Shine on the charms of lovely *Orra Moor* !

I'd climb the summit of the lofty pine,
 Could I my *Orra Moor* at distance view ;
 No labour, danger, care, would I decline,
 To see my charmer, and to find her true.

Could she be wafted to terrestrial bow'rs,
 And there in pleasant shades induc'd to stay,
 Or range enamell'd fields of sweetest flow'rs,
 Charm'd by the birds that warbled on each spray.

Enrag'd, I would those pretty birds destroy,
 Pluck up the flow'rs that beautify the field,
 Cut down the bow'rs that rob me of my joy,
 And from my view my beauteous *Orra* shield !

Oh ! that I could but soar into the sky,
 And wing my passage thro' th' ambient air,
 Swift as the feather'd race could I but fly,
 I'd soon be with my captivating fair.

But vain, alas ! my wishes are but vain ;
 No stork no raven will a pinion lend ;
 Fated to feel unmitigated pain,
 With scarce a hope my passion to befriend.

So long my bliss can *Orra Moor* delay ?
 Reflect, the summer's sun now brightly gleams ;
 Short are our summers, haste, then haste away,
 And with my love enjoy his glad'ning beams.

Alas ! unkindly you delay the time,
 Our short-liv'd summer wears away apace ;
 You've tortur'd me, and trifle with your prime,
 Till frowning winter shows his rugged face.

Still, still my lovely charmer I'll pursue,
 And scorn all danger to reveal my pains ;
 For what can love, all-pow'rful love, subdue ?
 He laughs at tempests, and despises chains.

Love, mighty victor, triumphs o'er mankind,
 Brings ev'ry thought beneath his own control ;
 Enslaves the heart, puts fetters on the mind,
 And captivates the haughty human soul.

But hark ! stern reason whispers in my ear,
 'Friend, you are wrong, thus to pour oil on fire :
 Rashly to follow what you ought to fear,
 And rush into a whirlwind of desire.

A thousand things advise you to desist,
A thousand dread examples bid you view
The fate of those whom love's delusive mist
Hath sily blinded, sadly to undo.'

Reason, avault ! to passion I submit,
And will not hear thy disempassion'd tone ;
Others thy thousand counsellors may fit,
But I'll attend the voice of love alone !

NUPTIAL FONDNESS ;

OR,

The Dead Alive.

THE English love their wives with much passion ; the Hollanders with much prudence. The English, when they give their hands, frequently give their hearts ; the Dutch give the hand, but keep the heart wisely in their own possession. The English love with violence, and expect love in return ; the Dutch are satisfied with the slightest acknowledgments, for they give little away. The English expend many of the matrimonial comforts in the first year ; the Dutch frugally husband out their pleasures, and are always constant, because they are always indifferent.

There seems very little difference between a Dutch bridegroom and a Dutch husband, both are equally possessed of the same cool unexpected serenity ; they see neither elysium nor paradise behind the curtain ; and *yiffrow* is not more a goddess on the wedding night, than after twenty years' matrimonial acquaintance. On the other hand, many of the English marry, in order to keep one happy month in their lives ; they seem incapable of looking beyond that period ; they unite

in hopes of finding rapture, and, disappointed in that, disdain even to accept of happiness. From hence we see open hatred ensue; or what is worse, concealed disgust, under the appearance of fulsome endearment. Much formality, great civility, and studied compliments exhibited in public, cross looks, sully silence, or open recrimination, fill up their hours of private entertainment.

Hence I am taught, whenever I see a new married couple more than ordinary fond before faces, to consider them as attempting to impose upon the company, or themselves; either hating each other heartily, or consuming that stock of love in the beginning of their course, which should serve them through the whole journey. Neither side should expect those instances of kindness, which are inconsistent with true freedom or happiness to bestow. Love, when founded in the heart, will show itself in a thousand unpremeditated sallies of fondness; but every cool deliberate exhibition of the passion, only argues little understanding, or great insincerity.

Choang was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife, in all the kingdom of Corea: they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw, and envied their felicity; wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi, Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand in hand whenever they appeared, showing every mark of mutual satisfaction; their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened, which in some measure diminished the

husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his, was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning, fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan which she held in her hand: Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for the present employment; and coming up civilly demanded the reason. Alas! replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave! he was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath, he bid me never marry again, till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying.

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home, adding, that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness, that such might be his own case, if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment

at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions; the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch, who, like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging; for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her away.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond an husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity. When, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used for his recovery, but in vain. Hansi was, at first, inconsolable for his death; after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day she began to moralize and talk wisdom; the next day she was able to comfort the young disciple; and on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was no longer mourning in the apartments, the body of Choang was now thrust into an old





Engraved by J. H. B. & Co. New York, 1818

The unexpected Interview.

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coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended, until the time prescribed by the law for his interment; in the mean time, Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached his bosom. The hour of their nuptials were arrived; the whole family sympathized with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused a lustre more bright than noon day. The lady expected her youthful lover with impatience; when his servant informed her that his master had fallen in a fit, which would be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarce waited to hear the end of his story, when tucking up her cloaths, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. In a few blows the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprize. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendor. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarcely believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself, in

order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity, but she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in her blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations; he thought it was best to bear his loss with serenity; so mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he, the same night, married the widow with the large fan.

As they both were apprized of the foibles of each other beforehand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity; and not expecting much rapture, made a shift to find contentment.

The False Alarm.

How short-sighted are the views of mortals, and how weak is the perspective which attempts to throw light on the dark shade of futurity, and to open a prospect necessarily bounded by the wisdom, as well as the mercy, of the great disposer of events!

In the spring of the year 1777, general Harcourt was appointed to a command in the British army in America; and, on his journey to Portsmouth, to embark for that continent, a slight indisposition detained him a day at Petersfield.

As he was wholly unaccompanied, he had passed great part of the morning in writing letters to his

numerous friends, and directions to those who had the care of his affairs, for their conduct in case of accident to a life which was about to be exposed to peculiar danger; and in a disposition softened by these employments, he rose from his seat, and walked to the window, seeking for some object to call off his attention from considerations which, however natural, he did not think proper to occupy his mind, at a time when the welfare of his country, and his own thirst for glory, had induced him to exchange ease, affluence, and safety, for toil, difficulty, and danger.

He had not remained at the window above two minutes, before he saw a very genteel young man, plainly but neatly dressed in a blue frock and white waistcoat, go out of the same inn where he himself rested, and after pausing a few moments, as if irresolute which way to go, pass hastily down the street on one side, and after a very short stay return as quickly on the other, and re-enter the inn, from whence he again sallied in five or six minutes, and repeated his former course.

Curiosity, arising from the disturbed and agitated air of this youth, induced the general to attend to his motions for an hour or two, during which time he had made such a number of these excursions, and exhibited such signs of perturbation and distress, that the general could no longer resist his inclination to gain some intelligence which might account for this extraordinary behaviour; and he accordingly ordered his servant to summon the master of the house, under pretence of giving orders for his dinner.

The host soon appeared; and, after dispatching

the least consequential part of his business, he made some distant enquiries of him about his other guest, but could obtain no other information, than that the gentleman came there late the preceding evening on a post-horse, had appeared at some times thoughtful, and at others disturbed, had made no mention of his intention to depart, and had just ordered his dinner.

After a moment's consideration, general Harcourt charged his host with a message to the young gentleman, purporting, that a fellow-traveller, detained by indisposition, and quite alone, would esteem it as a favour if he would partake of his chicken with him: an invitation which was readily accepted; and Mr. Mandeville, the name by which he had desired to be announced, entered soon after the apartment of general Harcourt, and expressed his thanks for the honour conferred on him, and his apologies for his dishabille, in terms which would have interested the worthy general strongly in his favour, if he had not at first sight received an impression which needed no other prepossession.

As the conversation naturally turned on the journey of each, and that subject drew from the general a full account of his destination, it seemed incumbent on the young traveller to be equally communicative; but he rather avoided an explanation, though he appeared more embarrassed than reserved, and to want that encouragement which was kindly given him by the general, in assurances, that though he sought not to extort from him any circumstance which he might think it prudent to conceal, yet that, if his apparent anxiety arose from any of the common disappointments of life, he might

safely unbosom himself to a man who, having shared in the calamities of human nature, had a heart to feel, and at least to pity, the distress which he was unable to relieve.

Thus soothed, Mr. Mandeville informed his kind companion, that he was a friendless orphan, who had been deprived of both his parents at a very early period of his life; that he had been liberally educated by a sister of his father, who he had also very lately had the misfortune to lose; that the care of his person, and the very scanty remains of his father's fortunes, had, at her death, devolved on her's and his father's elder brother, who was a country squire of little understanding, and less humanity, and who had placed him, against his inclination, to learn a profession which he abhorred, and had absolutely forbid him to think of any other way of life, on the pain of his withdrawing from him his protection; that notwithstanding his total dislike of his situation, he should have persevered in his endeavours to conquer this aversion, but that a hopeless love-entanglement had made it necessary for him to quit at once the object of his passion, and the seat of his dissatisfaction: and that he was now on the stream, doubtful what course to steer; but inclined and thus far on his way to Portsmouth, to enter into the service of his country as a private soldier or sailor; to either of which stations he had much rather submit, than put a cruel restraint on his inclinations on the one hand, or involve the object of his passion in his distresses on the other.

This communication, the truth of which the general found not the least reason to doubt, induced him to become at once the patron and pro-

tector of the unfortunate youth. He told him, he applauded his resolutions, as the efforts of a virtuous mind, though perhaps, the generality of the world would not be ready to subscribe to his prudence; that he had too much delicacy to ask for farther particulars, and would even decline enquiring what part of the kingdom he had left; that he would immediately procure him a pair of colours in the regiment he was about to join; and as he doubted not but his conduct would justify his recommendation, he would from time to time assist in his promotion as opportunity offered, and his merit demanded.

Penetrated with gratitude at an offer which led to the gratification of every wish of his heart, he attempted to unburden his overflowing soul, and to pay the tribute of thanks to his kind, his benevolent benefactor; but he was only eloquent in tears, and his endeavours were exhausted in the broken and incoherent expressions of 'Father!—Friend!—and messenger of Heaven!'—A language more delightful to the ears of the brave and generous Harcourt, than all the powers of oratory, aided by the utmost graces of elocution.

He accordingly embarked with his protector, who liberally supplied him with every necessary for his voyage; and joining the British forces on the continent of America, he continued to serve there for two years, with unblemished reputation; his public conduct recommending him to the notice of his superior officers, and his private character procuring him universal regard and esteem. At the expiration of this time, general Harcourt, preparing to return to England, on account of his

health, which had been impaired by a dangerous wound, which had never been compleatly cured, he obtained leave of absence for Mr. Mandeville; who was become so dear to him, that he could not bear to be deprived of his company, at a time when his spirits, which always appeared to labour under some particular weight, were peculiarly depressed from bodily infirmity, and the chearful and enlivening conversation of his youthful and less affected brother in adversity, and his grateful and affectionate personal care, were so necessary to alleviate the distresses of his mind, and the pains of indisposition.

In the course of the voyage to England, after a night of unusual restlessness, during which he had been attended with the most watchful solicitude by his young companion and friend, general Harcourt took an opportunity of mingling with the tenderest expressions of approbation, some hints of the causes of his own mental uneasiness; and finding Mr. Mandeville eagerly, though diffidently, anxious for a more explicit communication, he gave him the following short sketch of his history:

That he was the only son of a private gentleman of large fortune, whose fondness had prevented his parting with him, even for the purpose of education, which he received from a private tutor in his father's house, till he was of a proper age to be sent to the university; that he there contracted an intimacy with the son of a clergyman; and visiting with him at his father's, he fell in love with his friend's only sister; and, after offering her marriage privately, and engaging himself to her by the most solemn ties, she, in a moment

of tenderness, surrendered to him that virtue which he was bound to protect; that his amour was very soon discovered by his father, who compelled him to accept a commission in a regiment then embarking for the East Indies, where he had remained but little more than three years before he was informed that his wife (for so he had ever esteemed her) had paid the debt of nature, together with an infant son, who had been born a few months after his departure; that the letters which conveyed this intelligence contained also an invitation to him to return, and he accordingly procured leave of absence from his regiment; but on his arrival in England, found that his father had been dead some months; and having now no attachment, he determined to pursue a military life; and purchasing superior rank in a regiment stationed in America, he took his passage for that continent in a vessel which carried several other passengers, and among them a young woman with whom he formed a connection, and who had brought him a daughter; but as he had great reason to disapprove the conduct of the mother, they had parted, and she had since married; though he had charged himself with the care of the child, who was now about seventeen, beautiful in her person, and of disposition truly amiable; that he had never got over the impression of his first love, nor found it possible to suppress an idea that the fruit of that unhappy affection had survived its unfortunate mother; that he had, however, in vain sought to discover his existence; and was now returning to England with a design to retire to the seat of his ancestors, and to spend the remainder of a life, which, from a combination of mental and

corporeal injuries, seemed drawing to a period, in the enjoyment of those comforts which he might derive from the conversation of his darling daughter, and in providing for her such an establishment as might extend his care of her happiness even beyond the period of his dissolution; that on his arrival in England, he should spend some months in the metropolis, for the necessary purposes of arrangements, as to past and future concerns; and should immediately send for his Annabella, who had never yet known the name she was in future to bear, and whose education he had entrusted to a worthy and excellent woman at N——.

As the general advanced in his recital, the mind of Mandeville underwent the most agonizing sensations of curiosity and apprehension; but the conclusion of it removed all his doubts, and excited all his fears: to have found in the person of his beloved, the daughter and intended heiress of his benefactor, to aspire to whose hand, would be equally absurd and ungrateful; yet, at the same time, to have found an additional reason for the increase, if possible, of an affection which could only be heightened by such discoveries; were circumstances so distressful, than an involuntary exclamation of 'Good God!' escaped him the moment general Harcourt had finished his tale; who, turning his eyes to his young friend, was astonished to find him bathed in tears, and discovered the most violent emotions, though his attention only had appeared to be engaged during the former part of the recital.

It was impossible for him to avoid enquiring into the occasion of this very extraordinary appearance; and the general had no sooner asked

Mr. Mandeville what particular part of his story had proved so extremely affecting to him, than he threw himself at the feet of his patron, and with anguish which wrung the heart of the humane veteran, besought him to abandon the most unfortunate of men : who was not only destined to feel the sharpest pangs of misery himself ; but, like a contagious disease, to communicate his wretchedness to those whose tenderness deserved from him such returns only as should be productive of pleasure and satisfaction. ‘But though you abandon me, Sir,’ continued the unhappy Mandeville, ‘condemn me not : my offence has been involuntary ; nor, when I loved the all-perfect Annabella, did I know that she ought to have added to that name the additional one of Harcourt.’

However this discovery might affect the general with surprize, it by no means excited his anger ; a passion of another kind was predominant in his mind. He paused for a few moments ; and having then soothed the anguish of the afflicted Mandeville, by the tenderest assurances of unabated friendship, and undiminished esteem, he raised him from the floor, and besought him to leave him, that he might endeavour to calm the perturbation of his mind, and collect fortitude enough to reveal to him another secret, no less interesting to both than that which had just escaped his bosom.

But he did not keep the tortured Mandeville long in suspense ; he soon summoned him to return to the cabin, and desired him to prepare for a communication, which would do violence to his love, but afford him an opportunity of contributing to the happiness of the object of his affection, by

the performance of his duty in a very different capacity.

‘My dear Mandeville,’ says the general, ‘you may remember my hinting to you my suspicion, that the offspring of my unfortunate connection, with my first and indeed only love, had survived his unhappy mother. Though all my endeavours to ascertain this fact had proved fruitless, the moment I first saw you at Petersfield, a resemblance of my adored Charlotte struck me so forcibly, that it has been impossible for me to divest myself of the idea that you (tremble not, my beloved Mandeville!) are the son of whom I have so long been in search. Your manners, your disposition, strengthen the likeness; for, like her, you are mild, gentle, and inoffensive. Yet one difficulty remains, which I am unable to get over: that son, if alive, would be now twenty-six; and, according to your account of your age, it does not exceed twenty-two. Besides, you have mentioned an uncle on the side of your father—can you lend any assistance to unravel this mysterious and important business?’

If the first discovery had agonized the gentle mind of Mandeville, this last had almost deprived him of his senses. He had probably exchanged a protector for a father; but he had lost what the dearest relationship could never replace: he had escaped from a crime, at the bare recollection of which he shuddered with horror; but he felt that the ties of consanguinity, and the affection of a sister, could never equal that ardency of love which had been inspired by the fair Annabella, unknown to him by any other name, and claiming from him only respect and admiration.

As soon as he could recover the powers of speech, which were suspended by so violent a shock, he repeated to the general the story he had often related; to which he declared he could only add, that he had been informed his father was in the army; and that from every account which he had received, both from his uncle and aunt, and from his own recollection of his progress to manhood, he was well assured that he had not misrepresented his age, which he could very confidently assert was no more than twenty-two.

As it seemed impossible to solve this palpable incongruity, they were both under the necessity of remaining in suspense till the completion of the voyage, which now drew towards a conclusion. In a very few days they made the land; and arriving happily at Portsmouth, they proceeded immediately to the metropolis.

General Harcourt now determined to set on foot an enquiry after the brother of his Charlotte, who, for obvious reasons, he had hitherto avoided; and having learnt that he had long been settled on a parsonage in a distant part of the kingdom, he addressed a letter to him, explanatory of his whole history, and earnestly intreating him to give him information concerning the pledge of the sacred affection which had subsisted between him and his excellent sister, whose fate he had never ceased to deplore, and was now more than ever anxious to discover whether there yet remained a possibility of bestowing his unabated love on the object which had derived its existence from his ill-fated passion.

The answer to this letter cleared up all the general's doubts. It informed him, that the same deceit

had been practiced on him and the partner of his heart—that about a year after his departure, an account of his death had been communicated to her by his father; and that this intelligence was accompanied with the payment of a considerable sum of money, as a pretended legacy left by his son—that the infant fell a sacrifice to the distress of its mother at the separation, and died before it saw the light—that, yielding to the importunities of her friends, she had some time after given her hand to a Captain Mandeville, a worthy officer, who had previously been made acquainted with her story, and who treated her with the utmost tenderness; but that her first impression had been too strong to yield either to time or the affection of her husband; and that she fell into a consumption, and died within two years after her marriage, leaving one son—that Captain Mandeville did not long survive his wife; and that his relations, who lived in a part of the kingdom very remote from the place of his residence, having taken upon themselves the care of the orphan, he was unable to give any other account of him, than that he had heard a few years before, that he was living; and, being grown to manhood, had been placed by his uncle to learn a genteel profession at N——.

If the general had by this intelligence lost the relation which, from the similitude now accounted for, and the other concurrent circumstances, he had supposed to exist between him and Mandeville, he however suffered but little by the disappointment. It was now in his power to make him actually his son, and to confer on him, and (by what he could gather from the distant and diffident hints which had from

The misconduct and abuses in it had been so great, and the sufferers so many, that nine-tenths at least of that condition came armed with the heaviest indictments against Hymen, and summoned him before a court erected on that occasion. The queen of love was touched with the cries of so many of her votaries, and commissioned Cupid to come down and preside as the lord chancellor.

Scarce was he seated on the bench, before Experience, the eldest advocate in being, opened the cause with a most learned and elaborate harangue. It would be endless to detail the particulars of his charge; let it suffice to recollect the most general heads of the accusation. It was alleged on all sides against Hymen; that he had sacrificed some of his votaries to caprice, some to mistake, others to distress, many to compulsion, and more to interest. He had taken advantage of the gay hours of some, of the melancholy of others; these he had overcome by threats; those by compassions. To effect all which, he had assumed the different shapes of parliaments, parsons, assemblies, titles, settlements, and consents: inclinations had seldom been consulted; or, if they had, they were so biassed by the false appearances of things, that they had often proved as fatal to the parties as their disgusts. From these and other causes, innumerable absurdities and mischiefs had ensued. In support of the indictment, an incredible number of witnesses were produced.

Among the characters that were brought into court, I remember to have seen youth coupled to old age; bloom to health; jaundice to palsies; tenderness to cruelty; folly to dullness, art to understanding; pride to humility; liberality to avarice:

in short, the most unnatural unions, to the total disregard of all sympathy and propriety. On the part of the men, some petitioned for a divorce, because they had been taken in by appearances of virtue that never really existed in the persons that claimed them. One had made choice of a wife, for her innocence and simplicity, but had the misfortune of an heir three months before the time. A second was captivated with the discretion and oeconomy of a young lady that had ruined his estate in a twelve-month. A third shewed the marks of many a broken head from a spouse who had bewitched him by the softness of her voice, and the milkiness of her temper. A fourth, having rejected a thousand lucrative offers in favour of youth and beauty, found himself, the morning after marriage, in bed with an old woman, deformed, and a stranger.

On the other side appeared a great number of fair complainants and penitents; many a young lady had fallen a victim to flattery, to a feather, a red coat, a coach, a coronet. Some of the more thinking had found their expectations of good-nature disappointed by savage tyranny; their fondness for courage and spirit mortified by seeing it degenerate on the trial to mere bullying and cowardice; and many that had liked a man for his person, found themselves repaid with a fool.

Some, too, had fixed their choice on wit, and some on sobriety; but, alas! the one was mere noise and impertinence; the other, downright insensibility, void of all passions. But the most dejected groupe were a large train of the sons and daughters of distress. These wore no saffron robes; no zones of emerald and sapphire: they were dressed in black;

their tears had extinguished the hymeneal torch, and they marched in their sables, to a solemn dirge, in slow procession. They had been sacrificed to violence of parents, villainy of guardians, and treachery of false friends. When the pageant ended, the whole assembly was struck with a profound silence, in expectation of the sentence which the judge should pass in favour of the injured, and the punishment he should assign the criminal. Cupid began with great gravity, in the following manner: ‘ In the first creation of beings, Prometheus, by the order of Jupiter, formed mankind, in the general, after one model; but diversified them, in the particular, by a mixture of different materials, opinions, passions, and appetites. At the time that an individual was framed in one sex, there was reserved for it a distinct and sole correspondent in the other. At the instant one soul was informed with its principles, its counterpart received the same, and so essential was the union of these two, that the scheme of happiness was never proposed to be complete without it. Nature, in its simple state, was a quick and unerring guide; and that was the golden age, in which mortals lived and loved by her direction.—Blest time! when man solaced himself with his paramour in the fair face of day; in the bowers of the rose, or under the shade of the myrtle. Without fear, or shame, or jealousy, did he then converse with his mate; virtue and fidelity, the fairest of her train, were universal, and each youth thought her he liked, and had chosen, the best; and thus answered the design of his creation. In vain were mountains, seas, or strongest obstacles interposed; the powerful attraction penetrated

through all: to exist separately had been to exist with half his being; for it is love that cherishes and animates life, which else is but a dial without a sun to shine upon it.

‘ In succeeding ages, the strong dictates of tender sympathy were stifled by considerations of wealth, power, and other secular influences. Then love was put up to auction—hands met, but hearts were absent; and one bosom seldom beat to another. It was then that mankind flew to darkness, to consummate love’s mysteries, and night was as a veil over their guilty pleasures. Guilty they were! for though the priest and ceremony pretended to give a title, nature gave not up her claim; but considered the poor virgin as a victim, and her lord as an usurper. Where the minds tally not, all the rest is legal prostitution. Yet some there are, that have met by glorious accident; but then, ye powers, how exquisite their bliss! how extensive and undissembled! all was artless—all was honest; for interest may play false, but love and friendship are sincere. The gods themselves would sometimes envy the mortal, whose *happiest choice* was in his possession. Conversing with her, he forgot all climes and seasons; to share pain with her, was greater far than all other pleasures: disgrace and poverty were scarce felt in her company: even sickness had the aspect of health. Such happy times the world once saw; such they shall see again.

‘ Know, then, ye sons and daughters of men, that all these unnatural bonds shall be dissolved; and each party remain free as they were in their original state; those only excepted, who, in spite

of their better judgment and liberty, starved their love to feed their vanity; let the *choice* of these be their punishment: for those happy few, that dared to sympathize nobly in reverence of the dictates of nature, and their first grand designation, let them continue loving and beloved. For the rest I decree an immediate separation; nor let any one dare to arraign the sentence that restores to all their rights, but takes away none. Let each individual resign with chearfulness the property which accident only has given, and of which he has been at the best but a licensed invader. Possession itself gives no natural right; 'tis similitude of spirit and of soul that establishes the pretension.'

The changes, dear Zelia, that followed hard upon this declaration, were beyond all expression and thought astonishing. On an instant, to follow her fancy, a queen changed her sceptre into a broom; and with the same rapidity an actress was transformed into a duchess. A bishop's lady ran to the camp; and the daughter of a prime minister hurried into the kitchen, while the waiting-maid ascended and took her place in the drawing-room. There was no longer any respect observed to public parties, or private quarrels. An amorous whig revolted immediately to a fair tory; and Juliet now could see her Romeo, without eloping after him to a church-yard and a tombstone. Fortune now forgot all her proud distinctions: a valet stepped with ease into the coach which he had been used to ride behind, while his excellency ran into the arms of his keeper's daughter. An heiress of great family retreated in spirits with her dancing-master; and a beau gave his hand with rapture to an oyster,

wench. These, and a thousand other metamorphoses, appeared to me more strange than the former conjunctions they were intended to remedy ; but all parties were satisfied, when the judge declared they were destined by Prometheus from the beginning for each other. Cupid stopp'd not here, but ordered that all faithful lovers, who had sighed in secret, and, in despite of all temptations, obstacles and distresses, had remained single, in expectation of happier hours, should be immediately recompensed with the object of their esteem and wishes. My eyes were now struck with a most agreeable sight, when I discovered you, my fair, at the head of the amiable party. No sooner were you advanced towards the altar, before I saw you seized by a handsome cavalier, in the habit of an ancient Briton, whom I knew to be my friend. The joy at your unexpected meeting was too great for utterance. It was all surprise and silence ; but never was silence so eloquent ; the eyes of both of you talk'd. Good Gods, *how* they talked ! But this sweet suspense was soon interrupted by the young deity, who hastened you to the ceremony, from whence in a few moments you returned a wife ; I was upon this making way through the crouds in a great haste, to give you joy of the fortunate event, when, to my excessive mortification, you disappeared on a sudden, as if on purpose to avoid the rencontre ; for I could plainly perceive you had distinguished me immediately after the solemnity was finished. I stood for several minutes under the greatest chagrin, at a behaviour so foreign from what I expected ; but a sudden turn of my eyes soon engaged me in a very different manner ;

methought you entered the temple with an air of great gaiety, leading a lady in your hand, whose face was covered with a veil of an amber colour. I was pleased to find you advance, and present me to the fair incognita, whose features were still concealed from me, though I felt my heart throb, as if it had a mind to burst from its confinements. But, good heavens! what was the pleasure, what the pain I felt, when, on your removal of the veil, I discovered Selima! Pleasure to see a face so dear, and once so familiar to me, pain to see it roughened into a frown, and more than half averted from me! At this instant Plutus, the god of riches, approached; he pleaded for me too; with his gold he gave me recommendation in the world's eye, and reconciled it to me. He produced at the same time a positive order from the altar, for my union with Selima. The fair tyrant, now in the seventh year of her reign, was obliged to comply. The ceremony was performed in an instant; and I threw myself in such a transport, into the arms of my bride, that the violence of the agitation awoke me. I started, found myself in the shades of night, in a single bed, with a solitary pillow. Such were the hopes and disappointments of Selim the Persian.

A Jubilee Wedding in Norway, wherein Four Couples composed the Groupe, whose United Ages amounted to Eight hundred Years.

IN the year 1773, when Christian VI. king of Sweden, and his queen, Sophia Magdalena, visited their Norwegian dominions, they resided in the house of lieutenant-colonel Colbiornson, in Fri-



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Published by T. Kinnerley Aug^r 1, 1818.

*Extraordinary Marriages which took place in the
presence of the King & Queen of Sweden?*

cumstances, that so many persons could be desirous to enter into the connubial state, at an age when decrepitude generally takes place of the vigour of maturity in the inhabitants of other countries. This will afford an important lesson to those who are now living single, as well as to those already married.

The Winter of Love

DEAR Chloe ! while thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain.

The maxims that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You will find it to be very ill-grounded
 When once you its dictates obey.

The love that from beauty is drawn,
 By kindness you ought to improve ;
 Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn ;
 Fruition's the sunshine of love.

And though the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, which now are so gay,
 And darkness possess all the skies,
 Yet you ne'er can forget it is day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You have often regarded with wonder ;
 He is dropsical, she is sore-ey'd,
 Yet they never are easy asunder.

Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door ;
 But at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
 His Joan will not smoke one whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother ;
 And what is the charms, can you guess,
 Which make them so fond of each other ?

It's the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments which youth did bestow ;
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 Are the best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last,
 No sickness or time can remove ;
 And when youth and beauty is past,
 Then age brings the winter of love.

A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these ;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

Paternal Forgiveness.

IN the west of England lived Mr. Speneer, a gentleman of handsome fortune, who was left a widower at an early age with one infant daughter. The only consolation he felt after the loss of a partner whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and grace of his little Maria, who soon promised to become all that he had so much admired in her deceased mother. He attended to her education with the utmost care and assiduity; procuring her instructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking that pleasing office upon himself, for which his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages she grew up lovely and accomplished in an uncommon degree; and seemed, in every respect formed to complete the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremest fondness, and formed no other desire or purpose in life than that of seeing her happily and honourably established.

In pursuit of this design he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced, from impartial observation, that happiness, in the conjugal state, is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity, the first and greatest requisite he looked for in a son-in-law was a mind formed to steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of a *man of pleasure* was, therefore the object of his most rooted aversion and dread.

Maria had received from nature that dubious gift a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, while it made her return her-father's fondness with the warmest filial affection, rendered her also liable to attachments of a stronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractised in the world, she did not look at mankind with the discerning eyes of her father; and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived, who, to a most pleasing figure and address, added a manner and conversation the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too strong to be eradicated; and although her father, as soon as he discovered the connexion, used every art of persuasion, and every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Spencer constantly refused his consent to an union, the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their passion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had so carefully been implanted in Maria, could resolve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced

of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly incensed as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hopes, was likely to be steadfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in body and mind, in following a husband who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to England in the utmost indigence, the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum, soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her, she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible that in order to succeed in such an attempt, it was not advisable to make a direct application, which would give resentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the suit while the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should

carelessly enter the room, and play about among the company. It soon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was always extremely fond of children, and he asked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged. 'To a friend of mine,' she slightly answered, and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and, kissing it, cried, 'Heaven help thee, sweet boy! thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through! This little child,' continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, 'has already lost his father—and his mother, a most amiable creature, is left almost destitute of support.' Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul. He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes—'Heaven help thee indeed!' says he, 'but if thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! Pray, madam, will it not be impertinent to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situation?' 'She is now in my house, Sir,' says she, 'and will inform you herself.' On this she rung a bell, when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and, rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choked in tears she could only say, 'forgive me, Sir! forgive

me.' He remained a while in suspense, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; and catching Maria in his arms—'I do forgive thee, my poor child!' says he, 'from my soul I do; all that is past shall be forgotten; this little angel makes amends for all.'

This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender confusion ensued, which however soon terminated in transports of affection and gratitude; and the lady whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY:

An Allegory

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Prosperity, the eldest, was beautiful as the morning, and cheerful as the spring; but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velasco had two sons, Felix, and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. They at length both became enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity; but she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

Velasco obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretensions by lots ; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn, and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials, Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son, Felix, the house wherein he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

The husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood ; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence ; but his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by him unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time he ordered the doors of his house to be shut against him.

But as the stream flows from its channel, and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks ; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by economy. In a few years, the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to, but his voice was as the voice of

a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turns; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her sorceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him, a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends who had not totally deserted him, and that he died, in a short time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: and to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was lost upon the Lybian coast; and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre; and led by Adversity through unfrequented roads, and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her looks, administered to him the most faithful

counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere God, and to place his whole trust and happiness in him. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

‘I am sent,’ said she, ‘by God, to those alone whom he loves; for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments, as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind, when I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates and Timoleon, to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced, to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of Tranquility and Content.’

Uranio listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated, and, at last, he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxim of the philosopher, ‘that those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to God, who wants nothing.’ She admonished him to turn his

eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor; and in his address to God, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner :

‘ As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained my task is finished ; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was adversity, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy.’

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandise ; and having in a short time acquired a com-

petency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of adversity. He took a great delight in a little cell, or hermitage, in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantines and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written, in large characters, the following inscription :

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say you, who dare this happy place disdain,
What splendid palace boasts so fair a train ?

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

The Samnite Marriages.

LET every legislator, who would assure himself of the hearts of men, begin by ranging the women on the side of the laws and manners ; let him put virtue and glory under the guard of beauty, under the tutelage of love ; without this agreement he is sure of nothing.

Such was the policy of the Samnites, that warlike republic which made Rome pass under the yoke, and was a long time her rival. What made a Samnite a warrior, a patriot, a man virtuous against every trial, was the care they took to attach to all these qualities the most valuable prize of love.

The ceremony of their marriages was celebrated every year in a wide place, destined for military exercises. All the youth, who were of a sufficient age to give citizens to the republic, assembled on a solemn day. There the young men chose their wives, according to the rank which their virtues and their exploits had given them in the annals of their country. We may easily conceive what a triumph this must be to those women who had the glory of being chosen by the conquerors ; and how pride and love, those two springs of the human passions, gave force to virtues on which all their success depended. They expected every year the ceremony of their marriages with a timid impatience : till then the young men and maidens of the Samnites never saw one another but in the temple, under the eyes of their mothers and prudent old men, with a modesty equally inviolable to both sexes. Indeed, this austere confinement was no restraint to the desires : the eyes and heart made a choice ; but it was to the children a religious and sacred duty to confide their inclination to the authors of their days ; a secret of this sort divulged was the shame of a family. This intimate communication of the dearest sentiment of their soul, this tender disclosure, which it was not permitted them to give to their desires, their regrets, their fears, but in the respectable bosom of nature, rendered a father and mother the friends, the consolers, the support of their children. The glory of some, the happiness of others, connected all the members of a family by the warmest interests of the human heart ; and this society of pleasure and pain cemented by habitude, and consecrated by

duty, lasted till the grave. If the event did not answer their desires, an inclination which had not manifested itself abandoned its object so much the easier, as it would have been in vain to have pursued it with obstinacy, and there was a necessity for its giving place to the object of a new choice: for marriage was an act of duty in a citizen. The legislator had wisely considered, that he who would not take a wife himself, depended in some measure on the wives of others: and in making a crime of adultery, he had made a duty of marriage. There was a necessity, therefore, of presenting themselves to the assembly as soon as they had attained the age pointed out by the laws, and of making a choice according to their rank, though it were not also according to their desires.

Among a warlike people, beauty, even in the weaker sex, has something fierce and noble, which savours of their manners. The chace was the most familiar amusement of the Samnite maidens; their skill in drawing the bow, their nimbleness in the race, are talents unknown among us. These exercises gave their person a wonderful ease, and their action a freedom full of graces. Unarmed, modesty was painted on their countenances; as soon as they had fastened on their quivers, their head was erected with a warlike assurance, and courage sparkled in their eyes. The beauty of the men had a majestic and serious character; and the image of battles, for ever present to the imagination, gave to their looks a grave, commanding, and savage boldness. Amidst this warlike youth was distinguished, by the delicacy of his features, his sensible and tender air, the son of the brave Telepson, one of the old

Samnites who had fought best for liberty. This old man in resigning up his arms to his son, had said to him, 'my son, I hear sometimes the old men, with an ill-natured raillery, telling me that I ought to clothe you like a woman, and that you would have made a pretty huntress. These raileries afflict your father; but he consoles himself in the hope that nature has at least made no mistake in the heart which she has given you.'—'Take courage, my father,' replied the young man, piqued with emulation; 'these old men will, perhaps, be glad one day that their children follow my example; let them take me for a girl here, the Romans shall not be mistaken in me.' Agatis kept his word with his father, and displayed in his first campaigns an intrepidity, an ardour, which changed their raileries into encomiums. His companions said one to another with astonishment, 'who would have thought this effeminate body was filled with so manly a courage? Cold, hunger, fatigue, nothing daunts him: with his touching and modest air he braves death full as well as we.'

One day, in presence of the enemy, Agatis seeing with composure a shower of arrows falling around him; 'you who are so handsome, how are you so brave?' said one of his companions, who was remarkable for his ugliness. At these words the signal for the attack was given. 'And you, who are so ugly,' replied Agatis, 'will you now see which of us two shall carry off the standard of the battalion we are going to charge?' He said: both of them spring forward; and, in the midst of the carnage, Agatis appears with the standard in his hand. However, he now approached the age wherein he

was to enter himself in the number of married persons; and, in the quality of father to obtain that of citizen. The young damsels, who heard of his valour with esteem, and saw his beauty with a soft emotion, envied each other his looks. One alone at last attracted them, the beautiful Cephalis.

In her were assembled in the highest degree, that modesty and boldness, those noble and touching graces, which characterize the Samnite beauties. The laws, as I have said, had not forbid the eyes to speak; and the eyes of love are very eloquent, when it has no other language. If you have sometimes seen lovers constrained by the presence of a severe witness, do not you admire with what rapidity the whole soul unfolds itself in the lightning of one fugitive glance? A look of Agatis declared his trouble, his fears, his hope, and the emulation of virtue and glory with which love had just enflamed his heart. Cephalis seemed to forbid her eyes to meet those of Agatis; but her eyes were sometimes a little slow in obeying her, and were not cast downwards till after they had been answered. One day especially, and it was that which decided the triumph of her lover; one day her looks being fixed upon him, after remaining for some time immoveable, were turned up towards Heaven with the most tender expression. ‘Ah! I understand that wish,’ said the young man to himself; ‘I understand it, and I will accomplish it. Charming maiden, have I flattered myself too much? Did not your eyes, raised up to Heaven, beseech it to render me deserving of chusing you? Well, Heaven has listened to you; I feel it by the emotions of my soul. But alas! all my rivals (and I shall have

rivals without number) will dispute with me this honour: a brilliant action depends upon circumstances: should any one happier than I attain it, he has the honour of the first choice; and the first choice, beautiful Cephalis, cannot but fall upon you.'

These ideas engaged his attention without remission: they engaged also the attention of his mistress. 'If Agatis had to chuse,' said she, 'he would fix upon me; I dare believe it; I have observed him well, I have thoroughly read his soul. Whether he presents himself to my companions, or whether he speaks to them, he has not with them that complaisance, that sweet earnestness, which he betrays on seeing me. I perceive also that his voice, naturally soft and tender, has something still more sensible when he speaks to me. His eyes especially—oh! his eyes have said to me what they say to no one else: and would it had pleased God that he were the only one who distinguished me from the crowd! Yes, my dear Agatis, it would be a misfortune to seem handsome to any other than thee. What comparison between him and those youths who terrify me while they seek me out with their eyes? Their murderous air frightens me. Agatis is valiant, but has nothing ferocious in him; even under arms we see in him I know not what that is moving. He will perform prodigies of valour, I am sure; but after all, if fortune betrays love, and if some other has the advantage—that thought chills me with terror.'

Cephalis dissembled not her fears to her mother. 'Put up vows,' said she to her, 'put up vows for Agatis's glory; you will put them up for the happiness of your daughter, I think. I am sure he

loves me; and can I not adore him? You know that he has the esteem of our elders; he is the idol of all my companions: I see their confusion, their blushes, their emotion at his approach; one word from his mouth fills them with pride.' 'Very well,' said her mother smiling, 'if he loves you, he will chuse you.' 'He would chuse me, without doubt, if he had the right of chusing; but my mother—' 'But my daughter, he will have his turn.' 'His turn, alas! it will be a pretty time,' replied Cephalis, fixing her eyes on the ground. 'How, my daughter? Methinks to hear you—the word is, who shall have you? You flatter yourself a little.'—'I do not flatter myself; I tremble; happy if I had known to please only him whom I shall always love!'

Agatis, on his side, the evening of the day on which he took the field, said to his father, embracing him, 'Adieu, dear author of my life; either you see me for the last time, or you shall see me again the most glorious of all the sons of the Samnites.' 'Well said, my boy: thus it is that a well-born son ought to take leave of his father. In reality, I see thee animated with an ardour that astonishes even myself; what propitious deities inspire thee?'—'What deities, my father? nature and love; the desire of imitating you, and of meriting Cephalis.'—'Oh! I understand; love is concerned in it: there is no harm in that. Come, tell me a little: I think I have sometimes distinguished your Cephalis among her companions.' 'Yes, my father, she is easily distinguished.'—'But do you know that she is very beautiful?'—'Beautiful! beautiful as glory.'—'I think I see her,' continued the old man,

who took delight in animating him ; ‘ I see in her the figure of a nymph.’—‘ Ah, my father !’ cried Agatis, ‘ you do a great deal of honour to the nymphs.’—‘ An elegant gait ?’—‘ And still more noble.’—‘ A fresh complexion ?’—‘ The rose itself.’—‘ Long tresses braided with grace ?’—‘ And her eyes, my father, her eyes ? Oh ! that you had seen them, when lifted up to heaven, after being fixed on me, they prayed for victory.’—‘ You are right, she is all charming ; but you will have rivals.’—‘ Rivals ! I have undoubtedly a thousand.’—‘ They will carry her off from you ?’—‘ They will carry her off from me ?’—‘ To say the truth I am afraid of it ; these Samnites are very brave young fellows !’—‘ Oh ! let them be as brave as you please ; that is not what disturbs me. Let them but give me an opportunity of meriting Cephalis, you shall hear of me.’ Telespon, who till then had taken a delight in stimulating him, could no longer contain his tears. ‘ Ah ! the rare present that Heaven makes us,’ said he, embracing him, ‘ when he gives us a sensible heart ! it is the principle of all the virtues. My dear child, you overwhelm me with joy. There remains still in my veins sufficient to make one campaign ; and you promise me such fine things, that I will make this along with you.’

The day of departure, according to custom, the whole army filed off before the young maidens, who were ranged on the spot, to animate the warriors. The good old Telespon marched by his son’s side. ‘ Ah, ah !’ said the other old men, ‘ see Telespon is grown young again ; where is he going then at his age ?’—‘ To a wedding,’ replied the good man, ‘ to a wedding.’ Agatis made him remark Cephalis

from afar, who towered above her companions with a grace perfectly celestial. His father who had his eyes upon him, perceived, that in passing before her, that sweet and serene countenance was inflamed with a martial ardour, and became terrible as the countenance of Mars. 'Courage, my son!' said he to him; 'indulge thy passion, it becomes thee well.'

Part of the campaign passed between the Samnites and the Romans in observing each other, without coming to any decisive action. The strength of the two states consisted in their armies; and the generals on both sides acted like able officers. However, the young Samnites who were to marry, burned with impatience of coming to blows. 'I have done nothing yet,' said one, 'worthy to be inscribed in the annals of the republic; I shall have the shame of hearing myself named without any eulogy to distinguish me.'—'What pity,' said another, 'that they vouchsafe not to offer us an opportunity signalizing ourselves! I should have done wonders this campaign.'—'Our general,' said the greater part, 'will dishonour us in the eyes of our elders and wives. If he leads us back without fighting, they will have room to think that he mistrusted our valour.'

But the sage warrior, who was at their head, heard them unmoved. From his slowness and delays, he promised himself two advantages: one was to persuade the enemy that he was weak or fearful, and to engage him, in this confidence, to an imprudent attack; the other, to suffer the impatience of his warriors to increase, and to carry their ardour to excess before he risked a battle.

Both these stratagems succeeded. The Roman general, haranguing his troops, pointed out to them the Samnites wavering, and ready to fly before them. 'The genius of Rome triumphs,' said he to them; 'that of our enemies trembles, and is not able to sustain our reproach. Come on, brave Romans; if we have not the advantage of ground, that of valour makes it up to us: it is ours; let us march.' 'There they are,' said the Samnite general to his impatient youth; let us suffer them to approach within bow-shot, and you shall then have all the liberty imaginable to deserve your wives.'

The Romans advance: the Samnites wait them with firmness. 'Let us fall upon them,' said the Roman general, 'a still body cannot sustain the impetuosity of that which runs upon them.' On a sudden the Samnites themselves spring forward, with the rapidity of coursers when the barrier is opened to them. The Romans halt; they receive the shock without being broken or disordered; and the skilfulness of their chief changes on a sudden the attack to a defence. They fought a long time with incredible obstinacy: to conceive it, we must picture to ourselves men who had no other passions than love, nature, country, liberty, glory, defending in those decisive moments all those interests at once. In one of the redoubted attacks of the Samnites, old Telespon was dangerously wounded, as he fought by the side of his son. The youth, full of love for his father, seeing the Romans giving way in all parts, and thinking the battle won, pursued the invincible movement of nature, and drawing his father out of the tumult, helped him to drag

himself to some distance from the place of combat. There, at the foot of a tree, he dressed, with tears the deep wound of the venerable old man. While he was drawing the dart out of it, he heard near him the noise of a troop of Samnites, who had been repulsed. 'Wither are you going, my friends?' said he them, quitting his father. 'You fly, this is your way,' and perceiving the left wing of the Romans uncovered, 'come on,' said he, 'let us attack their flank: they are vanquished, if you but follow me.' This rapid revolution struck terror into that wing of the Roman army; and Agatis, seeing them put to the rout, 'pursue,' said he, 'my friends, the road is open: I quit you for a moment, to go and assist my father.' Victory at last decided for the Samnites, and the Romans too much enfeebled by their losses, were obliged to retire within their walls.

Telespon had fainted away through pain. The cares of his son re-activated him. 'Are they beaten?' demanded the old man. 'They are putting the finishing stroke to it; said the young one; 'things are in a good posture.'—'If so,' said the old man smiling, 'endeavour to recal me to life; it is sweet to conquerors; and I would see thee married.' The good man, for a long time, had not strength to say more; for the blood which had flowed from his wound, had reduced him to extremity.

The Samnites, after the victory, busied themselves the whole night in succouring the wounded: they spared no pains to save the worthy father of Agatis; and he recovered, though with some difficulty, of his weakness.

The return from the campaign was the time of their marriages, for two reasons; one, that the reward of services done their country might follow them close, and that the example might thence have more force; the other, that during the winter, the young husbands might have time to give life to new citizens, before they went to expose their own. As the deeds of this glowing youth had been more brilliant than ever, they thought proper to give more pomp and splendor to the feast, which was to be their triumph.

There were few maidens in the state, who had not, like Cephalis, some communication of sentiments and desires with some one of the young men; and each of them put up vows for him whose choice she hoped to fix, if he should have it in his power to chuse.

The place in which they were to assemble, was a vast ampitheatre, entered by triumphal arches, on which were seen hung up the spoils of the Romans. The young warriors were to repair there armed at all points; the young maidens with their bow and quiver, and as well clad as the simplicity of a state, in which luxury was unknown, permitted. 'Come daughters,' said the mothers, eager to adorn them, 'you must present yourselves at this august feast, with all the charms that Heaven has been pleased to grant you. The glory of men is to conquer, that of women to please. Happy those who shall merit the wishes of these young and valiant citizens, who are now going to be adjudged the most worthy of giving defenders to the state! the palm of merit will shelter their habitation, the public esteem will surround it. Their children will be the elder sons

of their country, and its most precious hope. While they spoke thus, these tender mothers interweaved with vine-leaves and myrtle the beautiful tresses of these young virgins, and gave to the foldings of their veil that air and turn which was most favourable to the character of their beauty. From the knots of the girdle beneath the bosom, they created waves of the most elegant drapery; fixed the quiver on their shoulders; instructed them to present themselves with grace, leaning on the bow; and threw back their light robe negligently, above one of their knees, in order to give their gait more ease and majesty. This industry of the Samnite mothers was an act of piety; and gallantry itself, employed in the triumph of virtue, assumed the sacred character of it. The maidens, admiring themselves in the chrysalis of the pure wave, never thought themselves sufficiently handsome; each of them exaggerated the advantages of her rivals, and dared no longer reckon upon her own.

But of all the wishes formed in that great day, there were none more ardent than those of the beautiful Cephalis. 'May God grant us our prayers,' said her mother to her, embracing her; 'but my daughter, wait his will with the submission of an humble heart! if he has given you some charms, he knows what value to set upon them. It is for you to crown his gifts with the graces of modesty. Without, modest beauty may dazzle, but will never touch the heart. It is by this that it inspires a tender veneration, and obtains a kind of worship. Let this amiable modesty serve as a veil to desires, which, perhaps, may become extinct before the day closes, and give place to a new inclination.'

Cephalis was not able to bear this idea without letting fall some tears. 'These tears,' said her mother to her, 'are unworthy a Samnite maiden. Learn, that of all the young warriors now about to assemble, there is not one but has lavished his blood for our defence, and our liberty; that there is not one of them but merits you, and towards whom you ought to be proud of paying the debt due from your country. Think of that, dry up your tears, and follow me.'

On his side, the good old Telespon conducted his son to the assembly. 'Well,' said he, 'how goes thy heart? I have been sufficiently pleased with you this campaign, and I hope they will speak well of it.'—'Alas!' said the tender and modest Agatis, 'I had but a moment for myself, I should perhaps have done something; but you were wounded. I owed all my attention to you. I do not reproach myself for having sacrificed my glory to you: I should be inconsolable for having betrayed my country; but I should have been no less so for having abandoned my father. Thank Heaven! my duties were not incompatible; the rest is in the hands of God.'—'How religious we are, when we are afraid!' said the old man, smiling. 'Confess that you were more resolute, when you went out to charge the Romans; but take courage, all will go well: I promise you a handsome wife.'

They repair to the assembly, where several generations of citizens, ranged in ampitheatre, formed a most awful sight. The circuit rounded off into an oval. On one side were seen the daughters at the feet of their mothers; on the other side, the fathers ranged above their sons: at one

end sat the council of old men; at the other the youth not yet marriageable, placed according to the degrees of their age. The new married pairs of the preceding years crowned the circle. Respect, modesty, and silence, reigned throughout. This silence was suddenly interrupted by the noise of warlike instruments, and the Samnite general was seen to enter environed with heroes who commanded under him. His presence made all the assembly look down. He traverses the circuit, and goes to place himself with his retinue in the midst of the sages.

The annals of the republic are opened, and a herald reads with a loud voice, according to the order of time, the testimony which the magistrates and generals had paid to the young warriors. He, who by any cowardice or baseness had set a blot upon his name, was condemned by the laws to the infamous punishment of celibacy, till he had redeemed his honour by some brave action: but nothing was more rare than such examples. A plain honesty, an irreproachable bravery, was the least praise that could be given a young Samnite; and it was a kind of shame to have done only one's duty. The greater part amongst them had given proofs of a courage, a virtue, which every where else would be deemed heroic, but which in the manners of that people were hardly to be distinguished, so familiar were they. Some of them raised themselves above their rivals by actions that were striking; but the judgment of the spectators became more severe in proportion as they received the report of virtues still more worthy of commendation: and those which had at first struck them, were effaced by greater strokes. The first

campaigns of Agatis were of this number: but when they came to the recital of the last battle, and it was related how he had abandoned his father to rally his companions, and lead them back to the fight; this sacrifice of nature to his country carried all their suffrages: the tears ran from the eyes of the old men; those who surrounded Telespon embraced him with joy, those at a greater distance congratulated him by gesture and look. The good man smiled, and burst into tears; the very rivals of his son viewed him with respect; and the mothers pressing their daughters in their arms, wished them Agatis for their husband. Cephalis, pale and trembling, dares not lift up her eyes: her heart, filled with joy and fear, had suspended its motion; her mother, who supported her on her knees, dares not speak to her, for fear of betraying her, and thinks she sees all eyes fixed upon her.

As soon as the murmur of the universal applause was appeased, the herald names Parmeno, and relates, that in the last battle, the courser of the Samnite generally being thrown down under him, transfixed by a deadly shaft, and the hero in his fall being for a moment defenceless, a Roman soldier was on the point of piercing him with his javelin, when Parmeno, to save the chief's life, had exposed his own, by throwing himself before the blow, from which he had received a deep wound. 'It is certain,' said the general, addressing himself to the assembly, 'that this brave citizen made a buckler for me with his body; and if my life be of service to my country, it is a gift of Parmeno's.' At these words, the assembly less moved, but not less astonished, at Parmeno's courage than that of

Agatis, bestowed upon him the same eulogies; and the suffrages and good wishes were now divided between those two rivals. The herald, by order of the elders, commands silence; and those venerable judges get up to deliberate. Their opinions are opposed to each other for a long time with equal advantage. Some of them pretended, that Agatis ought not to have quitted his post to assist his father, and that he had done nothing but repair this fault by abandoning his father to rally his companions: but this unnatural sentiment was espoused by very few. The most aged of the elders then spoke and said, 'is it not virtue that we are to recompense? The point, then, is only to know which of these two emotions is the most virtuous; to abandon a dying father, or to expose one's own life. Our young warriors have both of them performed an action decisive with respect to the victory: it is for you, virtuous citizens, to judge which of the two it must have cost most. Of two examples equally serviceable, the most painful is that which must be most encouraged.

Will it be believed of the manners of this people? It was decided with one voice, that it was braver to tear one's self from the arms of a dying father, whom we could succour, than to expose one's self to death, even though it were inevitable; and all the suffrages concurred in agreeing to Agatis, the honour of the first choice. But the contest about to arise will appear still less probable. Their deliberations were carried on aloud; and Agatis had heard that the principles of generosity alone made the balance incline in his favour. There arose in his soul a reproach which made him ashamed. 'No,'

said he to himself, 'it is a surprize, I ought not to make an ill use of it.' He asks leave to speak; they attend in silence. 'A triumph which I have not merited,' said he, 'would be the torment of my life, and in the arms of my virtuous spouse, my happiness would be embittered by the crime of having obtained her unjustly. You think you crown in me the person who has done most for his country: ye wise Samnites, I must confess, that what I did, was not entirely done for that alone. I love, I long to merit what I love; and if there is any glory redounds to me from a conduct which you vouchsafe to commend, love divides it with virtue. Let my rival judge himself, and let him receive the prize which I yield to him, if he has been more generous than I.' How is it possible to express the emotion which this confession caused in all hearts! On one side it tarnished the lustre of the actions of this young man; and on the other it gave to the character of his virtue something more heroic, more surprizing, more uncommon, than the most noble devotion of life. This stroke of frankness and candour produced, with regard to these young rivals, two very opposite effects. Some admiring them with an undisguised joy, seemed to testify, by a noble assurance, that this example raised them above themselves; others, lost and confused, appeared to be overwhelmed, as by a weight above their strength. The matrons and virgins, in their hearts, unanimously gave the prize of virtue to him who had the magnanimity to declare, that he was not worthy of it; and the elders had their eyes fixed on Parmeno; who, with a composed countenance, waited till they should deign to hear him.

'I know not,' said he at last, addressing himself to Agatis, 'I know not to what degree the actions of men ought to be disinterested in order to be virtuous. There is nothing, strictly speaking, but is done for our own satisfaction; but what I should not have done for mine, is the confession I have just heard; and even supposing that there may have been hitherto something more brave in my conduct than in yours, which is a point yet undecided, the severity with which you have just now judged yourself, raises you above me.'

Here the elders, confounded, knew not which side to take: they had not even recourse to voices, in order to determine to whom to give the prize. It was decided by acclamation, that both of them merited it, and the honour of the second choice was now unworthy either of one or the other. The most aged of the judges spoke again. 'Why delay,' said he, 'by your irresolutions, the happiness of our young people? Their choice is made in the bottom of their hearts; let them be permitted to communicate one to the other the secret of their desires; if the object of them be different, each, without preccency, will obtain the wife he loves; if it happen that they are rivals; the law of chance shall decide it; and there is no Samnite maiden but may glory in consoling the less successful of these two warriors.' Thus spoke the venerable Androgeus, and all the assembly applauded.

They cause Agatis and Parmeno to advance to the middle of the circus. They begin by embracing each other, and all eyes are bedewed with tears. Trembling each, they hesitate: they are afraid to name the wife of their desires; neither of them

thinks it possible that the other can have made a choice different from his own. 'I love,' said Parmeno, 'the most accomplished of Heaven's works; grace and beauty itself.'—'Alas!' replied Agatis, 'you love her whom I adore: it is naming her to paint her thus; the nobleness of her features, the gentle fire of her looks, I know not what of divinity in her shape and gait, sufficiently distinguished her from the crowd of Samnite maidens. How unhappy will one of us be reduced to another choice!'—'You say true,' replied Parmeno, 'there is no happiness without Eliana.'—'Eliana, say you! What,' cried Agatis, 'is it the daughter of the wise Androgeus, Eliana, whom you love?'—'And who then should I love?' said Parmeno, astonished, at the joy of his rival. 'Eliana; not Cephalis!' resumed Agatis with transport. 'Ah! if so, we are happy: embrace me; you restore me to life.' By their embraces it was easy to judge that they were reconciled about their love. The elders order them to draw near; and, if their choice was not the same to declare it aloud. At the names of Eliana and Cephalis, the whole ampitheatre resounded with shouts of applause. Androgeus and Telespon, the brave Eumenes, father of Cephalis, Parmeno's father, Melante, felicitated each other with that melting tenderness which mingles in the joy of old men. 'My friends,' said Telespon, 'we have brave children there: with what ardour are they going to beget others! When I think of it, I still imagine myself to be in the flower of my age. Paternal weakness apart, the day of marriage is a festival to me: I think it is I who marry all the virgins of the common-wealth.' While he spoke thus, the

good man leaped with joy ; and as he was a widower, they advised him to put himself again into the ranks. ‘No raillery,’ said he, ‘if I were always as young I might yet do something to speak of.’

They repaired to the temple to consecrate at the foot of the altar the ceremony of their marriages. Parmeno and Agatis were conducted together in triumph ; and there was ordered a solemn sacrifice to return thanks to God for having given to the republic two such virtuous citizens.

Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express ?—

She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs ;
She never complains—but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care ;
Thro’ the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither’d bosom, half bare, and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day)
Poor Mary the maniac has been ;
The trav’ler remembers, who journey’d this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill’d the guests with delight,
As she welcom’d them in with a smile ;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle

She lov’d—and young Richard had settled the day—
And she hop’d to be happy for life :
But Richard was idle and worthless ; and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door ;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
'They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

' 'Tis pleasant,' cried one, ' seated by the fire-side,
' To hear the wind whistle without.'
' A fine night for the Abbey,' his comrade reply'd :
' Methinks a man's courage would now be well try'd,
' Who should wander the ruins about.

' I myself, like a school-boy should tremble to hear
' The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
' And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
' Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
' For this wind might awaken the dead.'

' I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cry'd,
' That Mary would venture there now :'
' Then wager and lose,' with a sneer he reply'd,
' I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
' And faint if she saw a white cow.'

' Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?'
His companion exclaim'd, with a smile ;
' I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
' And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
' From the alder that grows in the aisle.'

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And the way to the Abbey she bent ;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight ;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
 And hastily gather'd the bough ;
 When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear—
 She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
 And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head ;—
 She listen'd ;—nought else could she hear.
 The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
 For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wile column, half breathless with fear
 She crept, to conceal herself there ;
 That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
 And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,
 And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curd'd cold :
 Again the rough wind hurried by—
 It blew off the hat of the one, and behold !
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd :
 She fell—and expected to die.

' Curse the hat !'—he exclaims—' nay, come on, and first hide
 'The dead body,' his comrade replies.
 She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage supply'd,
 And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
 She cast her eyes horribly round :
 Her limbs could support their faint burden no more ;
 But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view ;
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
 For, oh God ! what cold horror thrill'd thro' her heart.
 When the name of her Richard she knew !

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen ;
 Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
 The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
 Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

A good Example for Married Ladies.

AMANDA was the only daughter of Sir Jasper Traffick, a merchant of London, whom fortune and industry from small beginnings had made rich. She was a lady rather of a sedate than gay disposition, and rather an agreeable than a complete beauty. Her good humour and her great fortune were sufficient charms to recommend her to any one for a wife, though her person might not be so engaging as to procure many lovers for the sake of love. Among several gallants who made their addresses to her, Mr. Rover, whose father was intimate with Sir Jasper, was the best received. The old gentleman soon agreed on the match, and the nuptials were consummated; Amanda bringing her husband 20,000*l.*, and he settling an equivalent jointure upon her. As this match was rather a kind of Smithfield bargain than an union of two persons who were the most dear to one another, it is not to be wondered if there was a great difference in their tempers. Rover was all gaiety; looseness; and extravagance; she all gravity, prudence, and parsimonious. Nor did she obey her father only in accepting him as her husband, but taught her heart to love him with a perfect tenderness. Her husband, on the contrary, looked on the match as a necessity, not choice; therefore, as he had no love before marriage, he could scarce force himself to the rules of common decency after it. Within a few months after they were married, the fathers of Rover and Amanda both died, and left their children to behave to one another as they thought proper, without any farther controul over their actions and conduct.

Here was the beginning of Amanda's hard trials, which her husband's foregoing indifference gave her too certain promise of. He now plunged headlong into all the fashionable vices, and extravagancies of the age; his life was one continued scene of revels and riots. He was seldom sober, and as seldom refrained from gaming. He was a cully to all the sharpers about town; and when he had lost his money abroad, he constantly came to take his revenge at home. His wife was generally thought the most proper object, and he constantly used her with all the inhumanity that his brutal temper could inspire him with. Amanda bore it with patience, and never returned him an ill-natur'd word, nor complained to her relations who visited her; but, on the contrary, she disguised his faults, and gave him that good character which she hoped he would deserve.

Gaming and drinking were not vices expensive enough, but he must run into that polite one of keeping. From the most infamous part of the town he selects a mistress, whom he maintained in the most public and genteel manner: she appeared like a lady of the first quality, and shone at the play and opera in jewels once Amanda's. But by her nature this creature was insolent, proud, and wanton; she was false to him, yet he was fond of her; she quarrell'd with him only to make him buy his peace with some extraordinary present or other; for so bewitched was he to this profligate, that he could not forsake her; he would have sacrificed every thing that was dear to him to her will. Whatever regret, whatever sorrows Amanda in private knew, she never troubled her husband with

her reproaches, nor contradicted his humour in its utmost extravagance. When he came home, she received him with open arms, and with the utmost gentleness repaid his brutality.

By this extravagant course of life his estate was mortgaged and encumbered; debts were every day contracted, till they grew so numerous; and his means of discharging them so small, that his goods were seized, himself arrested and flung into prison. Amanda's relations would have taken her home to them, but she could not desert her husband. She made herself a voluntary prisoner, cherished him with kind endearing expressions, and strove to pacify his rage at his present misfortunes. The prison, and despair of ever being freed from it, threw him into a violent fit of sickness, in which she attended him with indefatigable diligence, and shewed the same concern as if it had been for the most endearing of husbands. She wept over him; grasped his hand, and wished with the utmost fervency he might recover, though it would be only to give new proofs of his hatred and dislike to her. This indeed made him somewhat relent; he owned his indiscretions in his conduct to her, but at the same time owned he was convinced of his folly when too late.

The physicians told Amanda his life might be saved, but it must be by moving him into the air; otherwise he would inevitably die. This was enough for the love of Amanda to work on, she immediately caused his debts to be enquired into; and found, that if she could part with her jointure, it would entirely pay them off, and leave them about 50*l.* a-year to live on. She takes no notice

of any thing to her husband, but disposes of her jointure, and sets him at liberty. Immediately he is removed into the country, attended with his wife and only one maid servant, in order to recover his health.

It was now that he reflected on the falsehood of his friends and mistresses, and the constancy and affection of his wife, who, notwithstanding all his barbarities, retained her endearments and good-nature; who nursed him, and supported him in prison; who preferred a dungeon and obscurity with him, to pomp and plenty with her relations. Convinced with these reflections he tenderly embraced his wife; assured her he was by her conduct made a perfect convert, and all the proof he could give her of his sincerity, was to make their narrow circumstances as easy as possible. I am well repaid, my Rover, replied Amanda, for all that is past by this tender kindness; by what I have done, I shall not suffer at all, if it may only make you think I am worthy of your love. Then embracing, from that moment their mutual happiness began. He had gratitude to love her as the best of wives; she had good-nature enough to esteem him the best of husbands. Heaven was not long before it rewarded such a reformation in him, and so much virtue in her. Rover, within the year, had an estate of 2,000*l.* per annum left him, by a relation, who was charmed at his new manner of life, and a son about the same time given him to inherit it. By this unexpected acquisition of so plentiful a fortune, he shewed his gratitude to Amanda, by settling a much larger jointure on her, than she had disposed of to relieve him. Thus they now live in perfect unani-

mity and concord ; he as an example of gratitude to the men ; she a strong recommendation of patience and good-humour to the women.

The History of Tacitus and Corinna.

OF all matrimonial broils and disquietudes, none was ever conducted with more prudence and secrecy than the late voluntary separation of Tacitus and his fair bride ; as perhaps nothing ever gave greater surprize to the acquaintance of both, than to see two persons so diametrically opposite in temper and character, agree in so material a point as matrimony.

Corinna, a woman of the most finished person, was young, gay, fond of play to distraction ; and so careless of her words and actions, that her character seemed the least thing in the world to be regarded ; and rather than lose her share of pleasure in a party at quadrille, she would, at any time, break through the rules of reserve and decorum : it will seem strange, no doubt, that a lady so taken up with business of this kind, should, at the same time, be the greatest coquette in being ; but, so it was, and though her lovers were so numerous, not one could boast a greater share in her esteem than the rest ; and few more than that, their names were entered in her pocket-book ; and, notwithstanding she had perhaps a set of the most practised admirers in the gay world, their advances were all disregarded, for the superior address of their powerful rival Pam, to whose ill success, in falling a victim to the hearts of some of her female antagonists, (the

consequence of which was a very considerable loss on her side) was owing the favourable reception of Tacitus.

It was at that lucky crisis, when great with the thoughts of revenge (but, through her ill luck, incapable of pursuing it) he found an opportunity of renewing his addresses, which Corinna was in a much better temper than ever to give ear to; she, accordingly, began seriously to reflect on the subject, and very wisely to weigh the conveniences and inconveniences attending it. Tacitus, she knew, was dull, hated gaming, very cautious of giving the world offence, and had a veneration for an irreproachable character: then, on the other side, he was good natured, rich, foolish enough to love her, and very easily to be imposed on; these she looked on as very proper accomplishments in a husband: having thus cast up the account on each side, on balance she ventured to declare Tacitus the happy man; and, as such, he was saluted, envied or laughed at amidst the whole circle of his acquaintance.

It is little to be wondered at, if a lady, who had so great an aversion to restraint before marriage, should have a much greater afterwards; when her liberties and indulgences (which however before she little enough regarded) were considerably increased; and Corinna was so high spirited a creature, that she would go to the utmost length of her rein, let it reach as far as it would.

Many months had not run away, during the triumph of the bride, over the too easy temper of the fond and obliging Tacitus, ere he began to wake from his dream of happiness, and coolly to

reflect on the prospect of the continuance of it ; and which, from her behaviour at that time, gave him very little satisfaction : the consequence of this reflection was a gentle reprimand to his lady, who, surprized at this unexpected behaviour, began to exert her spirits a little too freely on the occasion : though the temper of the husband was not easily moved to resentment, he laid up her words till a proper opportunity ; and it was not long before he had a very sufficient reason for such a memorandum (for, when once animosities are begun, they are of too light and volatile a nature to lie long inactive) which happened thus :—A bad run of cards having reduced the unhappy Corinna to draw rather too soon upon her banker, who was no other than Tacitus himself, he now somewhat more severely reproved her conduct ; which reproof had the same or worse effect than former reprehensions ; he, however, made her no other reply than the reminding her of an engagement he was under for the day ; which he immediately went to fulfil, without the least sign of granting her request.—Now Corinna began to look on her fortune as desperate, and without ever allowing time for reflection, or ever so much as dreaming of the consequence, was, in the absence of her husband, at high game all the day with the celebrated Lorenzo ; and having good fortune on her side made shift to pick up an hundred guineas, or so, before his return.

Perhaps no man had ever the command of his passions like Tacitus, he pretended to be wonderfully pleased at his wife's good cast, and thanked the loser with an excess of politeness ; who, being a man of much greater gallantry than penetration,

went away highly diverted at what he thought the insensibility of his behaviour; but was not a little surprized, the next morning, at the receipt of the following letter:—

‘ *To LORENZO.*

‘ SIR,—Yesterday my wife pressed me for a supply to her extravagancies, which, thinking unreasonable, I refused her; but find she has other friends to apply to, who are generous enough to make up the deficiencies of a husband; but as I scorn to be obliged, in this respect, to any man in the world, I desire to know your motive for so extraordinary a piece of generosity. I expect in this place, Sir, a satisfactory answer on the receipt of this.

‘ Hyde Park, Saturday Morning.

TACITUS.’

Lorenzo, who was not up when this came to his hands, jumped out of bed with an air of great satisfaction, and ordered his man to prepare his sword and pistols; for he was one of those sort of madmen, who very strenuously stand up for that inestimable privilege of a gentleman—I mean, the liberty of cutting each other’s throats, allowing no time for redressing or repenting of an injury till too late; while the common race of men are only entitled to bruise each other heartily, and live to be good friends again, serviceable to each other, and useful members of community in general.—Hence animated, the gallant Lorenzo drew his sword, and, confident of his skill in the science, made a pass at the button of his hat lying on the table; but by some means or other, most luckily miss’d it.—I say luckily, for just at that moment

it popp'd into his head, what before he did not at all dream of, the probability of his missing in the same manner the injured Tacitus; upon which some further consideration ensued, and the effect of it was, the putting his sword peaceably into its scabbard again, and writing the following letter:—

‘ To TACITUS.

‘ SIR,—I must confess you have sufficient reason to be incensed—The motive of my generosity I need not explain; and as I am not in a humour to repair one injury by committing another, I am willing, if it will be to you any satisfaction, to accept of my purse again; for as you have an indisputable right in the lady, it was injurious in me to bid money after you had bought her. However, Sir, if you are willing to part with her on any reasonable terms, you shall find me as generous as you could wish; or, if you intend the contrary, I shall bid up no more for her.

LORENZO’

Any other man than Tacitus might have possibly looked on this as the highest affront, but, (being fully convinced that happiness could never subsist between two persons of such different tempers as Corinna and himself) he was resolved at all events, to bring about, if possible, a separation; he accordingly went home, shewed her Lorenzo’s epistle, and calmly, yet with a great deal of resolution, made overtures on the score of parting.—The prospect of ready money, and the benefit of using her pleasure with it, was too captivating to Corinna, to make her refuse almost any thing on that condition; the many agreeable parties she would be

enabled to make one of, and the hopes of the sum she might possibly gain, by having a great deal to stake, easily determined her resolution. The separation accordingly ensued, and, as before has been observed, with much less noise than their first mutual agreement.

Corinna appears as before, mightily taken up with business of no consequence, gaming followed, toasted and admired as much as ever; while contented Tacitus appears also in *statu quo*; reads the papers of the day, drinks his glass; and, as he is out of danger of being accounted an old bachelor, rails at women, protests he values the whole sex as a paragraph in the news; and says, 'it is very well it is no worse.'

A R A B E L L A ;

OR,

First Love.

THE first impressions that love makes on us are the strongest, nor can they be removed by the commands of parents, interest, or prudence: how unhappy then are those ladies, who, for the alliance of families, titles, or private views, are torn from the arms of those they love to be married by mercenary fathers to men they can scarce endure. Clerimont, a gentleman of fortune, loved a lady, beautiful, young, and rich: their loves seemed so much the more happy, because it was approved of by their parents, who designed to marry them. Arabella, for such was the lady's name, looked on Clerimont as her husband, and gave herself therefore a liberty to indulge a passion which she thought

it her duty to increase: Clerimont was as fond of his Arabella, and flattered himself with the greatest happiness, in living with a woman whose love was mutual. While the writings for the marriage were drawing, the young lady went to one of the theatres to see a favourite play; in the middle of the first act, Cleanthes, a young nobleman of the first rank, came into the same box where Arabella sat: her mien, her charms, and her wit, raised in him a sudden passion, he knew not how to account for; he gazed, he sighed, he loved. When the play was over, he conducted her through the crowd to her chair, and was agreeably surprized, when he saw her servant, to find it the livery of a gentleman he was very well acquainted with. The next morning he waited on Arabella's father, and enquired after his new charmer: and as soon as he heard it was his daughter, he made proposals for marrying her. The old gentleman, when he was recovered from his surprize, and found the young nobleman serious in his demands, thought the match too advantageous not to be made up as soon as possible; they agreed to have her jointure settled that afternoon: the marriage consummated the next morning. Cleanthes would fain have seen the lady: but her father said it was not so proper, till he had acquainted her with his intentions, Cleanthes hurried to his lawyer to give instructions for the settlements; and the old gentleman sent for Arabella, to inform her of his new engagement: but what words can describe her wonder, and the various effects of love, grief, and despair, whilst she received the charge of giving the next morning her hand in marriage to a lover she knew not.

In vain were all her tears, prayers, and intreaties; no reproaches of injustice to Clerimont, no argument of future misery to herself, nor all the soft persuasions of a paternal love could set aside the prevailing arguments of grandeur, title, and riches. Her father was severe, and would be obeyed, and haughtily urged, it was nothing but her duty to comply: he threatened her with violence if she resisted his will, and with an imperious command, left her in all the anguish of a despairing maiden. Scarce had she recovered her senses, when she found means to send this news to her Clerimont's lodgings; but he was unhappily gone for a day or two to a country-house he had in a neighbouring village, to order some repairs for the better reception of his Arabella. The next morning, which was to bring her misery and a husband, arrives, after a night spent in fears, hopes, and despair: her father enters her chamber, renews his reasons of interest, power, and wealth, but finds her still inflexible: as he knew nothing could move her, but persuading her it was her duty, he threatened her with the heaviest curses in case of disobedience. In fine, amidst the horrors of such a guilt, amidst the tender thoughts of Clerimont, and the fears of a father's curse, she suffered herself to be dragged to the altar, perceiving it impossible to avoid the sacrifice. After the ceremony, she was conducted to her lord's house, where, if pomp, titles, and riches could give happiness with a man she did not love, none could be more happy than Arabella: but in the public joy she seemed discontented, and broken sighs, and dejected looks, betrayed the inward sorrow of her heart. Clerimont heard the next day of Arabella's

marriage: and after being informed of the particulars, he could not bear to continue in London, but took post horses immediately for Paris, under all the grief a disappointed lover could bear. Arabella's husband was good humoured, complaisant, and passionately fond of her; preventing every wish, by giving her every thing she could desire: but love is very unjust; she could only repay the tenderness of her husband in a cold indifference; which he perceived, and was sensibly affected with, though he knew not she loved any other person. He continued his earnest endeavours to please, but without any success. At this time, a friend of his arrived from Paris, and told him, without any design, of the former love of Arabella and Clerimont. He was thunder-struck with the news, and never enquired more into the cause of her coldness to him: he was convinced of her virtue, as she was strict in her behaviour, cautious of her company, regular in her family, shewing great respect to him, but no tenderness: and he saw with grief, it was her good sense only, not her inclination, which made her dutiful to him. He admired her conduct, but complained of his own bad fortune. Among other solitary amusements, Arabella used to divert her melancholy in designing landscapes, which she did to perfection: in all her designs, (her passion and thoughts being still fixed on Clerimont,) you might find that unhappy lover; sometimes as a despairing shepherd under the covert of a willow; sometimes as a gay roving swain among a troop of country lasses; just as her hope or fear dictated. Cleanthes having often seen Clerimont in public places, and knowing his person, felt inexpressible

anguish to see the heart of his wife so sensibly affected towards his rival; but he was quite overwhelmed with grief, when he saw her hang these pictures by her bedside, that so her lover might be the first object that appeared to her when she waked; and one morning while her husband, who deserved the utmost pity, seemed to be fast asleep, he was so unhappy to hear her sigh, as she looked on those landscapes, and in a passionate tone cry out,—my dear, dear Clerimont!—But even this declaration moved not Cleanthes to shew any resentment, but, if possible, he redoubled his tenderness, hoping that might wean her from a passion so ill-placed. Almost two years he spent in this condition, without being able to change in the least the heart of his Arabella; when despairing of her love, he resolved to make a campaign in Flanders; where, in a desperate attempt which he had voluntarily undertaken, according to his wishes, he received two mortal wounds. He was carried to his tent, where, finding some strength remaining, he called for pen and paper, and wrote the following letter to her:—

‘ My dear Arabella, I would have said wife, had I not been convinced that name is hateful to you: as this is the last letter you will ever receive from me, I must testify in it my grief, for having been the occasion of the misery I am sensible you feel in your losing Clerimont: but had I known, my Arabella, your heart had been pre-engaged, I would not have parted you from the man you so tenderly loved, to have joined you to a husband you could never endure. That I loved you, by my actions you may be satisfied; but should any doubt re-

main, think what I must have felt, rather than give you any uneasiness in reproaching you, when I have beheld the happy Clerimont in every picture, in every room, nay by your bedside, to be the object of your wishes.—When I have heard you sigh for him, and passionately call for him.—This I silently suffered: I saw you indulge a passion you should have strove to stifle.—I wished you could have loved me, but wished in vain. I am now within a few moments of death; and in these latest words, I desire that no uneasy remembrance of what is past, may ever disturb the pleasure which you will soon be at liberty to enjoy with your Clerimont.—Could you have loved me, we both might have been happy; but your first love had made too strong an impression to be erased. You may be happier with Clerimont, but can never have a more loving husband than your expiring

CLEANTHES.'

The news of Cleanthes's death, accompanied with this letter, flung her into an extreme grief; but when his body was brought home from the army, to be interred with his ancestors, she would have sacrificed herself, that she might give him her life, because she did not give him her heart. As often as she called to her mind the love, merit, and tenderness of her husband, with reproaches on her stars, her love, and her father, she flung herself into all the agonies of rage and madness. So violent a state brought on a burning fever, which in a few days terminated in the death of a woman, who died unhappily for being married to the man she could not love, and who might have lived happy with the man she did.

*On the Marriage of the Earl of A———
with the Countess of S———*

TRIUMPHANT beauty never looks so gay,
As on the morning of a nuptial day ;
Love then within a larger circle moves,
New graces add, and ev'ry charm improves :
While Hymen does his sacred rites prepare,
The busy nymphs attend the trembling fair ;
Whose veins are swell'd with an unusual beat,
And eager pulses with strange motions beat :
Alternate passions various thoughts impart,
And painful joys distend her throbbing heart :
Her fears are great, and her desires are strong :
The minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long :
Now she is ready—the next moment not ;
All things are done—then something is forgot :
She fears—yet wishes the strange work were done ;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from ev'ry thought arise ;
What love persuades, I know not what denies.

Achates' choice does his firm judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love ;
Because it from no spurious passion came,
But was the product of a noble flame :
Bold, without rudeness ; without blazing, bright ;
Pure as fix'd stars, and uncorrupt as light :
By just degrees it to perfection grew ;
An early ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright sun ascending to his noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

But, tho' Achates was unkindly driv'n
From his own land, he's banish'd into Heav'n :
For sure the raptures of Cosmelia's love,
Are next, if only next, to those above.
Thus pow'r divine does with his foes engage ;
Rewards his virtues, and defeats their rage :
For, first it did to fair Cosmelia give
All that a human creature could receive ;
Whate'er can raise our wonder or delight,
Transport the soul, or gratify the sight.
Then in the full perfection of her charms,
Lodg'd the bright virgin in Achates' arms.

What angels are, is in Cosmelia seen;
Their awful glories, and the godlike mien?
For, in her aspect all the graces meet;
All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet:
There ev'ry charm in lofty triumph sits.
Scorns poor defect, and to no fault submits:
There symmetry, complexion, air, unite,
Sublimely noble, and amazing bright,
So, newly finish'd by the hand divine,
Before her fall, did the first woman shine.
But Eve, in one great point, she does excel:
Cosmelia never err'd at all; she fell.
From her temptation, in despair withdrew;
Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subd

Virtue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full maturity, by serious thought,
Her actions with a watchful eye surveys;
Each passion guides, and ev'ry moment sways;
Not the least failure in her conduct lies;
So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

Her judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With wit, that's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the efforts of her mind presides,
And to the noblest end her labour guides;
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the maze of life without a clue;
That the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back:
She does, amidst ten thousand ways, prefer
The right, as if not capable to err.

Her fancy strong, vivacious, and sublime;
Seldom betrays her converse to a crime;
And, tho' it moves with a luxuriant heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always great:
For, each expression, ev'ry teeming thought,
Is to the scanning of her judgment brought;
Which wisely separates the finest gold,
And casts the image in the beauteous mould.

No trifling words debase her eloquence,
But all's pathetic, all is sterling sense;
Refin'd from drossy chat, and idle noise,
With which the female conversation cloy

So well she knows, what's understood by few,
To time her thoughts, and to express 'em too;
That what she speaks does to the soul transmit
The fair ideas of delightful wit.

Illustrious born, and as illustrious bred,
By great example to wise actions led:
Much to the fame her lineal heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high genius more;
And, by a noble emulation mov'd;
Excell'd their virtues, and her own improv'd;
Till they arriv'd to that celestial height,
Scarce angels greater lie, or saints so bright.

But if Cosmelia could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler birth, or more a deity,
Achates merits her, tho' none but he:
Whose generous soul abhors a base disguise;
Resolv'd in action, and in counsel wise;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For threats to force, or flattery to win.
Unmov'd, amidst the hurricane he stood;
He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first pair in paradise were join'd,
Two hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
Achates life to fair Cosmelia gives;
In fair Cosmelia great Achates lives:
Each is to other the divinest bliss;
He is her Heav'n, and she is more than his.
Oh, may the kindest influence above
Protect their persons, and indulge their love!

The Widow's Prayer.

O THOU that givest sanction to marriages, and
comfortest the widow, prolific Hymen, hear thy
drooping suppliant. Alas! thou knowest that I
have buried three husbands, all of whom I most
tenderly esteemed; but what avails the strongest
affection; flesh is but grass, mowed down in an
instant, nor will any thing last for ever!

O benignant Hymen! hear me, though my distress is unutterable for the loss of my dear departed partners in felicity; yet teach me a becoming philosophy on the occasion, and if it should please thee to send a fourth helpmate, let my kindness towards him, if possible, be increased, and strengthen my fortitude and resignation in case of his demise.

Extend, I pray thee, the same mercies to a fifth or sixth if I should so often enter into the honourable state of matrimony. And lastly, in my old age should it please thy goodness to grant me a seventh, may we glide through the remnants of our lives mutually loving and beloved.

May these, my precepts and examples, be followed by my children's children to the latest posterity.

The Good Husband.

FELISONDE, one of those good fathers of a family who recal the golden age to our minds, had married his only daughter, Hortensia, to the Baron de Valsain; and his niece, Amelia, to the President de Lusane.

Valsain, gallant without assiduity, sufficiently tender without jealousy, too much taken up about his own glory and advancement to make himself the guardian of his wife, had left her, upon the strength of her own virtue, to deliver herself up to the dissipations of a world: in which being launched himself, he took a delight in seeing her shine. Lusane, more retired, more assiduous, breathed only for Amelia; who, on her side, lived but for him. The mutual care of pleasing was their constant

employment, and to them the most sacred of duties was the sweetest of pleasures.

Old Felisonde was enjoying the union of his family, when the deaths of Amelia and Valsain diffused sorrow and mourning over it. Lusane in his grief had not even the consolation of being a father: Valsain left Hortensia two children, with very little to support them. The first sorrows of the young widow were only her husband; but we forget ourselves in vain, we return thither insensibly. The time of mourning was that of reflection.

At Paris, a young woman, resigned to dissipation, is exempt from censure as long as she is in the power of a husband; they suppose that the person most interested ought to be the most rigid; and what he approves they dare not blame; but, delivered up to herself, she falls again under the tutelage of a severe and jealous public, and it is not at twenty-two that widowhood is a free state. Hortensia then saw clearly that she was too young to depend only on herself, and Felisonde saw it still clearer. One day this good father communicated his fears to his nephew Lusane. 'My friend,' said he, 'you are much to be pitied, but I am still more so. I have but one daughter; you know how I love her, and you see the dangers that she runs. The world, which has seduced her, invites her back again; her mourning over, she will resign herself to it; and I am afraid, old as I am, I may live long enough to have occasion to be ashamed. My daughter has a fund of virtue; but our virtue is within ourselves, and our honour, that honour so dear, is placed in the opinion of others.'—'I understand you, Sir; and to say the truth, I share your

uneasiness. But can we not engage Hortensia to a new match?—‘Ha, my friend! what reasons she has to oppose me! two children, two children without fortune; for you know I am not rich, and that their father was ruined.’—‘No matter, Sir; consult Hortensia: I know a man, if it should be agreeable to her, who thinks justly enough, who has a heart good enough to serve as a father to her children.’ The good old man thought he understood him. ‘O, you,’ said he to him, ‘who formed the happiness of my niece Amelia, you whom I love as my own son; Lusane! Heaven reads in my heart—but tell me, does the husband whom you propose know my daughter? Is not he afraid of her youth, her levity, the flight she has taken in the world?’—‘He knows her as well as you do, and he esteems her no less.’ Felisonde delayed not to speak to his daughter. ‘Yes, my father, I agree,’ said she, ‘that my situation is delicate. To be observant of one’s self, to be afraid of one’s self without ceasing, to be in the world as before one’s judge, is the lot of a widow at my age: it is painful and dangerous.’—‘Well, then, daughter, Lusane has talked to me of a husband who would suit you.’—‘Lusane my father? Ah, if it be possible, let him give me one like himself! Happy as I was myself with Valsain, I could not help envying sometimes the lot of his wife.’ The father transported with her answer, went to give an account of it to his nephew. ‘If you do not flatter me,’ said Lusane, ‘to-morrow we shall all be happy.’—‘What,’ my friend, is it you?’—‘I myself.’—‘Alas! my heart had told me so.’—‘Yes, it is I, Sir, who

would console your old age, by bringing back to her duty a daughter worthy of you. Without giving into indecent extravagances, I see that Hortensia has assumed all the airs, all the follies of a woman of fashion. Vivacity, caprice, the desire of pleasing and of amusements, have engaged her in the labyrinth of a noisy and frivolous acquaintance; the point is to withdraw her from it. To do that, I have occasion for a little courage and resolution: I shall have tears perhaps to contend with, and that is much for a heart so sensible as mine; nevertheless, I can answer for myself. But you, Sir, you are a father; and if Hortensia should come to complain to you——' 'Fear nothing; dispose of my daughter: I confide her to thy virtue; and if the authority of a husband be not enough, I resign to you that of a father.'

Lusane was received by Hortensia with the most touching graces. 'Think that you see in me,' said she to him, 'the wife that you have lost; if I take her place in your heart, I have nothing to regret.'

When they came to draw up the articles; 'Sir,' said Lusane to Felisonde, 'let us not forget that we have two orphans. Their father's estate has not permitted him to leave them a large inheritance; let us not deprive them of their mother's, nor let the birth of my children be a misfortune to them.' The old man was moved even to weeping with the generosity of his nephew, whom he called from that moment his son. Hortensia was not less sensible to the proceedings of her new husband. The most elegant equipage, the richest cloaths, the most precious trinkets, a house in which every thing breathed

taste, elegance, wealth, proclaimed to this young lady a husband attentive to all her pleasures. But the joy she felt was not of long duration.

As soon as a calm had succeeded to the tumult of the wedding, Lusane thought it his duty to come to an explanation with her on the plan of life which he wanted to trace out to her. He took for this serious discourse the peaceful moment of her waking; that moment in which the silence of the senses leaves the reason its perfect freedom, wherein the soul herself, lulled by the trance of sleep, seems to revive with pure ideas, and being wholly mistress of herself, contemplates herself, and reads in her own bosom, as we see to the bottom of a clear and smooth water.

‘My dear Hortensia,’ said he to her, ‘I want you to be happy, and to be always so. But it will cost you some slight sacrifices, and I had much rather ask them plainly of you, than engage you to them by indirect methods, which would show distrust.

‘You have passed with the Baron de Valsain some agreeable years. Made for the world, and for pleasures, young, brilliant, and dissipated himself, he inspired you with all his tastes. My character is more serious, my condition more modest, my temper a little more severe; it is not possible for me to assume his manners, and I believe it is the better for you. The path you have yet followed is strewn with flowers and snares; that which we are going to pursue has fewer attractions and fewer dangers. The charm which surrounded you would have been dissipated with youth; the serene days I prepare for you will be the same in all seasons. It is not in the midst of the world that

an honest woman finds happiness; it is in the midst of her own family, in the love of her duties, the care of her children, and the intimate commerce of a worthy set of acquaintance.'

The preamble gave Hortensia some surprise; above all, the word *family* startled her ear; but assuming a tone of raillery, 'I shall become, perhaps, some day or other,' said she, 'an excellent manager of a family; at present I know nothing of it. My duty is to love you, I fulfil it; my children do not yet want me: as to my acquaintance, you know that I see none but genteel people. —' 'Let us not confound, my dear, genteel people with good people.' — 'I understand your distinction; but in point of acquaintances, we ought not to be so difficult. The world, such as it is, amuses me; and the way of living in it has nothing incompatible with the decency of your condition; it is not I who wear the robe, and I do not see why Madame Lusane should be more obliged to be a mope than Madame de Valsain. Be then, my dear president, as grave as you please; but do not take it amiss that your wife be giddy a few years longer: every age will bring its likings along with it.' — 'It is pity,' replied Lusane, 'to bring you back to seriousness, for you are a charming trifler. There is a necessity, however, for talking reason to you. In the world, do you love without distinction every thing that composes it?' — 'Not separately; but the medley pleases me well enough altogether.' — 'What of the dealers in scandal, for instance?' — 'The scandal-mongers have their charms.' — 'They give a ridiculous turn to the plainest things, a criminal air to the most innocent, and publish, with

exaggeration, their foibles or irregularities of those whom they have just flattered.'—'It is true, that at the first glance we are frightened at these characters, but at bottom they are very little dangerous: from the moment that we rail at all the world, railing does no harm: it is a species of contagion which weakens in proportion as it extends itself? —' And those fops, whose very looks are an insult to a virtuous woman, and whose conversation dishonours her, what say you to them?'—'One never believes them.'—'I would not imitate them in speaking ill of your sex: there are many valuable women, I know, but there are —— ! Just as it is amongst you, a mixture of virtues and vices.'—'Very well; and what prevents our making a choice in this mixture?'—'We do make one intimacy, but in the world we live with the world.'—'But I, my dear, I would live only with people, who by their manners and character are deserving to be my friends.'—'Your friends, Sir, your friends! and how many of them have we in life?'—'A great many, when we are worthy, and know how to cultivate them. I speak not of that generous friendship, the devotion of which proceeds almost to heroism; I call those friends who come to me with the desire of finding joy and peace, disposed to pardon my foibles, to conceal them from the eyes of the public, to treat me when present with frankness; when absent, with tenderness. Such friends are not so rare; and I presume to hope, that I shall have such.'—'With all my heart; we will introduce our several acquaintance to each other.'—'I will not have two sets of acquaintance.'—'What, Sir, will not your door be open?'—'Open to my friends,

always: to every comer, never, I give you my word.'—'No, Sir, I will not suffer you to revolt against the public by odious distinctions. We may not love the world, but we ought to fear it, and not offend it.'—'Oh, be easy, my dear, that is my concern: they will say that I am a brute; jealous, perhaps; that signifies little to me.'—'It signifies to me. I would have my husband be respected, and not have cause to reproach me with having made him the town talk. Form your own company as you should think proper, but leave me to cultivate my old acquaintance, and prevent the court and town from letting their tongues loose upon you.'

Lusane admired the address of a young woman in defending her liberty. 'My dear Hortensia,' said he to her, 'it is not, as a whim, that I have taken my resolution; it is upon thorough consideration, you may believe me, and nothing in the world can change it. Chuse, among the persons whom you see, such a number of decent women and prudent men as you shall think proper, my house shall be theirs; but that choice made, take leave of the rest. I will join my friends to yours: our two lists united shall be deposited with my porter for his constant rule; and if he deviates from it, he shall be discharged. This is the plan I propose to myself, and which I wanted to communicate to you.'

Hortensia remained confounded at seeing all her fine projects vanish in a moment. She could not believe that it was Lusane, that gentle and complaisant man, who had just been talking to her. 'After this,' said she, 'who can trust men? see the

tone this man assumes! with what composure he dictates his will to me! To see only virtuous women, and accomplished men! a fine chimera! And then the amusing society which this circle of respectable friends must afford! *Such is my plan*, said he, as if there was nothing but to obey when he had said it. See how we spoil them. My cousin was a good little woman, who moped as much as she pleased. She was as happy as a queen the moment her husband deigned to smile upon her, and quite transported with one caress, she would come to me and boast of him as a divinity. He believes, without doubt, that according to her example I shall have nothing else to do but to please him: he is mistaken; and if he intends to put me in leading-strings, I will let him see that I am no longer a child.'

From that moment, to the joyous, free and endearing manner which she had observed with Lusane, succeeded a cold and reserved air, which he saw plain enough, but took no notice of it to her. She had not failed to make her marriage known to that swarm of slight acquaintances, who are called friends. They came in crouds to congratulate her, and Lusane could not decline returning with her those visits of ceremony; but he infused into his politeness such striking distinctions, that it was not difficult for Hortensia to discern those whom he wished to see again.

In this number was not included one Olympia, who, with a sovereign contempt for the opinion of the public, pretends that every thing which pleases is right, and joins the example to the precept; nor one Climene, who does not know why a woman

should make any scruple to change her lovers when she is tired of the man she has taken, and thinks the timid precautions of secrecy too much beneath her quality. In this number were not included those smart toilette and scene hunters, who, leading in Paris a life of idleness and inutility, (*grubs in the morning, and butterflies in the evening**) pass one half of their time in having nothing to do, and the other half in doing nothing; nor those obliging gentry by profession, who having no personal existence in the world, attach themselves to a handsome woman to pass for one of her dangles, and who ruin her in order to support themselves.

Hortensia retired to her own apartment uneasy and pensive. She thought she saw herself on the point of being deprived of every thing that makes life agreeable: vanity, a taste for pleasure, the love of liberty, every thing revolted against the empire which her husband wanted to assume. However, having armed herself with resolution, she thought it her duty to dissemble for a time, the better to chuse the moment of breaking out.

The next day Lusane asked her if she had made out her list. 'No, Sir,' said she, 'I have not, and shall not make any.'—'Here is mine,' continued he, without any discomposure; 'see, if in the number of your friends and of mine I have forgot any one you like, and that is fit for us.'—'I have told you, Sir, that I shall not meddle in your

* Grubs in the morning, and butterflies in the evening. Chenilles le matin, et papillons le soir. The humour of this passage, being in some degree local, cannot be entirely preserved in the translation. It is an illusion to dress, en chenille being at Paris a common cant phrase for a morning dishabille.

arrangements, and I beg of you, once for all, not to interfere in mine. If our acquaintance do not suit, let us do like all the rest of the world : let us divide them without constraining ourselves. Have those whom you like to dinner ; I will have those whom I like to supper.'—' Ah, my dear Hortensia ! what you propose to me is far from my principles. Do not think of it ; never in my house shall such a custom take place. I will make it as agreeable as I can to you ; but no distinction, if you please, between your friends and mine. This evening all whom this list contains are invited to sup with you. Receive them well, I beseech you, and prepare yourself to live with them.' At these words he retired, leaving the list for Hortensia to peruse. ' There,' said she, ' his law is laid down !' And running it over, she was encouraging herself not to submit to it, when the Countess de Fierville, Valsain's aunt, came to see her, and found her with tears in her eyes. This haughty woman had taken Hortensia into her friendship, and as she flattered her inclinations, had gained her confidence. The young lady, whose heart stood in need of consolation, told her the cause of her chagrin. ' How ! what !' cried the countess, ' after having had the folly to dispose of yourself so unsuitably, will you also be so weak as to degrade yourself ? You a slave ! and to whom ? a man of the robe ? Remember that you have had the honour to be Madam de Valsain.' Hortensia was now ashamed of having had the weakness to expose her husband. ' Though he might be in the wrong,' said she, ' that should not hinder me from respecting him ; he is the honestest man in the world, and what he has

done for my children——’ ‘An honest man! and who is not so? That is a merit to be met with in every street. And what has this honest man done so wonderful for your children? He has not robbed them of their fortune. To be sure it would have been worth while to have abused your father’s weakness! No, Madam, he has not acquired the right of talking so magisterially. Let him preside in his own court, but leave you to command at home.’ At these words Lusane entered. ‘In my house, Madam, it is neither my wife nor I that commands, it is reason; and probably it is not you that she may chuse for an arbitress.’—‘No, Sir!’ replied the countess, with a commanding tone, ‘it is not for you to make laws for this lady. You have heard me, and I am glad of it; you know my opinion of the absurdity of your proceedings.’—‘Madam,’ replied Lusane, ‘if I were as wrong as you suppose me, I am not to be corrected by affronts. Gentleness and modesty are the arms of your sex, and Hortensia by herself is much more powerful than with your assistance. Leave our agreements to ourselves, since we are the persons who must live together. Though you should have rendered her duties odious to her, you could not have dispensed with her fulfilling them; though you should have made her lose the confidence and friendship of her husband, you could not have made her amends for them. Spare her that advice which she neither will or ought to follow. To another they might have been dangerous; to her, thank Heaven, they are only useless. Hortensia,’ added he, going, ‘you have not desired to give me uneasiness, but let this serve you as a lesson.’—‘See

how you defend yourself!" said Madam de Fierville to Hortensia, who had not even dared to lift up her eyes. "Obey, my dear, obey! it is the portion of weak souls. Good Heaven!" said she going out, "I am the gentlest, the most virtuous woman on the face of the earth; but if a husband had dared to treat me thus, I should have taken a handsome revenge of him!" Hortensia had scarce strength enough to get up to attend Madam de Fierville, so great was her terror and confusion. She perceived the advantage that her imprudence gave her husband; but far from availing himself of it, he did not even so much as reproach her with it; and his delicacy punished her more than his resentment would have done.

In the evening the visitors being assembled, Lusane seized the moment when his wife was yet in her own apartment. "Here," said he to them, "is the rendezvous of friendship: if you like it, come often, and let us pass our life together." They all replied with one voice that they desired nothing better. "There," continued he, presenting to them the good Felisonde, "there is our worthy and tender father, who will be the soul of our pleasures. At his age, joy has something more sensible and tender in it than youth, and nothing is more amiable than an amiable old man. He has a daughter, whom I love, and whom I would make happy. Assist me, my friends, to keep her among us; and let love, nature and friendship, conspire to render her house every day more agreeable to her. She entertains for the world the prepossessions of her age; but when we shall have tasted the charms of a virtuous society, this vain world will touch her but little."

While Lusane spoke thus, old Felisonde could not refrain letting fall some tears. 'O, my friend!' said he clasping him in his arms, 'happy the father who at his death can leave his daughter in such good hands!'

The instant after arrived Madame de Lusane. All hearts flew out to meet her; but her own was not easy. She disguised her ill temper under the reserved air of ceremony; and her politeness, though grave, still appeared amiable and touching; such a gift have the natural graces of embellishing every thing.

They played. Lusane made Hortensia observe that all his company played low. 'It is,' said he, 'the way to maintain union and joy. High play prepossesses and alienates our minds; it afflicts those who lose; it imposes on those who win the duty of being grave, and I think it incompatible with the openness of friendship.' The supper was delicious: transport and good humour were diffused round the table. The heart and the mind were at ease: the gallantry was such as modesty might smile at, and neither decency nor liberty were under restraint.

Hortensia, in another situation, would have relished these tranquil pleasures; but the idea of constraint which she attached to them, embittered their sweetness. The day after, Lusane was surprised to find her of a freer and pleasanter air; he suspected she had taken some new resolution. 'What shall we do to-day?' said he. 'I am going to the play,' said she, 'and I shall come home to supper.'—'Very well; and who are the ladies you are going with?'—'Two of Valsain's friends, Olympia

and Artenice.'—'It is cruel to me,' said the husband, 'to be obliged to give you uneasiness continually; but why, Hortensia, will you expose me to it? Do you think me so inconsistent in the principles I have laid down, as to consent that you should be seen in public with those women?'—'To be sure you must consent to it, for the party is settled, and I shall certainly not fail in it.'—'Pardon me, Madam; you shall fail in it, that you may not fail in the regard due to yourself.'—'Is it failing in regard to myself to see women whom all the world sees?'—'Yes, it is to expose yourself to be confounded with them in the opinion of the public.'—'The public, Sir, is not unjust; and in the world all persons answer for themselves.'—'The public, Madam, supposes with reason, that those who are allied in pleasures are allied in manners, and you ought not to have any thing in common with Olympia and Artenice. If you would not break off with them too abruptly, there is a way; excuse yourself only from the play, and invite them to supper: my door shall be shut against all my friends, and we will be alone with them.'—'No, Sir! no!' said she to him with ill humour; 'I will not abuse your complaisance.' And she writ to disengage herself. Nothing had cost her so much as this billet: tears of anger bedewed it. 'To be sure,' said she, 'I care very little for these women; the play interests me still less: but to see one's self opposed in every thing; never to have a will of one's own! to be subjected to that of another, to hear him dictating his laws to me with an insulting tranquillity! that is what drives me mad, and what will make me capable of every thing.'

It was certain, however, that the tranquillity of Lusane was far from having an insulting air, and it was easy to see that he did violence to himself. His father-in-law, who came to sup with him, perceived the melancholy into which he was plunged. 'Ah, Sir!' said Lusane to him, 'I see that I have entered into an engagement with you very painful to fulfil!' He told him what happened. 'Courage, my friend,' said this good father to him, 'let us not be discouraged; if it pleases Heaven, you will render her worthy your cares and love. In pity to me, in pity to my daughter, maintain your resolution. I am going to see her, and if she complain—' 'If she complain, console her, Sir, and appear sensible to her grief: her reason will be more tractable when her heart is comforted. Let her hate me just at present; I expected it, and am not surprised at it; but if the bitterness of her temper should alter the sentiments of nature in her soul, if her confidence in you should be weakened, all would be lost. The goodness of her heart is my only resource, and it is only by an unalterable gentleness that we can prevent her being exasperated. After all, the trials to which I put her are grievous at her time of life, and you must be her support.'

These precautions were useless; whether from vanity or delicacy, Hortensia had the power to conceal her chagrin from the eyes of her father. 'A good sign,' said Lusane; 'she knows how to subdue herself; and there are none but weak souls of whom we ought to despair.' The day following they dined together alone, and in the most profound silence. At their getting up from table, Hortensia ordered the horses to be put to. 'Where are you

going?" said her husband. 'To make an excuse, Sir, for the rudeness I was guilty of yesterday.'— 'Go, Hortensia, since you will have it so; but if my repose be dear to you, take your last leave of those women.'

Artenice and Olympia, to whom Madam de Pierville had related the scene she had had with Lusane, suspected that it was he who had hindered Hortensia from going to the play with them. 'Yes,' said they to her, 'it was he; we saw him but for a minute, but we have formed our opinion of him: he is a morose absolute man, and one who will make you unhappy.'— 'He has hitherto talked to me only in the style of friendship. It is true that he has his particular principles, and a way of living but little compatible with the customs of the world, but—' 'But let him live by himself,' replied Olympia; 'and let him leave us to amuse ourselves in peace. Do you ask him to follow you? A husband is the man in the world we can best spare, and I do not see why you have occasion for his advice to receive whomsoever you think proper, and to go and see whom you please.'— 'No, Madam,' said Hortensia to her, 'it is not so easy as you imagine, to put one's self, at my age, above the will of a husband who has behaved so well to me.'— 'She gives way; see she is quite tamed,' replied Artenice. 'Ah, my dear! you do not know what it is to yield once to a man, with whom one is to pass one's life. Our husbands are our tyrants if they are not our slaves. Their authority is a torrent which swells as it runs; we can stop it only at its source; and I speak from experience: for having been guilty of an unfortunate complaisance to my

husband twice, I have been for six months together obliged to struggle with him for the ascendancy which my weakness had given him; and but for an unparalleled effort of courage it would have been all over with me, I was a gone woman.'—'That depends upon tempers,' said Hortensia; 'and my husband is not one of those who are to be brought down by obstinacy.'—'Undeceive yourself,' replied Olympia; 'there is not one whom gentleness ever reconciles; it is by opposing them that we rule them; it is by the dread of ridicule and shame that we hold them; what are you afraid of? We are very strong when we are handsome; and have nothing to reproach ourselves. Your cause is that of all the women; and the men themselves, the men who know how to live, will be on your side.' Hortensia objected the example of her cousin whom Lusane had made happy. 'They replied that her cousin was a weak woman, that if the life which she had led was a good one to her, it was because she knew no better, but that a woman, launched into the great world, who had tasted the charms of it, and formed its ornament, was not made to bury herself in the solitude of her own house, and the narrow circle of an obscure acquaintance.' They talked to her of a superb ball which the Dutchess of —— was to give the next day. 'All the handsome women will be invited there,' said they to her: 'if your husband prevents your going, it is a stroke that will cry out for vengeance; and we advise you, as friends, to seize that occasion to make a noise, and to part.'

Though Hortensia was very far from wishing to follow these violent counsels, she still retained a bitterness in her soul, at seeing that her unhappiness

was going to be known in the world, and that they would look for her in vain at those feasts where but for this she would have seen herself adored. On her return home, a card was put into her hands; she read it with impatience; and sighed after having read it. Her trembling hand still held it, when her husband accosted her. 'It is,' said she to him carelessly, 'a card of invitation to the Duchess of ——'s ball.'—'Well, Madam!'—'Well, Sir, I shall not go: be easy.'—'Why, then, Hortensia, deprive yourself of decent pleasures? Have I forbid them you? The honour that is done you pleases me as much, and more than it does yourself, go to the ball: eclipse every thing there that is most lovely; that will be a triumph to me.' Hortensia was not able to dissemble her surprise and joy. 'Ah, Lusane!' said she to him, 'why are you not always the same? There now is the husband I promised myself. I recover him now; but is it for a long time?' Lusane's company assembled in the evening, and Hortensia was adorable. They proposed suppers, parties to the play; she engaged herself to them with the best grace. Cheerful with the men, engaging with the women, she charmed them all. Lusane alone dared not yet deliver himself up to the joy which she inspired; he foresaw that this good humour would not continue long without clouds. In the mean time he said just one word to his valet de chambre; and the next day, when his wife asked for her domino, it was like a surprize in a play. They presented her with a dress for the ball, which the hand of Flora seemed to have varied with the most beautiful colours of the spring; those flowers in which the art of Italy

equals nature, and deceives the ravished eyes, those flowers ran in garlands over the light waves of a silk tissue of the most brilliant freshness. Hortensia, in love with her dress, her husband, and herself, could not conceal her transport. Her glass being consulted, promised her the most striking successes, and that oracle never deceived her: accordingly, on appearing at the assembly, she enjoyed the flattering emotions occasioned by unanimous admiration; and to a young woman this ebb and flow, this murmur, have altogether something so touching! It is easy to judge that at her return Lusane was pretty well treated; it seemed as if she wanted to paint all the transports which she had raised. At first he received her caresses without reflection, for the wisest sometimes forget themselves; but when he recollected himself—'A ball,' said he, 'a domino, turns this young head! Ah! what conflicts have I yet to sustain before I see her such as I could wish her!'

Hortensia had seen at the ball all those giddy young people, from whom her husband wanted to detach her. 'He does right,' said they to her, 'to grow reasonable, and to restore you to your friends: he was going to become the public jest, and we had made a league to distress him wherever he appeared; tell him then for his own ease to vouchsafe to let us see you. If we have the unhappiness to displease him, we give him leave to put himself under no restraint; but let him be contented with rendering himself invisible, without requiring that his wife should be so.' Intimidated by these menaces, Hortensia gave her husband to understand, that they took it ill that his door was shut against them,

that people of fashion complained of it, and proposed to remonstrate even to him upon it. 'If they do,' said he, 'I will teach them how to take their revenge on me; let each of them marry a handsome woman, live at home with their friends, and shut their doors in my face every time that I go to trouble them.'

Some days after, two of these young fellows piqued at not having been able to introduce themselves to Hortensia, saw Lusane at the opera, and went up to him, in order to ask him the reason of the rude behaviour of his Swiss. 'Sir,' said the Chevalier de St. Placide to him, 'have they told you that the Marquis de Cirval and myself have been twice at your house?'—'Yes, gentlemen, I know that you have given yourselves that trouble.'—'Neither yourself nor your lady were to be seen.'—'That is very often the case.'—'Yet you see company.'—'Only friends.'—'We are Hortensia's friends, and in Valsain's time we always saw her. Ah, Sir! what an agreeable man was Valsain! she has not lost by the exchange; but he was the gentlest, the most complaisant of all husbands.'—'I know it.'—'He, for example, was not jealous.'—'Happy man!'—'You speak as if you envied him; can it be true, as they say, that you are not so easy?'—'Ah, gentlemen, if ever you marry, take care you do not love your wives; it is a cruel thing, this jealousy!'—'What, are you really come to that?'—'Alas, yes, for my sins.'—'But Hortensia is so virtuous!'—'I know it.'—'She lived like an angel with Valsain.'—'I hope she will live the same with me too.'—'Why, then, do her the injustice of being jealous?'—'It is an involuntary emotion, which I

cannot account for.'—'You confess, then, it is folly?'—'To such a degree, that I cannot see near my wife any man of handsome figure, or distinguished merit, but my head turns; and this is the reason that my gate is shut against the most amiable people in the world.'—'The marquis and I,' said the chevalier, 'are not dangerous, and we hope—' 'You, gentlemen, you are among those who would make me unhappy all my life. I know you too well not to fear you: and since I must confess it, I have myself required of my wife that she should never see you again.'—'But, Mr. President, that is but a sorry kind of a compliment.'—'Ah, gentlemen, it is the most agreeable one that a jealous husband can make you.'—'Chevalier,' said the marquis, when Lusane had quitted them, 'we wanted, I thought, to make a jest of this man.'—'That was my design.'—'I am afraid, God forgive me, that he makes a jest of us.'—'I have some suspicion of it; but I will take my revenge on him.'—'How?'—'As men revenge themselves on a husband.'

The same evening, at supper, at the Marchioness of Bellune's, they represented Lusane as the most odious of men. 'And the little woman,' said the marchioness, 'has the meanness to suffer him to restrain her? Ah! I will give her a lesson.' Madame de Bellune's house was the rendezvous of all the giddy people both of city and court, and her secret for drawing them together was to assemble the handsomest women. Hortensia was invited to a ball which she gave. There was a necessity of acquainting Lusane with it before hand; but without having any appearance of asking his consent,

she just dropped a word *en passant*. 'No, my dear,' said Lusane to Hortensia, 'Madam de Bel-lune's house is in a style that does not suit you. Her ball is a rendezvous at which you ought not to be. The public is not obliged to believe you more infallible than another, and in order to prevent all suspicion of miscarriage, the surest way is to avoid the hazard of it.' The young woman, so much the more irritated at this refusal, as she did not expect it, burst into complaints and reproaches. 'You abuse,' said she to him, 'the authority which I have confided to you; but beware of driving me to extremities.'—'I understand you, Madam,' replied Lusane, in a firmer and graver tone; 'but as long as I esteem you, I shall not fear this menace, and I should fear it still less, if I were to cease to esteem you.' Hortensia, who had annexed no idea to the words that had just escaped her, blushed at the meaning they seemed to carry with them, and replied only by tears. Lusane seized the moment when resentment yielded to confusion. 'I grow odious to you,' said he, 'yet what is my crime? that of saving your youth from the dangers which surround it, of detaching you from that which might cast a blemish—I do not say on your innocence, but on your reputation; of wanting to make you love soon what it is necessary that you must love always.'—'Yes, Sir, your intentions are good; but you have a bad method of carrying them into execution. You want to make me love my duty, and you make a slavery of it; there may be some ill consequences to be foreseen in my connections; but I must dissolve instead of breaking them, and detach myself insensibly from the people who dis-

please you, without making you an object of ridicule, by imprisoning me in my own house.'—
‘When the ridicule is without foundation,’ replied Lusane, ‘it recoils on those who give it. The prison of which you complain is the asylum of virtue, and will also be that of peace and happiness, whenever you shall think proper to make it so. You upbraid me with not having used a little delicacy towards these people and yourself; I have had my reasons for cutting to the quick. I know that at your time of life, the contagion of fashion, example, and habitude, make new progress every day: and that without cutting off all communication, there is no way of guarding against it. It gives me inexpressible uneasiness to talk to you in an absolute tone; but it is my affection for you that gives me the courage; a friend ought to know on occasion how to contradict a friend. Be well assured then, that as long as I love you, I shall have the strength to resist you; and woe to you, if I abandon you!’—‘Woe to me! you esteem me very little, if you think me lost the moment you cease to lead me in a string. No, Sir, I knew how to conduct myself long ago! and Valsain, who did me justice, never had occasion to repent of his confidence. I own to you, that in my husband I did not intend to create myself a tyrant. In order to submit to your will, one ought to have a strength or a weakness which I have not; all the denials you impose on me are grievous, and I will never accustom myself to them.

Lusane, left alone to himself, reproached himself for the tears he had made her shed. ‘What have I undertaken?’ said he, ‘and what a trial to my

soul ! I her tyrant ! I, who love her more than my life, and whose heart is torn in pieces with her complaints ! if I persist, I drive her to distraction, and if I give way one single moment, I lose the fruit of my perseverance. One step into this round of company, which she loves, will engage her in it a-new. I must support this cruel character, this character so much more cruel to myself than to her.'

Hortensia passed the night in the greatest trouble: all violent measures presented themselves to her mind : but the probity of her mind shuddered at them. 'Why discourage myself?' said she, when her wrath was a little appeased: 'this man commands himself and rules me, because he does not love me ; but if he should ever come to love me, I should soon reign in my turn. Let me use the only arms nature has given us, gentleness and seduction.'

Lusane, who had not closed his eyes, came to ask her in the morning, with an air of friendship, how she had passed the night. 'You know how,' said she to him : 'you who take a pleasure in disturbing my repose. Ah ! Lusane ! was it for you to be the cause of my unhappiness; who could have told me that I should have repented of a choice which I made with such a good will, and such good intentions?' In pronouncing these words, she had stretched out her hand to him ; and two eyes, the most eloquent that love ever yet made speak, reproached him for his ingratitude. 'My better half,' said he to her, embracing her, 'believe that I have placed all my glory and happiness in making you happy. I would have your life strewed with

flowers ; but permit me to pluck away the thorns. Wish for what may never cost you any regret, and be assured it shall be fulfilled in my soul, as soon as formed in thine. The law which I impose upon you is only your own will ; not that of a moment, which is a whim, a caprice ; but that which will arise from reflection and experience, that which you will have ten years hence. I entertain for you the tenderness of a lover, the frankness of a friend, and the uneasy vigilance of a father : there is my heart, it is worthy of you ; and if you are still unjust enough to complain of it, you shall not long have occasion to do so.' This discourse was accompanied with the most touching marks of a passionate love, and Hortensia appeared sensible of them. Eight days past away in the best understanding, in the most intimate union that could reign between two married people. To the charms of beauty, of youth, Hortensia joined the enchantment of those timid caresses, which love, in conjunction with duty, seems to steal from modesty. It is the finest of all toils to emmesh a tender heart. But was all this really sincere ? Lusane thought so ; I think so too. After all, she would not be the first woman who should have made her inclination agree with her views, and her policy with her pleasures.

In the mean time, they approach those days consecrated to folly and joy, during which we are as foolish, but much less joyous than our fathers. Hortensia gave some intimation to Lusane of her desire to give an entertainment, in which music should precede a supper, which should be followed by a dance. Lusane consented with the best grace in the world, but not without precaution: he agreed

with his wife on the choice and number of persons whom he should invite; and according to this arrangement the cards were distributed.

The day arrives, and every thing is prepared with the attention of a magnificent lover; but that very morning the Swiss asks to speak to his master. 'Besides those who shall come with cards, it is my lady's pleasure,' said he to him, 'that I admit all who come to the ball. Is that your intention, Sir?' — 'To be sure,' said Lusane, concealing his surprize, 'and you ought not to doubt but I approve what your lady orders.' He then went directly to her, and having told her what had just happened: 'You have exposed yourself,' said he, 'to be put to shame before your servants; you have hazarded what a woman cannot too much conciliate, the confidence of your husband. Is it for you, Hortensia, to make use of surprize towards me? Were I less persuaded of the probity of your soul, what an opinion would you give me of it, and what would have been the consequence of this imprudence? The pleasure of afflicting me for a moment, and of making me more mistrustful of you than I would wish to be. Ah! suffer me to esteem you for ever, and respect yourself as much as I respect you! I will not humble you by revoking the order you have given, but you will give me unspeakable uneasiness if you do not revoke it yourself, and your conduct this day shall be my rule all my life.' — 'I have committed a fault,' said she, 'I see it, and I will repair it. I will send word that I shall have neither music, nor supper, nor ball to-night; I would not wear an appearance of joy when I have a deadly grief in my heart. The public shall know that I am unhappy, for I am

weary of dissembling.' Lusane then falling at her feet; 'If I loved you less,' said he, 'I should yield to your reproaches; but I adore you: I will subdue myself: I shall die of grief to be hated by my wife, but I cannot live in the shame of having betrayed her by abandoning her. I took a sensible pleasure in giving you an entertainment; you refuse it, because I exclude what is not worthy to approach you; you declare to me from thence, that a frivolous world is dearer to you than your husband: it is enough; I will go and give notice that the entertainment will not take place.' Hortensia, moved to the bottom of her soul with what she had just heard, and more touched still with the tears that she had seen trickle from his eyes, recollected herself. 'What am I going to persist in?' said she; 'are the people whom he wants me to detach myself from, my friends? Would they sacrifice the slightest of their interests to me? and yet for them I lose the quiet of my life? I trouble it; I embitter it. I renounce every thing that can form its happiness. It is spite, it is vanity that inspire me. Have I even chosen to examine whether my husband was right? I have seen nothing but the humiliation of obeying. But who shall command, if it be not the wisest? I am a slave; and who is not so, or who ought not to be so to their duties? I call an honest man a tyrant, who conjures me with tears in his eyes, to take care of my reputation! where then is that pride with which I reproach him? Ah! I should perhaps be much to be pitied if he were weak as I. I afflict him in the very moment that he had shewn the most delicate attention to spare me! These are injuries, these are real ones, and not

those which I attribute to him—Go,' said she to one of her women; 'go and tell your master that I would speak to him.' Scarce had she sent this message, when a sudden qualm seized her. 'I am going, then,' said she, 'to consent to mope all my life: for I cannot conceal it from myself, but that one has amusements only in the great world; and all those good folks among whom he wants me to live, have not the charms of Valsain's friends.' As this reflection had a little changed the disposition of her soul, she contented herself with telling Lusane, that she would willingly give way to him for this once. She excused herself to the people who had asked to be admitted to her ball; and the entertainment, which was as brilliant as possible, had all the vivacity of joy, without tumult and confusion.

'Tell me then, my dear, if any thing has been wanting to our amusement?' said Lusane to Hortensia. 'You disguise sometimes,' said she to him, 'the constraint you put upon me; but entertainments do not come every day. It is in the void and silence of her house that a woman of my age draws in the poison of dulness; and if you would see that slow poison consume my youth, you will have all the pleasure of it.' 'No, Madam,' said he to her, penetrated with grief; 'I have not that deliberate cruelty of which you suspect me. If I must renounce the care of making you happy, that dear, that pleasing care, which ought to take up my whole life, at least I will not have to reproach myself with having poisoned the happiness of your days. Neither I, nor the virtuous friends I have

chosen for you, have sufficient to make you amends for the denials I occasion you ; without that croud that surrounded you, my house seems a dreadful solitude to you ; you have the cruelty to tell me so yourself : I must restore you then to that liberty, without which you like nothing ; I ask of you but one more act of complaisance ; to-morrow I shall bring you a new set of company ; and if you do not judge them worthy to employ your leisure, if they do not take place of this world, which is so dear to you, all is over, and I give you up to yourself.' Hortensia had not much difficulty in granting him what he asked : she was very sure that he had nothing to present her which was equivalent to her liberty : but it was not purchasing it too dear to submit to this slight trial.

The next day, on her waking, she saw her husband enter with a shining countenance, in which sparkled love and joy. 'Here,' said he, 'is the new company which I propose to you ; if you are not satisfied with this, I no longer know how to amuse you.' Imagine the surprise of this sensible mother on seeing before her the two children whom she had by Valsain. 'Children,' said Lusane, taking them in his arms, in order to lift them to Hortensia's bed, 'embrace your mother, and prevail on her tenderness to vouchsafe to share the cares which I shall take to bring you up.' Hortensia pressed them to her bosom, and bathed them with her tears. 'Till nature,' continued Lusane, 'grants me the title of father, love and friendship give it me, and I am going to fulfil its duties.—' 'Come, my love, said Hortensia, 'this is to me the dearest and ten-

derest of all your lessons. I had forgot that I was a mother ; I was going to forget that I was a wife. You recal me to those duties ; and those two bands united, bind me for all my life.'

LORD BYRON.

The following poem is said to have been written by Lord Byron, since his separation from Lady Byron, who, it is stated, has positively declined every offer of reconciliation with his Lordship :—

Fare Thee Well.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever—
 Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
 Even though *unforgiving*, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—
 Would that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
 Which thou ne'er can'st know again ;
 Would that breast, by thee glanc'd over,
 Every inmost thought could show !
 Then thou would'st at last discover
 'Twas not well to spurn it so—
 Though *the world* for this commend thee—
 Though it smile upon the blow,
 Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—
 Though my many faults defac'd me ;
 Could no other arm be found
 Than the one which once embraced me
 To inflict a cureless wound !
 Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wrench, believe not
 Hearts can thus be torn away ;
 Still thine own its life retaineth—
 Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
 And the undying thought which paineth
 Is—that *we no more may meet*.—

These are words of deeper sorrow
 Than the wail above the dead,
 Both shall live—but every morrow
 Wake us from a widowed bed—
 And when thou would'st solace gather—
 When our child's first accents flow—
 Wilt thou teach her to say—"Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?
 When her little hands shall press thee—
 When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
 Think of him thy love had bless'd.
 Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see—
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.—
 All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
 All my madness—none can know;
 All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
 Whither—yet with *thee* they go—
 Every feeling hath been shaken,
 Pride—which not a world could bow—
 Bows to *thee*—by thee forsaken,
 Even my soul forsakes me now.—
 But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.
 Fare *thee well*—thus disunited—
 Torn from every nearer tie—
 Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted,
 More than this I scarce can die.

March 30, 1816.

In these effusions, attributed to Lord Byron, there is, we think, a great deal of beauty and feeling, which, instead of being branded with the harsh name of '*hypocrisy*,' '*affected sensibility*,' and '*cant*,' we should rather consider as the language of *repentance*.

CONTENT.

Ye mortals, who search for content,
 And yet the sweet path never find,
 Come, learn how your cares to prevent,
 Give trouble and spleen to the wind.

They tell me no girl e'er was bless'd
 With spirits so even before ;
 That grief has no place in my breast ;
 I am happy, and can have no more.

Why, tis true ; and I'll tell you the cause
 'That makes me thus joyous appear ;
 Though my plan may not meet with applause,
 'Tis useful, and I am sincere.

My bliss is not founded on wealth,
 For that would my pleasure destroy ;
 The great are but happy by stealth,
 And few are the sweets they enjoy.

It is not from love that I boast
 A life that's unclouded with woe ;
 Ah ! that is a dangerous coast,
 And ever felicity's foe.

Hygeia, sweet goddess ! from thee
 Our delights are made firm and secure ;
 Yet thousands are healthy as me,
 Who lament what they all might ensure.

Employment's the charm that will please ;
 Embrace it, and ever be glad ;
 For, surely, that mind is at ease
 Which never has time to be sad.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE'S REVENGE

A true Story.

JOHN BUCKHURST, Esq. born in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, in Shropshire, lost almost from his infancy those who had given him life ; so that he entered early on an estate of 1,500*l.* per annum, which they left him. As he was free to dispose of

himself as he pleased, and thought he was rich enough to consult only his own inclination in the choice of a wife, he married the daughter of a farmer, who rented from him a part of his estate. She was a fine figure of a woman, had a fresh ruddy complexion, was reckoned an extraordinary beauty; and, on these considerations, he was regardless of the inequality of their conditions, and the smallness of her fortune, which he bestowed upon a younger sister. He was transported with his happiness; and, to taste the pleasure of possessing the person he loved more completely, he had his mansion-house newly fitted up, and elegantly furnished, to which he had her conveyed, in the usual pomp of country festivity, a few days after his marriage.

They lived there in a most delightful union, when the Earl of Wolfingstone, whose seat was near the squire's, called in one day as he was hunting, to refresh himself at his house. He saw his wife, and fell in love with her; at least the squire thought so; and that which convinced him, was his courting his acquaintance immediately, in a very pressing manner, which before he had extremely slighted. He associated with him in his hunting matches, forced several presents upon him, and made him wonderful offers of service, particularly of getting him a seat in parliament, without being at the least expence himself for defraying the election charges.

The squire, notwithstanding, was greatly alarmed at the Earl's passion. If he had utterly deprived him of all opportunities of seeing his wife, he might have avoided the calamity which befel him; but

the confidence he had in her kept him easy. He believed it impossible that a woman, whom he had married without a fortune, and from an obscure rank, should be ungrateful enough to forget his kindness. Alas! how little did he know her. Ambition and vanity, which are both so natural to women, were her greatest faults.

When Earl Wolfingstone had found means to inform her of his sentiments, she was wonderfully delighted with so important a conquest. The addresses of a man who was styled Noble Lord, soothed her pride, and filled her mind with aspiring notions. She esteemed him more, and loved the squire less. What he had done for her, instead of exciting her gratitude, drew on him her contempt. She regarded him as a husband unworthy of her beauty; and imagined, that if this high and mighty lord had seen her before their marriage, (for his lordship was but lately married himself) he certainly would have espoused her. Elated with these foolish fancies, and seduced by some presents which encouraged them, she yielded to the Earl's secret solicitations.

They wrote to one another frequently, and the squire never suspected their correspondence; but, at last, he was unhappy enough to be cured of his blindness. One day he came back from hunting before his usual hour, and passed into his wife's chamber, who did not expect him so soon. She had just received a letter from the Earl, and was going to answer it. She trembled, and could not conceal her trouble at seeing him. Observing a pen and ink on the table; his mind told him that she was betraying him. He pressed her to shew

... delay to ruin the husband, so little deserving of every day a hunting, and should those opportunities? Have not a tender flame which consumes me Madam, and consider that, if obtain what one desires, it is a tax for the possession of it.

W

The squire could not read this out being transported with rage. horse-whip in his hand, and was to some purpose on the shoulders wife, who had ruined his honour that this would be to revenge him and that his resentment called victim, he suppressed his passion with as little agitation as possible to his wife, 'you have done ill Earl. The lustre of his rank on you; but young people love gaiety

your whole care to deserve it.' So saying, he went out of the room, as well to give her time to recover from the trouble in which she was, as because himself wanted to be alone a little, to appease his choler. If he could not make himself easy, he affected at least to be so for two days; and, on the third, feigning to have an affair of great importance at Bristol, he told his wife he was obliged to leave her for some time, and begged her to take care of her honour in his absence.

He set out; but, instead of going to Bristol, returned home privately at the close of day, and hid himself in the chamber of a trusty servant, from whence he could see every one that came into the house. He did not doubt but that the Earl had been informed of his departure, and believed he would not fail to embrace this opportunity. He hoped to surprise them together, and promised himself a complete revenge; but he was deceived in his expectations. He was so far from observing any preparations to receive a lover, that, on the contrary, he found the doors kept close shut; and three days having elapsed without the Earl's appearing, or any of his people, he persuaded himself that his wife had repented of her fault, and had broke off all commerce with him.

Possessed with this opinion, he lost all desire of revenge; and, resigning himself to the motions of a love which had been suspended by anger, he ran to his wife's apartment, and embracing her with transports—'Madam,' said he, 'my esteem and heart are again yours. I have not been at Bristol. I feigned that journey to prove you. You must forgive this stratagem in a husband, whose jealousy

... I ought to abhor that provoked you against me: in a swam in tears for two days; all remorse, are in vain; I shall confidence.'—'I give it you again, squire, melted with the affliction, shall never think of what is past of it so sincerely. In short, he for her that moment as before, those pleasures again, which had interrupted. They were even a greater degree of sensibility; if she desired to efface from his mind of the offence she had committed, gent to please him than ever; endearing, and he was almost uneasiness she had occasioned him.

He fell sick shortly after; and if was not mortal, it is inconceivable seemed to be alarmed. She kept him in the day; and in the night

the tokens of tenderness she shewed him, that he could not forbear expressing it. They were not, however, so sincere as he imagined.

One night, when he was pretty well recovered, and had thoughts of refreshing himself by going out a hunting the next day, his huntsman waked him: 'Sir,' said he, with trepidation, 'I am sorry to break your honour's rest, but I am too faithful to you to conceal from you what is now passing in your house. Lord Wolfingstone is with my mistress.' The squire was so astonished with the news, that he looked on the huntsman a long time without being able to speak. The more he thought on what he told him, the more difficulty he had to believe it true. 'No,' cried he, 'it is impossible my wife should be capable of so much perfidiousness. You are not properly, nor fully assured of what you say.'—'Sir,' replied the huntsman, 'I wish to Heaven I were but able to doubt it; but I am not deceived by false appearances. Since your illness, I suspected his lordship was introduced almost every night into her apartment: I hid myself to clear my suspicions, and am but too well persuaded they are just.'

At this the squire rose in a fury, and putting on his cloaths, took a sword with him, and went to the chamber his wife lay in, accompanied by the huntsman, who carried a light. At the noise they made in bursting open the door, Lord Wolfingstone, starting out of bed, and snatching up a pistol he had laid by him on a table, presented it at the squire, and fired; but it was with so much perplexity and precipitation, that he missed him. The squire, finding himself to have escaped unhurt,

threw down his sword, and seizing his antagonist, by the collar, notwithstanding his weak state from illness, overpowered him, and kept him extended on the floor, crying out to the huntsman to secure his wife, and not let her get away. By this time, most of the servants of the house, roused by the report of the pistol, came flocking to the apartment where they heard the racket. Their master ordered them to bring such strong cords as they could find. With these he had the Earl tied neck and heels to one post of the bed, and his wife to the other. Then addressing himself to his lordship, 'Base adulterer,' said he, 'the disturber of an honest man's quiet and happiness, what must I think you to be now deserving of? Were not my bosom tintured with the humanity of an Englishman, this sword,' taking it off the floor, 'I should have planted in your heart, animated by the frenzy of a jealous Italian, or Spaniard?—And you, Madam,' turning to his wife, 'do not you imagine the like fatality should reach you, for your false demonstrations of affection, and all the enormity of your treachery? But I shall not be so revenged of either; yet will I heap confusion and shame on both.' He pitched upon three of his servants to sit up and guard this amorous pair the rest of the night, desiring that bread and water might be administered to them, as they were in a state of penitence; and a blanket thrown over them, if they should complain of cold, for both were naked.

The squire left them thus secured, and dispatched some of his people with notice to all his tenants and acquaintance to assist him the next day in a grand stag-hunt, having caught a huge one in his

toils. Accordingly, in the morning, there was a numerous apparatus of hounds, horns, and horses. The Earl and Squire's lady were placed on the back of a stout hunter, both strapped about to keep them from falling; and their brows were graced with antlers of the largest dimensions. In this manner they were made to join in the chase of a stag, over hedges, ditches, and five-barred gates, and through various pieces of water, till about four in the afternoon, when they were driven, amidst the rough notes of venatorial music, into the court-yard of Lord Wolfingstone's seat; where the squire related to the countess his spouse the particulars of the adventure, desiring her to dispose of the sporting couple as she should think proper.

In consequence of this affair, divorces were mutually sued for and obtained by the squire and her ladyship; who were shortly after united in bonds which death only could divide, and thus nobly compleated the squire's revenge.

His repudiated spouse languished a few years on a small pittance, abandoned and despised; while her paramour, having lost by the decree against him the fortune he had received with his lady, which had for some time been the whole he possessed, and finding himself unable to pursue those vicious gratifications which from indulgence had become habitual, soon put a period to that existence which extreme turpitude now rendered as insupportable to himself as it had long been obnoxious to society.

THE GARDEN OF CONTENT.

A Dream.

THERE is nothing which contributes so much to the welfare and happiness of mankind as contentment, and a calm submission to the will of providence. It is that alone which pours the lenient balm of consolation into the wounds of poverty; it is that which renders the yoke of captivity light, and supports the mind under all the troubles of adversity and distress. There are few, indeed, who are wise enough to obey the dictates of reason, in encouraging this disposition of mind; but no one has ever been found who, without content, could be pronounced truly happy.

I was musing on this desirable serenity of mind, and considering the happiness arising from it in every situation of life—when, falling asleep, I suddenly found myself placed in a most delightful garden. Every scene about me was calm and composed; every object, I perceived, wore a pleasing and graceful aspect. The azure canopy of Heaven, undisturbed by the tumultuous conflict of jarring elements, diffused a serene lustre over the enchanting spot; and the gay verdure of the groves, unmoved by the rude breath of angry winds, afforded a quiet and secure retreat for sober contemplation.

When I had a little recovered from the agreeable surprise with which I was at first overwhelmed, I began to take a more particular and deliberate view of the objects around me. I then perceived, that there was a competence of every thing, without superfluity. The fruits, which presented them-

selves to my view, though unable to satisfy the cravings of voracious appetites, were, however, sufficient to alleviate the calls of hunger; and the shrill tenants of the warbling shade, while they captivated the ears by the harmony of their voices, did not at the same time overpower the senses by a too numerous concourse of united strains.

I next endeavoured to discover if there were any traces of human inhabitants, but of these I found very few; and even the greater part of those whom I saw, appeared to consist of the inferior orders of life. I perceived some at a little distance employed in divers laborious works of art, who supported themselves and their families by the well-earned rewards of their industrious toil. Though clothed in the humble garb of lowness and poverty, though wearied by incessant attention to their respective trades, they, however, seemed all to partake of some general felicity. In their countenances they bore strong marks of serenity and good-humour; every cheek smiled with satisfaction, and every eye sparkled with delight. Upon this, I resolved to enquire the name of this delightful region; and was informed by the first person I accosted, that I was in the garden of Content, and that all those whom I saw thus busily employed in different operations were her constant votaries; who, being satisfied with the station allotted to them by providence——

Kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

and confining their wishes to things within their reach, partook of those lasting joys and blessings which contented dispositions alone can enjoy. 'The

and fatigue. Such is this enchanted
the goddess delights to dwell
groves she has fixed her con
here she dispenses her gifts to
lowers with a bounteous hand.

I turned my sight to a ret
right hand, where I beheld t
bloom of youth, sitting on a tl
lay all the gifts of nature in a
petent abundance : she wore a
of aspect, and impartially direct
delighted votaries. A nosegay o
bloomed in her bosom, represen
of her temper : at her side att
dressed in white ; who was easil
the delicate snow-drop in her ha
Innocence.

Such was the delightful recess
deas ; which when I had for gon
considered, I mounted an engine
had a distinct view of the whole
station.

who appeared deserving of admittance, were without hesitation permitted to enter, and from thence were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

I saw a croud of frightful objects, who were in vain endeavouring to gain admittance at the gate, and was informed, upon enquiry, by a person who stood near me, that they were misers and ambitious people; who, though continually wallowing in the increase of their accumulated store, could never rest contented with their present possessions. 'How much to be envied,' cried I, 'is the lot of those who can withstand the deceitful allurements of uncertain fortune!'

This exclamation rung so loud in my ears, that the agreeable vision quickly disappeared, and I instantly awaked.

ZILIM AND SELINA.

An Eastern Tale.

IN the pleasant vale of Arlin, on the eastern bank of the river Kysha, dwelt Zilim and Selena. Their humble mansion stood solitary, on a rising lawn: a lofty grove sheltered it from uncouth winds, and a limpid stream meandered through the pleasant vale beneath. Domestic discord approached not once their peaceful habitation; and jealousy, the frequent bane of conjugal felicity, entered not their doors. Their time fled swift on downy wings; for innocence, with cheerfulness, her constant mate, opened to them still the gates of the morn and heaven-born contentment closed their every day. Their views were limited to things within their

power; thence were their enjoyments not embittered by disappointment. Their friends were few, chosen, and sincere; their possessions moderate, but so were likewise their desires.

Shymal, who liveth in the third heaven, and to whom the guardian spirits that watch the sons of men, pay due obedience, called unto him the spirit Phyla, and said—‘Phyla, the earthly pair, whom in the vale of Arlin thou delightest to guard from evil, are doomed to part. ’Tis so ordained. Haste down to earth, and lend thy aid invisible to support their virtue. They soon must taste affliction.’—‘O Shymal!’ said Phyla, ‘I know thy power on earth. Thy words are truth; for thou dost execute the will of Heaven. Yet suffer me to plead for this blessed pair. O Shymal, part them not! Their souls are like the elm and tender vine, entwined inextricable; to part them were worse than death.’—‘Cease, Phyla,’ said Shymal, ‘thou knowest not what thou askest. The ways of Heaven are ever just. Inferior spirits, like the mortals they watch, see things darkly. Terrestrial felicity is often dangerous: affliction is the only true touchstone of virtue. If the pair for whom thou pleadest are virtuous, as they seem, their days may yet be multiplied, and their bliss more exquisite. The great œconomy of things requires their separation. If they look up with due devotion for assistance, support their virtue.’ Phyla bowed submissive, and departed.

In these days the emperor of the East made war against his enemies. On the 20th day of the third moon arrived a messenger at the peaceful dwelling of Zilim, and said—‘The enemies of the great king

are risen up against him, and all the powers of the East prepare for battle. Hark, Zilim! gird on thy sabre, and leave the vale of tranquillity, for so the great king ordains.' Zilim bowed down to the earth, and said—'The will of Heaven be done!—O my Selenia! Thou best beloved of my soul! I see thy affliction. Thy beaming eyes are bathed in sorrow. Thy grief is already too mighty for expression. But, O my lovely fair! let us not, by our complainings, offend that kind providence to which we are indebted for so much felicity; that providence, whose mandates are irrevocable, and whose dispensations are indubitably just.' The charming Selenia fell upon his neck, and hung speechless in his arms. He kissed the gushing pearls from her pale-grown cheeks, and used every tender expression of his love to mitigate her grief: but all his tenderness served only to increase her affliction for his departure, and anxiety for his safety. Alas! she sunk down lifeless on the couch. Zilim, like one frantic with despair, called her faithful female slaves to her assistance; who no sooner beheld their beloved mistress pale and motionless on the couch, than they were all bathed in tears of sincere affection; for they adored her, because of her universal benevolence and affectionate condescension. They used every effort in their power; but, notwithstanding all their endeavours, one dreadful hour passed before they could recal her departed senses. At last the returning sun of life began again to beam through the dark cloud which had overwhelmed her lovely form—she looked—she beheld her dear Zilim, with his eyes uplifted to Heaven, in gratitude for her revival. She started.

from her couch, and grasping his right hand, she said—‘O my beloved Zilim! thou saidst the ways of Heaven are ever just; and so in truth they are. I have seen a bright celestial spirit; he spake delightful words; he called himself our guardian angel. ‘Selena,’ said he, (methinks I hear him still) ‘be of good comfort: thy Zilim shall return, and ye shall yet be happy; but remember, O remember, not to offend thy Creator by thy distrust of his power and promise to protect the virtuous.’ ‘O my beloved! we shall surely meet again! No, no, I will not call down judgment upon us both by my complaining. Depart, my dearest Zilim. It is the will of the Almighty, and I am satisfied.’—‘My ever-charming Selena,’ said Zilim, ‘thy words are more reviving to my soul than the morning dew of Heaven to blooming nature. Yes, we shall surely meet again in peace and lasting joy. Farewel, thou best-beloved of my soul! May the great Alla grant thee health and serenity of mind!’ They embraced with inexpressible tenderness, and Zilim began his journey towards the East. Selena, also, unwilling to continue in a place where every object would renew her grief, left her delightful villa, and travelled westward to the house of her father.

Mustapha, the great king of the East, had now collected all his dreadful host, and the boundless plain glittered with various instruments of war. The numerous enemy drew near, and all the hostile field breathed slaughter and destruction. The battle joined; victory wavered, and seemed long irresolute; many thousands were slain, and many were led into captivity: at length the arms of Mustapha prevailed, and his enemy fled in confusion.

Now fame, with a thousand trumpets, flew quickly through the land, and spread abroad the news of victory.—Selena heard it, and trembled, ‘O my Zilim!’ said she, ‘What, no intelligence from Zilim? no assurance that Zilim lives? Eternal God!—But be calm, my fluttering heart.’ She then was silent; nor opened her lips till the going down of the sun. Her eyes were often raised toward Heaven in fervent ejaculation. She now retired to rest; and balmy sleep, the only friend of the unhappy, at length wrapt her anxious mind in sweet insensibility. But when the morning dawned, she rose and bowed to earth, then lifted up her hands to Heaven, and thus addressed her God—‘O great, eternal being! creator and preserver of this universal world! Thou, mighty father, gavest me life, and thou alone canst make me happy. Accept, O God of truth, my humble, my imperfect gratitude, for all thy mercies past; and O inspire my soul with sentiments to thee most acceptable, and most becoming a creature whom thou hast been graciously pleased to endow with reason. O great omnipotence! if ever thy poor servant hath found favour in thy sight, shield, O shield my Zilim! Restore him to my soul; and, in thy good time, peace and tranquillity to mankind.’ So prayed the angelic fair; and straight her prayers were borne on seraphs’ wings to Heaven.

She then walked serenely forth: for conscious faith in Heaven had glowed her cheeks, religion soothed her soul, and all within was peace. So walks the gentle shepherd o’er the lawn, composed, nor dreams of evil hour; when on a sudden, lo! the welkin gathers, darkens, and the unexpected

storm breaks furious over his head. She saw the approaching messenger, and in his aspect read his horrid tale. In one hand he bore the well-known turban, and the other held the sword of Zilim. 'Speak,' she cried, 'my Zelim is no more. Ah! did I say no more? Just Heaven! By all the powers above, my Zilim lives!' He bowed, and thus began:—'Hail! fairest of thy sex! This turban and this sword I found scattered on the bloody field. No more I know. I saw him not; but much I fear thy Zilim fell.'—'My Zilim lives,' she cried, 'by Heaven, my Zilim lives!'

Her guardian angel heard her wondrous faith, and joyfully fled in search of Zilim. He found him in captivity. In the midst of the battle, his sword was dashed out of his hand by a javelin thrown with incredible rapidity. The warriors, seeing their leader disarmed, fled; and Zilim, preferring slavery to an ignominious flight, was taken by the enemy. Now the invisible Phyla entered the tent of Zilim, and beheld him pensive and alone, sitting on his couch. It was the dead of night; when lo! the beautiful Sarcasta, loose and unattired, gently lifts the canvas, and thus she speaks—'Well mayest thou seem surprised, O captive stranger, that in this silent hour a female, as thou seest, of no mean degree, should thus break in upon thy peace. I come to give thee liberty.'—'Ah, liberty!' cried Zilim. 'Yes, stranger, liberty! I saw thee when thou wert first led in triumph through our camp. I saw, and wished thee well. When last our king, the great Barossa, questioned thee alone, I saw thee through the veil that hangs between the king and me. I beheld



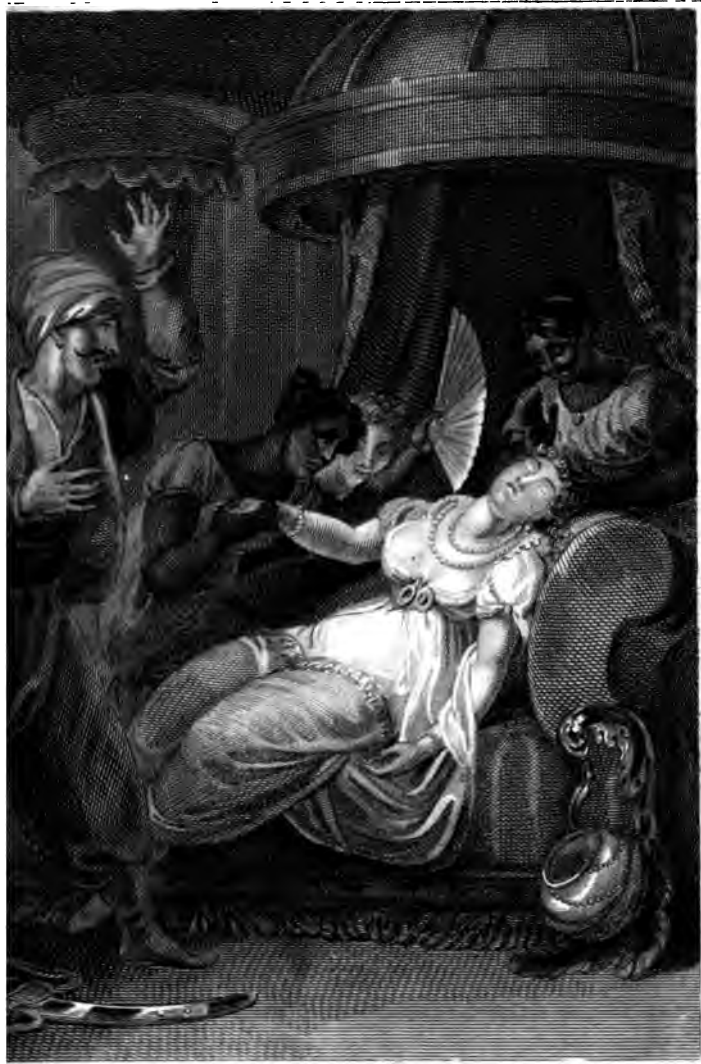
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Published by T. Kinnerley Sep^r 1 1618

—Tolim and Helena?—



thee with a feeling that much exceeds compassion. Yes, gentle stranger, thou hast raised a sense within me, that makes we wish to give thee happiness. Methinks I read within thy breast a tender heart. Say, didst thou ever love?' Zilim, like one who sees, or dreams he sees, an angel, (for Sarcasta was exquisitely beautiful) remained for some time dumb with astonishment. He gazed, and doubted all his senses. At length he thus replied—'Fair mortal, or fair spirit, for such I deem thou art, methinks thou speakest of liberty. Some generous heavenly power hath heard my prayer, and haply sent thee to redeem a slave.' She then drew near to Zilim, and seized his hand; then fixed her wanton eyes upon him, sat down upon the couch, and said—'Yes, thou shalt soon be free.' She raised his hand, and pressed it to her lips. Zilim trembled, and was all amazement. She then displayed her snowy bosom, and used every female art to seduce him to her will. The spirit Phyla saw, and dreaded the event. Alas! what virtue could resist such bewitching beauty; what wonder if, for a moment, Zilim had forgot his sacred vows? But Phyla wrote upon the wall the word *SELENA*. Zilim raised his eyes, and caught the golden characters. He gazed a while, then started from the couch, and said—'Go, go, perfidious beauty! Who thou art I know not: 'tis enough, that I know thou art not mine.' She rose with all the rage that ever swelled the breast of disappointed woman.—'Vile slave,' she said, 'this very hour shall be thy last. By our great Prophet I swear thou hast not yet an hour to live!' Just as she spake, the king Barossa rushed into the tent, seized her by the neck, and stabbed

his poniard to her heart.—‘Die, strumpet,’ he cried, ‘I have heard thy perfidy, and am now revenged. Hadst thou, captive, yielded to her lewd desire, this steel had now been sheathed within thy breast.’ He scarce had left the tent, when on a sudden a loud alarm spread through all the camp: Mustapha, with ten thousand chosen men, had found means to surprise the army of his enemy, and advanced unopposed even to the tent of king Barossa, who no sooner saw himself surrounded, than he fell upon his own sword, and thus put an end to the war.

Now Phyla rose to Heaven, and hailed the holy spirit Shymal. He blessed the great God, that Zilim and Selena had proved themselves deserving his protection. ‘Thou seest,’ said Shymal, ‘that providence is ever merciful to man. The mansion where the pair thou watchest dwelt, hath even now been swallowed by an earthquake; and thence thou seest, it was meet they should be removed, else they had both been buried in it’s ruin. Moreover, it was ordained that war should rage throughout the eastern world, to punish sin, till the most faithful and virtuous person upon earth should pray for peace. That prayer Selena lately sent to Heaven, and the eastern world is blest with peace. If Zilim had forgot his marriage-vow, he surely then had died; and if Selena’s faith had failed, her prayer had never been heard. They now shall meet again, their days be prolonged, and they shall taste as much of happiness as is consistent with mortality.’

Malevolence Defeated.

MRS. WINIFRED WORMWOOD was the daughter of a rustic merchant, who, by the happy union of many lucrative trades, amassed an enormous fortune. His family consisted of three girls, and Winifred was the eldest: long before she was twenty, she was surrounded with lovers, some probably attracted by the splendid prospect of her expected portion, and others truly captivated by her personal graces; for her person was elegant, and her elegance was enlivened with peculiar vivacity. Mr. Wormwood was commonly called a kind parent, and an honest man; and he might deserve, indeed, those honourable appellations, if it were not a profanation of language to apply them to a narrow and a selfish spirit. He indulged his daughters in many expensive amusements, because it flattered his pride; but his heart was engrossed by the profits of his extensive traffic: he turned, with the most repulsive asperity, from every proposal that could lead him to diminish his capital, and thought his daughters unreasonable, if they wished for any permanent satisfaction above that of seeing their father increase in opulence and splendor. His two younger children, who inherited from their deceased mother a tender delicacy of frame, languished and died at an early period of life; and the death of one of them was imputed, with great probability, to a severe disappointment in her first affection. The more sprightly Winifred, whose heart was a perfect stranger to genuine love, surmounted the mortification of seeing many suitors discarded; and, by the insensate avarice of her

her acquaintance. She seemed to be tormented with an incessant dread, that youth and beauty might secure to themselves that happiness which she found wit and fortune were unable to bestow; hence she watched, with the most piercing eye, all the lovely young women of her neighbourhood, and often insinuated herself into the confidence of many, that she might penetrate all the secrets of their love, and privately blast its success. She was enabled to render herself intimate with the young and the lovely, by the opulent splendor in which she lived, and by the bewitching vivacity of her conversation. Her talents of this kind were, indeed, extraordinary: her mind was never polished or enriched by literature, as Mr. Wormwood set little value on any books, excepting those of his counting-house; and the earlier years of his daughter were too much engaged by duplicity and intrigue, to leave her either leisure or inclination for a voluntary attachment to more improving studies. She read very little, and was acquainted with no language but her own; yet a brilliant understanding, and an uncommon portion of ready wit, supplied her with a more alluring fund of conversation than learning could bestow. She chiefly recommended herself to the young and inexperienced, by the insinuating charm of the most lively ridicule, and by the art of seasoning her discourse with wanton innuendos of so subtle a nature, that gravity knew not how to object to them: she had the singular faculty of throwing such a soft and dubious twilight over the most licentious images, that they captivated curiosity and attention, without exciting either fear or disgust. Her malevolence was perpetually dis-

guised under the mask of gaiety, and she completely possessed that plausibility of malice, so difficult to attain, and so forcibly recommended in the words of Lady Macbeth—

Bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it !

With what success she practised this dangerous lesson, the reader may learn from the following adventure.

It was the custom of Mrs. Wormwood to profess the most friendly solicitude for female youth, and the highest admiration of beauty ; she wished to be considered as their patroness, because such an idea afforded her the fairest opportunities of secretly mortifying their insufferable presumption. With a peculiar refinement in malice, she first encouraged, and afterwards defeated, those amusing matrimonial projects, which the young and the beautiful are so apt to entertain. The highest gratification, which her ingenious malignity could devise, consisted in torturing some lovely inexperienced girl, by playing upon the tender passions of an open and unsuspecting heart.

Accident threw within her reach a most tempting subject for such fiend-like diversion; in the person of Amelia Nevil, the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer ; who, closing a laborious and honourable life in every indigent circumstances, had left his unfortunate child to the care of his maiden sister. The aunt of Amelia was such an old maid as might alone suffice to rescue the sisterhood from ridicule and contempt. She had been attached, in her early days, to a gallant youth, who

unhappily lost his own life in preserving that of his dear friend, her brother : she devoted herself to his memory with the most tender, unaffected, and invariable attachment ; refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, though her income was so narrow, that necessity obliged her to convert her whole fortune into an annuity, just before the calamitous event happened which made her the only guardian of the poor Amelia. This lovely but unfortunate girl was turned of fourteen on the death of her father. She found, in the house of his sister, the most friendly asylum, and a relation whose heart and mind made her most able and willing to form the character of this engaging orphan, who appeared to be as highly favoured by nature as she was persecuted by fortune. The beauty of Amelia was so striking, and the charms of her lively understanding began to display themselves in so enchanting a manner, that her affectionate aunt could not bear the idea of placing her in any low order of life : she gave her the education of a gentlewoman, in the flattering and generous hope that her various attractions must supply the absolute want of fortune, and that she should enjoy the delight of seeing her dear Amelia settled happily in marriage, before her death exposed her lovely ward to that poverty which was her only inheritance. Heaven disposed it otherwise. This amiable woman, after having acted the part of a most affectionate parent to her indigent niece, died before Amelia attained the age of twenty. The poor girl was now apparently destitute of every resource ; and exposed to penury, with a heart bleeding for the loss of a most indulgent protector.

A widow lady of her acquaintance very kindly afforded her a refuge in the first moments of her distress, and proposed to two of her opulent friends, that Amelia should reside with them by turns, dividing her year between them, and passing four months with each. As soon as Mrs. Wormwood was informed of this event, as she delighted in those ostentatious acts of apparent beneficence which are falsely called charity, she desired to be admitted among the voluntary guardians of the poor Amelia. To this proposal all the parties assented; and it was settled, that Amelia should pass the last quarter of every year, as long as she remained single, under the roof of Mrs. Wormwood. This lovely orphan had a sensibility of heart, which rendered her extremely grateful for the protection she received, but which made her severely feel all the miseries of dependence. Her beauty attracted a multitude of admirers, many of whom, presuming on her poverty, treated her with a licentious levity, which always wounded her ingenuous pride. Her person, her mind, her manners, were universally commended by the men; but no one thought of making her his wife. 'Amelia,' they cried, 'is an enchanting creature; but who, in these times, can afford to marry a pretty, proud girl, supported by charity?' Though this prudential question was never uttered in the presence of Amelia, she began to perceive its influence, and suffered the painful dread of proving a perpetual burden to those friends by whose generosity she subsisted; she wished, a thousand times, that her affectionate aunt, instead of cultivating her mind with such dangerous refinement, had placed her in any station of life where

she might have maintained herself by her own manual labour: she sometimes entertained a project of making some attempt for this purpose; and she once thought of changing her name, and of trying to support herself as an actress on one of the public theatres; but this idea, which her honest pride had suggested, was effectually suppressed by her modesty; and she continued to waste the most precious time of her youth, under the mortification of perpetually wishing to change her mode of life, and of not knowing how to affect it. Almost two years had now elapsed since the death of her aunt; and, without any prospect of marriage, she was now in her second period of residence with Mrs. Wormwood. Amelia's understanding was by no means inferior to her other endowments; she began to penetrate all the artful disguise, and to gain a perfect and very painful insight into the real character of her present hostess. This lady had remarked, that when Miss Nevil resided with her, her house was much more frequented by gentlemen than at any other season. This, indeed, was true; and it unluckily happened, that these visitors often forgot to applaud the smart sayings of Mrs. Wormwood, in contemplating the sweet countenance of Amelia: a circumstance full sufficient to awaken, in the neglected wit, the most bitter envy, hatred, and malice. In truth, Mrs. Wormwood detested her lovely guest with the most implacable virulence; but she had the singular art of disguising her detestation in the language of flattery: she understood the truth of Pope's maxim—

‘ He hurts me most who lavishly commends;’

and she therefore made use of lavish commenda-

tion, as an instrument of malevolence towards Amelia; she insulted the taste, and ridiculed the choice, of every new-married man; and declared herself convinced, that he was a fool, because he had not chosen that most lovely young woman. To more than one gentleman she said, 'You must marry Amelia:' and, as few men chuse to be driven into wedlock, some offers were possibly prevented by the treacherous vehemence of her praise. Her malice, however, was not sufficiently gratified by observing that Amelia had no prospect of marriage. To indulge her malignity, she resolved to amuse this unhappy girl with the hopes of such a joyous event; and then to turn, on a sudden, all these splendid hopes into mockery and delusion. Accident led her to pitch on Mr. Nelson, as a person whose name she might with the greatest safety employ, as the instrument of her insidious design, and with the greater chance of success, as she observed that Amelia had conceived for him a particular regard. Mr. Nelson was a gentleman who, having met with very singular events, had contracted a great but very amiable singularity of character: he was placed, early in life, in a very lucrative commercial situation, and was on the point of settling happily in marriage with a beautiful young lady, when the house in which she resided was consumed by fire. Great part of her family, and among them the destined bride, was buried in the ruins. Mr. Nelson, in losing the object of his ardent affection by so sudden a calamity, lost for some time the use of his reason; and when his health and senses returned, he still continued under the oppression of the profoundest melancholy, till

his fond devotion to the memory of her, whom he had lost in so severe a manner, suggested to his fancy a singular plan of benevolence, in the prosecution of which he recovered a great portion of his former spirits. This plan consisted in searching for female objects of charity, whose distresses had been occasioned by fire. As his fortune was very ample, and his own private expences very moderate, he was able to relieve many unfortunate persons in this condition; and his affectionate imagination delighted itself with the idea, that in these uncommon acts of beneficence he was guided by the influence of that lovely angel whose mortal beauty had perished in the flames. Mr. Nelson frequently visited a married sister, who was settled in the town where Mrs. Wormwood resided. There was also, in the same town, an amiable elderly widow, for whom he had a particular esteem. This lady, whose name was Melford, had been left in very scanty circumstances on the death of her husband, and residing at that time in London, she had been involved in additional distress by that calamity to which the attentive charity of Mr. Nelson was for ever directed: he more than repaired the loss which she sustained by fire, and assisted in settling her in the neighbourhood of his sister. Mrs. Melford had been intimate with the aunt of Amelia, and was still the most valuable friend of that lovely orphan, who paid her frequent visits, though she never resided under her roof. Mr. Nelson had often seen Amelia at the house of Mrs. Melford, which led him to treat her with particular politeness, whenever he visited Mrs. Wormwood; a circumstance on which the latter founded her ungenerous project. She

perfectly knew all the singular private history of Mr. Nelson, and firmly believed, like all the rest of his acquaintance, that no attractions could ever tempt him to marry ; but she thought it possible to make Amelia conceive the hope, that her beauty had melted his resolution ; and nothing, she supposed, could more effectually mortify her guest, than to find herself derided for so vain an expectation.

Mrs. Wormwood began, therefore, to insinuate, in the most artful manner, that Mr. Nelson was very particular in his civilities to Amelia ; magnified all his amiable qualities, and expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of so delightful a match. These petty artifices, however, had no effect on the natural modesty and diffidence of Amelia ; she saw nothing that authorized such an idea in the usual politeness of a well-bred man of thirty-seven ; she pitied the misfortune, she admired the elegant and engaging, though serious manners, and she revered the virtues, of Mr. Nelson ; but, supposing his mind to be entirely engrossed, as it really was, by his singular charitable pursuits, she entertained not a thought of engaging his affection. Mrs. Wormwood was determined to play off her favourite engine of malignity, a counterfeited letter. She had acquired, in her youth, the very dangerous talent of forging any hand that she pleased ; and her passion for mischief had afforded her much practice in this treacherous art. Having previously, and secretly, engaged Mr. Nelson to drink tea with her, she wrote a billet to Amelia, in the name of that gentleman, and with the most perfect imitation of his hand. The billet said, that he designed

himself the pleasure of passing that afternoon at the house of Mrs. Wormwood, and requested the favour of a private conference with Miss Nevil in the course of the evening, intimating, in the most delicate and doubtful terms, an ardent desire of becoming her husband. Mrs. Wormwood contrived that Amelia should not receive this billet till just before dinner time, that she might not shew it to her friend and confidant, Mrs. Melford, and, by her means, detect its fallacy before the hour of her intended humiliation arrived.

Amelia blushed in reading the note; and, in the first surprise of unsuspecting innocence, gave it to the vigilant Mrs. Wormwood, who burst into vehement expressions of delight, congratulating her blushing guest on the full success of her charms, and triumphed in her own prophetic discernment. They sat down to dinner, but poor Amelia could hardly swallow a morsel; her mind was in a tumultuous agitation of pleasure and amazement. The malicious impostor, enjoying her confusion, allowed her no time to compose her hurried spirits in the solitude of her chamber. Some female visitors arrived to tea; and, at length, Mr. Nelson entered the room. Amelia trembled and blushed as he approached her; but she was a little relieved from her embarrassment by the business of the tea-table, over which she presided. Amelia was naturally graceful in every thing she did, but the present agitation of her mind gave a temporary awkwardness to all her motions: she committed many little blunders in the management of the tea-table; a cup fell from her trembling hand, and was broken; but the politeness of Mr. Nelson led him to say so many.

kind and graceful things to her on these petty incidents, that, instead of increasing her distress, they produced an opposite effect, and the tumult of her bosom gradually subsided into a calm and composed delight. She ventured to meet the eyes of Mr. Nelson, and thought them expressive of that tenderness which promised a happy end to all her misfortunes. At the idea of exchanging misery and dependence for comfort and honour, as the wife of so amiable a man, her heart expanded with the most innocent and grateful joy. This appeared in her countenance, and gave such an exquisite radiance to all her features, that she looked a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Mrs. Wormwood saw this improvement of her charms, and, sickening at the sight, determined to reduce the splendor of such insufferable beauty, and hastily terminate the triumph of her deluded guest. She began with a few malicious and sarcastic remarks on the vanity of beautiful young women, and the hopes which they frequently entertain of an imaginary lover; but finding these remarks produced not the effect she intended, she took an opportunity of whispering in the ear of Amelia; and begged her not to harbour any vain expectations, for the billet she had received was a counterfeit, and a mere piece of pleasantry. Amelia shuddered, and turned pale: surprise, disappointment, and indignation, conspired to overwhelm her. She exerted her utmost power to conceal her emotions; but the conflict in her bosom was too violent to be disguised. The tears, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, burst forth, and she was obliged to quit the room in very visible disorder. Mr. Nelson expressed his concern;

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of Mrs. Wormwood, who immedi-
chamber of Amelia, to exult, like
lovely victim of her successful
found not the person, whom she
insult. Amelia had, indeed, retired
and passed there a very miserable
hurt by the treacherous cruelty of
and still more wounded by reflex
credulity, which she condemned
severity so natural to a delicate
itself. She would have flown
solation to her friend, Mrs. Mel-
reason to believe that lady engaged
she therefore resolved to take a
the purpose of composing her
solitude nor exercise could restore
and as it grew late in the evening
Mrs. Melford's, in hopes of now find-
Her worthy old confidant was, in

shower of tears, 'because I am a fool.'—Mrs. Melford began to be most seriously alarmed, and expressing her maternal solicitude in the kindest manner, Amelia produced the fatal paper—'There,' says she, 'is a letter in the name of your excellent friend, Mr. Nelson; it is a forgery of Mrs. Wormwood's, and I have been such an idiot as to believe it real.' The affectionate Mrs. Melford, who, in her first alarm, had apprehended a much heavier calamity, was herself greatly comforted in discovering the truth, and said many kind things to console her young friend. 'Do not fancy,' replied Amelia, 'that I am foolishly in love with Mr. Nelson, though I think him the most pleasing as well as the most excellent of men; and though I confess to you, that I should certainly think it a blessed lot to find a refuge from the misery of my present dependence, in the arms of so benevolent and so generous a protector.'—'Those arms are now open to receive you,' said a voice that was heard before the speaker appeared. Amelia startled at the sound, and her surprise was not a little increased on seeing Mr. Nelson himself, who, entering the room from an adjoining apartment, embraced the lovely orphan in a transport of tenderness and delight. Amelia, alive to all the feelings of genuine modesty, was for some minutes more painfully distressed by this surprise, than she had been by her past mortification: she was ready to sink into the earth, at the idea of having betrayed her secret to the man from whom she would have laboured most to conceal it. In the first tumult of this delicate confusion, she sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief. Nelson, with a mixture of respect and love, being

which produced their situation.

Mr. Nelson had observed the
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and extolled his generosity; an
Amelia at some distance, thro

part of his plan, that Amelia should never know the persons to whom she was to owe her independence. 'I am still afraid of you, my worthy old friend,' said Nelson, 'your countenance or manner will, I know, betray me, if Miss Nevil sees me here to-night.'—'Well,' said the delighted old lady, 'I will humour your delicacy; Amelia will, probably, not stay with me ten minutes; you may amuse yourself, for that time, in my spacious garden: I will not say you are here; and, as soon as the good girl returns home, I will come and impart to you the particulars of her recent vexation.'—'Admirably settled,' cried Nelson; and he immediately retreated into a little back room, which led through a glass door into a long slip of ground, embellished with the sweetest and least expensive flowers, which afforded a favourite occupation and amusement to Mrs. Melford. Nelson, after taking a few turns in this diminutive garden, finding himself rather chilled by the air of the evening, retreated again into the little room he had passed, intending to wait there till Amelia departed; but the partition between the parlours being extremely slight, he overheard the tender confession of Amelia, and was hurried towards her by an irresistible impulse, in the manner already described.

Mrs. Melford was the first who recovered from the kind of trance into which our little party had been thrown by their general surprise; and she enabled the tender pair, in the prospect of whose union her warm heart exulted, to regain that easy and joyous possession of their faculties, which they lost for some little time in their mutual embarrassment. The applause of her friend, and the adoration

of her lover, soon taught the diffident Amelia to think less severely of herself. The warm-hearted Mrs. Melford declared, that these occurrences were the work of Heaven. 'That,' replied the affectionate Nelson, 'I am most willing to allow ; but you must grant, that Heaven has produced our present happiness by the blind agency of a fiend ; and, as our dear Amelia has too gentle a spirit to rejoice in beholding the malignity of a devil converted into the torment of its possessor, I must beg, that she may not return, even for a single night, to the house of Mrs. Wormwood.' Amelia pleaded her sense of past obligations, and wished to take a peaceful leave of her patroness ; but she submitted to the urgent entreaties of Mr. Nelson, and remained for a few weeks under the roof of Mrs. Melford, when she was united at the altar to the man of her heart. Nelson had the double delight of rewarding the affection of an angel, and of punishing the malevolence of a fiend : he announced in person to Mrs. Wormwood his intended marriage with Amelia, on the very night when that treacherous old maid had amused herself with the hope of deriding her guest ; whose return she was eagerly expecting, in the moment Nelson arrived to say, that Amelia would return no more.

The surprise and mortification of Mrs. Wormwood arose almost to frenzy ; she racked her malicious and inventive brain for expedients to defeat the match, and circulated a report for that purpose, which decency will not allow me to explain. Her artifice was detected and despised. Amelia was not only married, but the most admired, the most beloved, and the happiest of human beings ; an

event which prayed so incessantly on the spirit of Mrs. Worinwood, that she fell into a rapid decline, and ended, in a few months, her mischievous and unhappy life; a memorable example, that the most artful malignity may sometimes procure for the object of its envy that very happiness which it labours to prevent!

The Jealous Husband.

OF all the passions which agitate the human breast, perhaps that of jealousy is the most easily excited, and allayed with the most difficulty. To the jealous, 'trifles, light as air, are confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ;' and, 'to be once in doubt, is once to be resolved.'

Colonel Taplow was the son of a gentleman of respectable family, but very small fortune; who possessed a place in one of the public offices, which barely enabled him to preserve an appearance suited to his birth, and provide for the education of his son in such a way as might qualify him to bustle in the world, and acquire that competency which it was not in his power to leave him.

Nor was this an ill-judged precaution: for before young Taplow had reached his fifteenth year, he lost his father; and his mother, himself, and a sister ten years younger, were left in a situation of difficulty, bordering on distress.

As it was now impossible for him to pursue his studies in the line which had been intended by his father, he embraced an opportunity, which offered within a year after his death, of taking a voyage to the East Indies, in a ship of which his uncle, on the

in order to engage in the service of the chiefs who were then contending for that power and territory of usurpers, but which, in reality, was to master the Great Mogul; and she had heard nothing of her son during the years which she outlived her husband. It was concluded he had either fallen a victim to the mency of the climate, or to the hands of some enemy. He was supposed to have engaged in the service of some European power.

And, indeed, the truth was, that the prince who exceedingly disliked the life of a soldier, perhaps was disgusted at the mention of his uncle, neither of whom was mild or gentle, had accidentally met a British officer, who had acquired a high rank in the service of one of the princes, and having recommended himself to his acquaintance by the sprightliness of his conversation and the elegance of his manners, he had interested him to accept of his services.

but as he knew the plan would be opposed by his uncle, who intended him for a maritime employment, he chose to embrace it without consulting that relation ; and his patron having tendered him pecuniary assistance, he left the ship without taking leave, and entered on his new profession.

Nor was he deceived in his expectations of advancing his fortune and gratifying his ambition in his military career. Before he had reached thirty, he had attained the command of a regiment of Seapoys ; and had acquired a sum of money which, though not equal in amount to the enormous treasures of some modern Indian hunters, was competent to his wishes, and promised him sufficient enjoyment of all the pleasures of life, unallayed by the reflection of having plundered provinces, or injured a single individual.

During the first part of his residence in the East Indies, he wrote many letters to his mother ; but as she had retired into the country soon after his departure from England, they never reached her ; and as he received no answers, he concluded that both his mother and sister had paid the debt of nature, an apprehension which they had entertained respecting him from the moment of his uncle's return.

On his arrival in his native country, he commenced an enquiry after these dear relations with the utmost solicitude and earnestness ; but he was unable to obtain any farther intelligence concerning them, than that they had left their London habitation upwards of a dozen years, and immediately after the death of a very particular friend of his late father, who he knew had assisted his mother in the

management of her affairs ; but to what part of the kingdom they had removed, or who had since transacted their little business, he was wholly unable to discover.

Disappointed in his hopes of comforting the advancing age of his mother, and making a provision for his sister, whose fortune he knew would be extremely slender, he determined to look out for an agreeable matrimonial connection ; and in the mean time he purchased a house in town, and formed such an establishment as was suited to his fortune and the rank he held in life.

After remaining about a year in this situation, his choice still unfixed, a brother officer in the East invited him to pass a few days with him at a villa which he had purchased within half a day's journey of the metropolis ; and in his return from this visit, in a post-chaise and four, attended by two servants on horse-back, he was overtaken, about fifteen miles from town, by one of those dreadful tempests which are seldom felt in this moderate climate.

The wind blew a perfect hurricane, the rain descended in torrents, the thunder rolled most tremendously, and the pitchy darkness of the night was only interrupted by the repeated flashes of lightning which served to render the returning gloom more horrible.

The storm seemed rather to gain strength than to diminish, when the carriage reached the middle of a large common ; and, stopping suddenly, one of the servants came up to the side of it, and acquainted his master, that his drivers would not venture to go on, as they had lost the road, and one of them recollected that the common they were on was full

of gravel-pits, and that the impetuosity of the winter torrents had worn deep and dangerous gulphs in several parts of it.

To a man, the greater part of whose life had been spent 'in the tented field,' a difficulty like this could occasion no perturbation of mind. On the receipt of this information, Colonel Taplow directed his eyes round the common, and soon discovered a light at a distant part of it; towards which he directed his servants to proceed, ordering the horsemen to alight by turns, and walk before the horses, which were to draw the chaise gently after this harbinger, and stop upon his giving notice of any obstruction.

In this manner they proceeded without danger, till they approached the light, which they now discovered to be in an elegant house situated on the edge of the common.

Though this was not a moment for ceremony, yet Colonel Taplow well knew he could better apologize for his intrusion in person than by message; and he therefore leaped from the carriage, and flew across a small green which was separated from the common by posts and a chain, intending to solicit shelter for himself, his equipage, and his servants, during the continuance of the tempest.

But as he drew near the door of the house, his ears were invaded with such piercing female shrieks, as set the storm at defiance, and added horror to the tumults of the night.

His solicitude to obtain admission now changed its object: no longer anxious to procure a retreat from the storm, eagerness to afford assistance to distress, prompted him to thunder at the door, not in the style of a suppliant for shelter, but of an avenger

which he opened without hesi
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man, who was brutally engaged
blows with a whip at a young

Thus interrupted, the enra
to his unwelcome guest ; and
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The tale was now unfolded ;
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At this moment two of the
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their horses. taken their

to the chaise ; a service which was instantly performed, their retreat being covered by the colonel : and the lady being placed in the carriage, the owner of it followed ; and, in spite of the out-cries and menaces of the husband and his servant, neither of whom chose to make manual opposition, he ordered his drivers to follow the road which led from the house, no matter whither, and carried off his fair prize, who was still in a situation which rendered her wholly unconscious of this disposition.

As the storm was now abated, they soon regained the great road ; and the lady having recovered from her fainting fit, the colonel found means to prevail on her not to oppose accompanying him to town, whither he ordered his servants to conduct them as fast as the horses could gallop.

Meantime, the astonished husband, whom we shall hereafter mention by the name of Mr. Marwood, ordered his horses to be got ready ; and dispatching his servant one road, proceeded himself another, in hopes at least to trace, though he could not expect to stop, the supposed plunderer of his honour, and the actual robber who carried off his property.

But the darkness of the night, the storm, and the mistake of the road, had effectually precluded all hope of intelligence in the approach to the house ; and the celerity with which the fugitives pursued their journey to London, rendered it equally impossible to gain the least information on the road which led to the metropolis ; so that both the master and his scout returned at midnight, without having made the smallest progress to a discovery

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cealing her in his house a month, and then, after avowing his passion for her, to pretend to delicacy, sentiment, and honour.

But Colonel Taplow was not to be diverted from his purpose: he determined to be heard; and addressing himself to the judge—‘My lord,’ says he, ‘it is my duty to offer to you my reasons for refusing to comply with your injunctions to abandon the lady I have had the honour to protect. My lord, I am now well acquainted with the lady’s amiable and excellent qualities; I know her to be virtuous, mild, gentle, and inoffensive; and as incapable of giving cause for the injuries she has sustained, as she is of resisting the repetition of them. Her husband I know to be groundlessly jealous, absurdly suspicious, and brutally cruel; and, under such convictions, will your lordship think me impertinent or assuming, if I assert, that not even your authority, nor all the united powers of the law, shall force me to surrender into such hands my dearest, my beloved Maria—my sister?’

It is impossible to express, nor is it necessary to attempt describing, the astonishment of the company, and in particular of the still-doubting Marwood. An eclairsissement, however, took place, which compleatly convinced even him that this lady had found a brother in her protector, and that this discovery had been made by the colonel the first moment he beheld her, even during the deprivation of sense and motion.

And that the husband should be unacquainted with the name of Taplow, was accounted for by the lady herself; who informed him, that she had assumed that of West, by which he had known

her in her unmarried state, at the request of a female relation, who had received her at the death of her mother; and having at her death left her the bulk of her fortune, had enjoined her to continue to use that name only, which she had prevailed upon her to take for several years before.

The highly delighted judge now earnestly intreated the colonel, his sister, and her more than half-converted husband, to accompany him to his house, where his excellent advice paved the way for a total reformation in Mr. Marwood's temper and conduct, and a perfect reconciliation between him and his wife: both which have since taken place; and past injuries are never remembered, but in the pleasantries of the colonel, who now and then reminds his brother-in-law to take care of a relapse, as he is very certain his lady's next champion will appear in a different character from that of a brother.

With a Present of some Pens sent to
EMMA CORBETT.

Go, ingenious artist, to her
All ambitious to be prest;
Dear disclosures of sensation;
Agents of the gentle breast.

Whiter than your whitest feather,
Is the hand which you'll embrace:
Yet more white the fair affection,
Whose emotions you shall trace.

Go, and take the charge upon you,
Passing tender, passing dear;
Oh, the trust you bear is wondrous,
Gentle agents, be sincere.

Every sacred secret marking,
Gods ! how precious ye will prove ;
Softest sympathies imparting ;
Are ye not the plumes of love ?

When first floating on the river,
Lovely was your limpid way ;
Lovely was your silver surface ;
Lovely was your wat'ry play.

But for pastime still more lovely,
Your sweet feathers now I send ;
What so lovely, prithee tell me,
As the service of a friend ?

Faithful to their fair deposits,
Your last stroke shall reach my heart .
In its elegant recesses,
Shall be fix'd what you impart.

Then, dear instruments, I charge ye,
Often tempt my Emma's eyes ;
Bid her press your downy feathers ;
Bid her speed the soft replies.

Not the plumes which line her pillow,
Half so delicate shall prove ;
When all kind her pulses tremble,
As your downy plumes of love.

Ye shall note her joy and anguish ;
Gentle agents, be sincere ;
Send me half each drop of sorrow ;
Rob me not of half each tear.

Beauteous as the dews of morning,
When they bathe the lovely flow'r,
Are the lucid drops of feeling,
When from fondness falls the show'r.

Mark, I claim my just division ;
Mark, I promise just return :
Some of your white-wing'd associates
Must inform her how I mourn.

When long leagues our persons sever,
Ye our wishes shall convey ;
Ye shall tell the pangs of parting ;
Ye shall hail the meeting day.

sympathy would shake
All expressive of the

Go, then take this charge
Passing tender, pass
Oh, the charge you bear
Gentle agents, be sin

To E. L.
With a Basket of Flowers
by the Author

WHILE Flora's gay train are all
And their fragrance regales us
While the beauties of Nature are
Till Spring does their lustre
From the garden of Fancy this
And to mimic Dame Nature
And shew you that Winter, as well
Can a basket of flowers supply
But ah! what can give to these
What tints like to Nature's car
They call for that fragrance, that
When zephyrs breathe over the
But in this does my pencil Dame
(Her paintings areauteous.)

The seasons may vary, the flowers may fade,
But ah ! 'tis not Nature nor Art
Can cancel the vows to Eliza I made,
Or drive the dear maid from my heart.

The Way to Rule a Husband.

Ye fair, who now flutter in life's busy throng,
Whose spring-tide of pleasure flows gaily along,
Enjoy the glad season, exult in your youth,
Yet attend to the counsels of Prudence and Truth.

Does liberal Nature bestow her sweet dye,
Give the tresses to float, and to sparkle the eye,
Bid the air of an Hebe the fair-one adorn,
With a smile like a cherub, a blush like the morn ?

Or have you not mark'd the gay rose in its bloom,
Unrival'd in freshness, in tints, and perfume ?
It may flourish a day, and its triumphs are o'er,
For the next rising sun shall behold it no more.

So Beauty's sweet flower will droop, wither, and fade,
If charms not more lasting adorn the fair maid.
Would you wish o'er the hearts of mankind to preside,
Be good-humour your guest, and discretion your guide.

Thus affection, and prudence, judiciously blend,
And you'll find, in the husband, the admirer and friend ;
These are charms that will please when youth's season is flown,
And the lovers thus gain'd are for ever your own.

Shun the gaze of mankind, still to modesty true,
For 'tis yours to retreat, as 'tis theirs to pursue ;
Tho' prudes they despise, yet the forward they shun,
For, the conquest is scorn'd that is easily won.

Bold beauty can seldom wake love's purer fire,
Men give her faint praise, but at distance admire ;
While the sweet timid maiden, unpractis'd in art,
By retiring subdues, and possesses the heart.

Two Fathers and Two Mothers to One Child.

ANGELICA and Cleon met for the first time by accident at an assembly.—Angelica looked at Cleon so accurately in the first interview, that in the

sidered as the oath of initiation.
him not to love her;—family i
impossible they should come to
tunate fellow that I am!" said
exactly my case; my father w
obstacle to the match.—Hereup
(as is the practice of lovers) all
cumstances which were likely
union; and resolved '(for lovers s
resolutions) very prudently, neve
any more. Angelica went out
(by an excess of discretion pecul
came back just to forbid Cleon e
'Cruel thou art!' said Cleon, 't
me to love, but to think of you
painted his misfortunes (all love
unfortunate) in colours so passion
Angelica said, sighing, 'Well the
think of me some times, but I
attempt seeing me on any consid
me to see you?' replied Cleon.

beloved ! Well, well then, Madam, I will die—I will die like a man.' Here he looked as much like a desperado as he could (as is the custom of lovers in like circumstances.) 'Alas !' replied she, easily believing him, 'see me, Cleon ; love me ; think of me ; but do not speak to me, I charge you.' Ladies are never cruel but when the object is indifferent to them, or are 'cruel only to be kind.' Here Cleon had another fit of despair (in courtship these fits are extremely convenient), and once more threatened himself with sudden dissolution.—'Ah ! heavens,' replied the trembling Angelica, 'speak to me, then, since it must be so ; but take care that nobody knows of it—If I consent, it is from the hope there may be some change in our affairs.' 'Change !' said Cleon, delighted at the success of threats (which are hourly sent forth, and really put into execution once or twice in a century); 'there will, there must—there shall—be a change :'

'There's something whispers, we shall still be happy.'

(Nothing so well as a quotation in these cases, especially from a popular tragedy ;—besides, lovers are always prophets, and have always forbodings of what is to befall them, good or bad). Well, they parted with a promise to obtain, if it were possible, the consent of their parents. 'But it will be necessary to see one another, while this great business is carrying on,' said Cleon, 'that we may compare notes, which has made the greatest progress.' 'Why, that's but reasonable,' said she.—(One point gained, others easily follow *en suite*). But notwithstanding these fair prospects, the obstacles were still stubborn ; and, except in their own eyes (lovers see rather what they hope and fear, than what really is),

were in no degree diminished. The mutual desire to diminish them, was stronger than ever. In love, opposition kindles ardour, and difficulty stimulates pursuit. Cleon persuaded Angelica, that the common forms of marriage might be performed as well before him and the deity (who would be their witness), as before a priest and his whole congregation; upon which, the marriage vow (for love is a strange compound of credulity and suspicion) was reciprocally exchanged, and a ring (to bind the bargain) was put upon the finger of the betrothed, with the usual solemnities. Cleon's father was at this time from home; yet, as his consent was necessary (at least to future fortune), our adventurous pair put themselves in a way to obtain it. For this purpose, Cleon set out on a journey to the patrimonial mansion (for he was of good birth): the adieus were (as they ever were, and ever will be upon such occasions) partly sad, and partly soothing:—a mixture of vows, tears, sighs, smiles, and embracings. Both were however persuaded, that the clandestine nuptials would be publicly confirmed at the husband's return.—Several weeks, nevertheless, elapsed.—Angelica, divided between the different emotions of fear and hope, (the intermittent ague and fever of lovers) was not at first in so pitiable a state as afterwards she found herself. Reflection began to trouble her; (the first emotion of self-reproach, is, perhaps, the sorest misery that enters the heart) she saw her fault, and trembled at its consequent disgraces. But as we have all some hope left, to support us under the most desperate calamity, she imagined that her error would be for ever concealed. Alas! she little suspected that a few months must

necessarily betray the whole transaction.—The interval is agony.—She knew as yet but one half of her misfortunes, and her griefs were moderated by some soothing remembrances. The human mind, under sorrow, is always hunting for medicines proportioned to the disease. Paint to yourself the alarms of Angelica! Her lover absent;—trembling, yet wishing for the rap of the postman; and perpetually watching some tidings in vain. Imagine you see her begin to apprehend a fraud—that she is forgotten — forsaken — abandoned: — to whom could she complain? In whom should she confide? To weep in private was her only consolation. What a situation! (to desert her in it, may seem cruel to the reader)—Yet the course of our history requires us to leave this our luckless heroine with a handkerchief at her eyes, to introduce other personages materially concerned in the scene.

A woman of fortune, had some years since taken unto her arms an honest citizen, who was very desirous of an heir to inherit those fortunes which he resolved no collateral branches of his own family (every sprig of which he hated), should be the better for. The lady's name was Dorimena; a character in perfect contrast to that of Angelica. Dorimena had the misfortune not to answer her husband's hopes, and it was the cause of a sort of antipathy between them. One evening, therefore, as he came home melancholy and sullen, his wife, who really loved the man, and had been all day meditating a stratagem, no sooner saw him, than she ran with transport, and exclaimed, 'Good news, my dear! I am so enchanting that I can scarce speak!'—'Upon what occasion?' said the husband. Instead of

answering, she stept back a few paces (finess'd a certain situation to a miracle) staggered a little till she reached an armed-chair, and then fainted away with the best grace in the world (and in a proper moment, too, or else a swoon is good for nothing) · her lord hereupon put himself in a flurry, and tried all the fair water methods in usage on such occasions, to recover her.—She came as gradually as she ought to herself; and then, in a tone consistently enfeebled, and admirably artificial, ‘ Ah ! my most dear love !’ she cries, ‘ what poor creatures we are in certain situations !’—‘ Situations !’ cried the husband.—‘ My life !’ said she (taking his hand at the right moment) ‘ the tender doubts I have for some time entertained are confirmed.’—‘ How ?’ replied the triumphant citizen, ‘ and shall I then at last be a father ?’ Upon this he expanded his arms to embrace the gentle dame. There was nothing now between them but tears real, and tears affected ; and in order to sustain the farce properly, she fainted and recovered, was sick and well, as beseemeth ladies in her delicate circumstances. Upon the strength of this, the husband set out upon a long meditated journey, convinced that he should find, on his return, the child of his hopes. No sooner was the good man gone, than Dorimena’s business was to fortify herself against the discovery of her neighbours. And first, it was necessary that she should appear to them a lady beginning to increase. Her first design was, to borrow a baby ; but then it was proper, in that affair, to have the help of a friend. This produced much secret meditation. At length she fixed upon a wise matron in the neighbourhood, who had formerly been her

servant ; a woman at once inventive and intriguing, whose name, if you please, shall be Deborah. Dorimena began by telling this Mrs. Deborah, that whatever trouble she incurred in the business, on her account, should be richly recompensed, and that her affair, in a few words, was this :—She resolved (and indeed had promised) to make her husband a father before his return. Deborah, full of zeal for the increase and conversation of the human species, began immediately to sing forth the praises of all the discreet young men of her acquaintance. ‘What!’ said Dorimena, interrupting her with fury, ‘little dost thou know the integrity of this heart,’ hitting herself a good thump on the bosom at the same time, to prove the strength of her virtue. ‘That is true,’ answered Deborah; ‘but in order to please one’s husband, you know’—‘Silence!’ replied Dorimena. ‘How will you manage it then, Madam,’ cried Mrs. Deborah? ‘if you have hit upon any thing new in that way, I shall be glad to be instructed.’ Hereupon the two ladies had a very long conversation; the result of which was, that Mrs. Deborah should hunt secretly about the town and its environs, till she found a female, who as much feared to be publicly called a mother, as Dorimena desired it; and who, for the sake of secrecy, would be willing to yield up (for a time at least) the claims of a parent.—While the intriguing Mrs. Deborah was seeking about for this child of chance, Dorimena, on her part, began to play off all the affections and grimaces of a lady in a certain state.—If any of her friends proposed a walk, she was afraid lest a false step should destroy her expectations. If a ride was suggested, the difficulty

make ugly contortions, that it look at them: on the same prohibitions were to be avoided—a play-house; because Comedy mingling with the figure of Momus with the form of Harlequin: she the benefit of good living, to averse. But in some measure to this misfortune, she longed (as it *delicateous* difficult of attainment) rudenesses and extravagancies as in certain cases, Dorimena claimed and played her part so naturally even those who had perhaps played before her.

Let us now return to the poor who was all this time taking as a chain of petty deceptions link to conceal the faults in her waist spoil hers. Angelica was about months advanced, when she was

call in Dorimena's debt; and resolved that her daughter should accompany her in performing the indispensable and fatiguing devoir. Poor Angelica pretended colds, head-achs, fevers, all the convenient ailments, to no manner of purpose: the command was positive; she was obliged to go—Carry your fancy, reader, the length of a few streets; and suppose our visitors entering an apartment where Dorimena is surrounded by a number of female friends, who are assembled together to pay the usual compliments of gratulation. It is impossible to express how much Angelica suffered from the imprisonment of a cruel pair of French stays; which, for the sake of her shape, her primitive mother had taken care to lace remarkably tight. This good woman took great pleasure in overdressing her daughter with her own hand whenever she was to go out with her; and it was on such occasions that the poor Angelica had the utmost difficulty to conceal her situation. Dorimena, on the contrary, displayed the signals with all the ostentation and triumph of one who is about to be a parent according to act of parliament—much at her ease, and without any stays whatever.—Her gown was opened both behind and before, palpably to let folks see how it was with her; supporting at the same time her two arms over the elbow of her chair; as much as to say, 'See, friends, what an honourable burthen I carry about me!' What a contrast!—The poor Angelica shrinking as it were from herself, and seeming to say, 'How happy is that woman who can make a boast of the very circumstance which to me would be attended with the greatest disgrace!' During these transactions,

Mrs. Deborah (the sage) happened to be in the room with her mistress Dorimena, under pretence of supplying her with any little matter that might be wanting. To ladies in her situation, a thousand accidents may happen, for which it is the duty of a parent to be provided.—No sooner did Angelica enter the apartment, than Deborah, whose eyes were upon the scout, took notice of every suspicious particular, both in the size and walk of the unhappy young lady: this was sufficient to convince a woman of her sagacity, her researches were at length successful. Angelica perceiving herself so critically examined, was in the utmost uneasiness, while Deborah approached the ear of Dorimena, and softly said, ‘There, Madam; that is the person who seems to have too much of what you so ardently desire a little more.’—Angelica seeing them whisper, doubted not they were passing judgment. But what was her emotion, when one of the company congratulated Dorimena upon the choice of so excellent a midwife as Mrs. Deborah.—At the word midwife, Angelica turned pale as the criminal at the first glance of the judge. Her knees trembled—her lips quivered; the roses flew from her cheek, and the languid horror of death set impressed upon her countenance. The company were alarmed.—The mother fearing she was suddenly taken ill, ran to her, and assured her friends that it was only one of those fits which her dear father was very subject to.—Deborah officiously ran on the other side, and said, she could easily see it was a family disorder; but no sooner did the midwife lay her experienced fingers on her pulse, than the poor victim gave herself up for lost. In a word, she fell into fits; in which condition she

was carried to an adjacent chamber, and put to bed, under pretence of getting a little repose. Deborah advised the company to retire. When she found herself alone with Deborah, it was the first moment of happiness she had experienced since the departure of her lover ; for this harbinger of the human species began, with very little ceremony, to declare all she knew, and, in fine, to offer her services. This produced a confidence between them ; and the result was, that the difficulty which had been occasioned by love and indiscretion, was to be removed by friendship and prudence ; and that, without even her mother or any other person being the wiser. Mutual interest, like mutual love, soon connects people. From that day, Deborah and Angelica had private consultations, and concerted their measures together. Yet, as it was necessary to engage a third person in this business, Angelica fixed upon an aunt (occasionally very useful personages) for this confidence, with whom she was a particular favourite. Luckily for our heroine, this aunt had a villa very near town, to which they consented Angelica should go on a visit. Here it was that, by the assistance of the profound Mrs. Deborah, Angelica was relieved from those apprehensions which the dread of infamy occasioned. No sooner was the business over than she returned to town, more genteel in shape, and more fair in complexion, than ever. The intriguing Deborah obtained, from the aunt and niece, full leave to take the infant in charge ; to which by a written agreement, she promised to shew all the tenderness of a mother ; with this stipulation, however, in the articles, that whenever the real parent should be desirous to

caress her little daughter (for it proved a female), she should at all times have free access. These preliminaries being settled, Deborah hastened to Dorimena, who was upon the tenter-hook of expectation till she heard of the safe delivery. In waiting this important event, she had, according to the due order of things conjugal and obstetrick, caused herself to be put to bed, where she lay counterfeiting pain—as it were in state—for some days, receiving the felicitations of her neighbours. But, alas! these witnesses generally hang officiously about the bed in the critical hour; and as they are always upon such occasions very familiar, it was difficult to elude their indiscreet curiosity.—Meantime Deborah arrived with the child, through a bye-street which led by a private door into the garden; and, as good luck would have it, she gained the back stair-case leading to a little apartment, that was separated from that of Dorimena's only by a slight partition, which slid backwards and forwards.—No sooner had she reached this partition, than she gave the appointed signal; upon which the lying-in lady complained that she felt an uncommon heaviness, as if she were inclined to doze a little. ‘Indulge it by all means,’ said one of the gossips: ‘in the mean time we will amuse ourselves in the next apartment.’ Scarce were they gone, when Dorimena, anxious to know the truth, exclaimed, ‘Well, Deborah, is it hope or despair with us?’ ‘All goes well,’ replied the confidante. ‘We have relieved our poor little girl from that burthen, of which you shall immediately be the mother, upon easier terms than ever parent bore a child.’ While they were concerting in this manner

the family-secret, the child, weary perhaps of its inconvenient posture in the agitated arms of Deborah, began to cry like an infant already born. The neighbours, who were within hearing, ran immediately into the room; and all had been spoiled; if Dorimena, by an effort somewhat betwixt prescience and cunning, had not overwhelmed the feeble whinings of the child by the bolder notes of the full-grown woman in distress. To heighten the scene, Deborah, who had none of the softest voices, set up a cry likewise; and this chorus betwixt maid, mistress, and baby, produced a discord of sounds, not very unlike those which formerly were made by the Coribantes in order to keep from the ears of Saturn the cries of young Jupiter. In this moment of uproar and confusion, Deborah, who under her cloak had adroitly concealed the infant, took occasion, under pretence of embracing her poor mistress, to slide the little creature into the bed.—Dorimena at this crisis threw herself into very proper and consistent agitations, as if attacked by labour pains; and almost in the same instant the midwife called out, ‘As I live, the delivery is completed in a manner almost miraculous!’—Upon hearing this joyful news, the gossips threw aside the curtains, and received the new-born babe from the hands of Deborah; who, after admiring its incomparable beauty in the usual style of extravagant panegyric, declared that it was a little monster of its age, and that, in all the time of her practice, she had never seen such a bouncer. To this the whole company readily assented, not without much superstitious lifting-up of eyes, and shrugging of shoulders. Their joy becoming vociferous, Deborah informed

them, that her mistress complained of a terrible head-ach; upon which her sympathizing friends went out of the chamber on tip-toe, in hopes of another holy-day at the christening. Thus, then, have we brought a very fine child into the family, and even into the bed-chamber of Dorimena. It was nursed at this good lady's for some time, before the real mother knew that it was in her possession.

The materials from which these facts are collected, do not instruct me by what means the real parent became first acquainted with it; but it is worth your while, reader, to attend to the sequel.—You have already seen the timid Angelica concealing, with fear and trembling, the effects of her stolen marriage; and now behold her in a situation to brave every former fear, and even publicly reclaiming the little living witness of her transgression. This sudden revolution would scarce appear probable, were I not to relate the particular circumstances which led to it.—Angelica had not received any intelligence from Cleon, since the time that he set out to obtain his father's permission to bless and confirm a union which had begun so precipitately.—Cleon, at the time of departure, indeed, entertained all those romantic sentiments of love and gratitude, which generally fill the young mind till its ardour is abated by new objects. But this ardour in our hero cooled even upon the road; and though he still loved, it was a sensation perfectly pacific. To make it still more so, his father died on the evening of his arrival. By this event he became heir to a very large fortune; to exhaust which in the fashions and fooleries of the times, employed his whole leisure, so that he had not the

interval of a moment to bestow upon the forgotten Angelica.—After a cruel oblivion of some years, Cleon fell sick of a fever, which reduced him both to reason and reflexion. Then it was, for the first time, he recollected, that he had both a wife and a child, who were probably in distress. The thought, though it increased the disorder of his body, immediately began the reformation of his mind. He sent for both those dear objects. Angelica came, and related her whole history since his departure, in the most touching manner.—Some time after, Cleon recovered; and it was his first business to attend Angelica into the country; where he publicly acknowledged her as his wife, unfolded all the mysterious circumstances relating to the child, and insisted upon its being claimed according to the articles.—Mrs. Deborah was sent for; who seeing the parties resolved, made a fair and full confession; upon which, Dorimena received an unexpected visit. It happened both she and her husband were at that moment indulging themselves with all those gay hopes which parents cherish in the presence of an only child—for by this time Dorimena loved it as her own. The infant was upon her knee, when the real parents entered the room. Their errand was announced without ceremony; and while Angelica ran to her child, Cleon introduced Deborah to corroborate the claim.—No pen can describe the surprize of Dorimena, or of her deluded husband. A little conversation, however, discovered so many favourable circumstances to apologize for the conduct of the fictitious mother, who had only the satisfaction and love of her husband in view, that every intended reproach softened into gratitude

and forgiveness.—‘Well,’ said the imaginary father, ‘I see the motive but too plainly to be displeased—since a good and innocent deception (but take care that it be innocent) is amongst the first blessings of life; and I have had too much pleasure in the child, to be concerned at the good fortune of its having two fathers. Take it then, Sir,’ said he, presenting it to Cleon, ‘and cherish it as I have done. My will, however, is made in its favour. It has never done any thing to induce me to alter the clauses in which it is interested.’——‘This being the case,’ rejoined the real father, ‘we will share the dear property between us; and in passing its time partly with you and partly with us, it shall cement the union betwixt our families.’

This proposal was highly relished by all parties; and thus concluded the history of the daughter, at once claimed and protected by two mothers and fathers.

*Account of the Marriage of Edward IV.
to Eliz. Woodville.*

JAQUELINE of Luxembourg, duchess of Bedford, had, after her husband’s death, so far sacrificed her ambition to love, that she married Sir Richard Woodville, a private gentleman, afterwards honoured with the title of Lord Rivers, to whom she bore several children, and among the rest, Elizabeth, who was no less distinguished by the beauty and elegance of her person, than the amiable dispositions of her mind.

Elizabeth had espoused Sir John Grey of Groby, by whom she had children; and her husband being





Engraved by T. Kennerley C.T.I. 1845

*Elizabeth Woodville soliciting from Edward
the restoration of her Husband's Estates.*

was in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting for the family of Lancaster, and his coat being on that account confiscated, the young widow withdrew to her father's seat of Grafton in Northamptonshire, where she lived for some time in privacy and retirement.

Edward choosing to hunt in that country, went to pay a visit to the duchess of Bedford, and Elizabeth resolved to embrace such a favourable opportunity of obtaining some grace from this gallant monarch. Accordingly she came into his presence, and throwing herself at his feet, begged a maintenance for herself and children.

The sight of so much beauty to distress made a deep impression upon the amiable mind of Edward: love stole insensibly into his heart under the guise of compassion, from which, in its first motions, it is not very different; and her beauty and affections so graceful in a virtuous mistress, recommended her no less to his esteem and veneration, than her personal beauty made her the object of his affection.

He raised her from the ground with sentiments of favour: he found his passion daily strengthened by the company and conversation of the lovely widow, and he was soon obliged, in his turn, to become the suppliant of the woman whom he had lately seen on her knees before him.

But Elizabeth, either too virtuous to gratify the passion in a dishonourable manner, or too sensible not to perceive that she might easily raise herself to the highest rank, obstinately refused to grant his request; and all the entreaties, endearments, and caresses of the young and amiable Edward, were unable to bend her rigid and stubborn virtue. She

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plainly told him, that though she was unworthy of being his queen, she thought herself too good to be his concubine, and was therefore willing to remain in the humble station in which providence had placed her.

His passion, inflamed by opposition, and heightened by his esteem for such honourable sentiments, hurried him at last beyond the bounds of reason and prudence; and he offered to share his throne, as well as his heart, with the woman, whose personal and mental accomplishments seemed to render her so deserving of both. And the nuptials were secretly solemnized at Grafton.

The Story of Mr. Mountain.

You must know, I am married to one of the most agreeable women in England, have an unabating passion for my wife, and every reason to imagine her sentiments are equally tender for me; there is nothing of consequence but what we continually study to oblige each other in; yet at the same time there are a thousand little trifles in which we are always sure to disagree; and which are not only an endless source of disquiet to ourselves, but of uneasiness to our whole family.

Last night, for instance, after supper I acquainted Nancy that a vintner, who owed me a hundred pound for some Lisbons, (for you must know I am a wine merchant) has failed, and that there was but little probability of expecting two and sixpence from the sale of all his effects. I furthermore informed her, that I was much to blame in the affair, and that I had trusted this man contrary to the advice of an

intimate friend, who was perfectly conversant with his circumstances. My wife, instead of reprehending me for indiscretion, as the generality of her sex would have done in the same case, made use of every argument in her power to dissipate my chagrin; told me, the most careful were unable now and then to avoid an error, and bid me console myself under my loss, by thanking providence that I had not been a sufferer in double the sum. I was greatly charmed with this disposition in Mrs. Mountain, and expressed my sensibility of it in a manner with which she seemed infinitely pleased. Well, after all this would you imagine, that a most trivial circumstance should make us part beds for that night. My favourite liquor is a glass of punch, and it happens to be my wife's too; making a little tiff as we were alone, I happened to squeeze the pulp of the lemon into the bowl, upon which she immediately exclaimed with some warmth, 'Lord, my dear, you have spoiled the punch.'—'No, my love,' replied I, 'the pulp gives it a fine flavour, and besides you know I am very fond of it.'—'Ay, but,' says she, 'you are sensible I can't abide it.'—'Then, my dear, returned I, 'tis an easy matter to avoid putting any in your glass.'—'Lord, Mr. Mountain, I have spoke to you a thousand times about this very circumstance; I believe in my conscience you do it on purpose to give me disgust.'

Here we began a contest; severity produced severity, till at last I ordered a bed to be made for myself, and poor Nancy retired to her own, with her eyes swimming in tears.

For the whole night neither us (for I judge of her by myself) had a single wink of sleep; we

tumbled and tossed, canvassed the matter fifty ways in our minds, and at last concluded, like Lockit and Peachum in the Beggar's Opera, that we were both in the wrong. Yet notwithstanding all this, when we met at breakfast but an hour ago, neither of us would condescend to speak first ; we affected a resentment of countenance, that was utterly foreign to our hearts, and endeavoured to keep up the appearance of an unremitting anger, when we both of us longed to be reconciled, and had the most passionate inclination to be pleased. Breakfast was over before we exchanged a syllable, when the servant had left the room, I prepared to go out, and had got just to the parlour door, when poor Nancy, unable to hold it out any longer, cried in a tone of irresistible softness, and will you go without speaking a word : here our whole ridiculous quarrel was at an end : I turned to her with all the fondness I could possibly assume, and held her in my arms for some moments, while she, returning the fervor of the embrace, burst into a flood of tears.

'Tis inconceivable to think how contemptible these little differences have made us in the eyes of our own servants. Whenever they see us cool towards one another, they titter and laugh, and say the poor things will soon kiss and make it up again. 'Twas no later than last week, that I overheard my rascal of a coachman tell one of his fellow-servants, that his master and mistress were nothing better than an overgrown boy and girl, and that he fancied a little of his horse-whip would be of great service to both of us. 'Tis very odd, that people who really love one another, and are not wholly destitute of understanding, should give way to such resentment

in the merest trifles; who in the most important circumstances of life, are above feeling the smallest resentment, or entertaining the minutest disesteem. Many is the time I have found fault with my wife for stirring the fire, when her spending five hundred pound has not given me the least uneasiness; and many a time has she fallen out with me, if in cutting up a fowl I happened to splash ever so small a drop of gravy on the table cloth, though she has felt no discomposure in life, if I spoiled a rich silk, or dirtied a fine head dress. This morning, however, we have agreed, as a means of keeping ourselves from passions of this nature for the future, to send you the foregoing account; and if it should turn out any way serviceable to others, as I hope it will, I shall have a double reason to be pleased.

CORYLAS AND ISMENA:

A Pastoral Tale.

IN that happy age, when tending their flocks was the only business of mankind, and love the only source of their care; when Arcadian plains bloomed with an eternal spring, and the feathered choirs, with their tuneful notes, accompanied the amorous strains with which love-sick shepherds made the groves resound from morning till night; Corylas, who surpassed all the swains in manly grace, told his soft tale to Ismena, who was not to be equalled by any of the nymphs in beauty. But lovers, even in the golden age, were not entirely free from those inquietudes to which they are now subject; though, in those happy days of innocence,

that rage and phrenzy, and all those dire ingredients with which the cup of love is poisoned in these degenerate times, had not been known to mix with the highest and most exquisite enjoyment of life. Such cruel emotions were then never felt by human breasts, but a gentle stirring of the passions even then kept the mind from contracting a listless languor, and prevented its fires from drooping. Though the passion of Corylas and Ismena was mutual, it was on both sides attended with some scruples and uneasiness. They were not yet possessing and possessed; and therefore it does not seem surprising that their felicity was not yet at its height.

Corylas, though beloved by Ismena, and though she gave him daily proofs of her passion, was not satisfied of his happiness, as he had never obtained an express acknowledgment from her; and Ismena, though she distinguished Corylas amongst all the swains of the neighbourhood, could not prevail upon herself to own her passion, as she looked upon love as something dangerous, and to be avoided.

One day, at the close of the evening, when the western skies reflected the rays of ruddy Phœbus, Corylas found means to engage Ismena in a private conversation on the banks of a limpid rill, whilst over-shadowing lime-trees formed a canopy over the lovers heads. The swain began, as usual, by complaining of slighted love; when the nymph, in order to encourage him, delivered herself as follows: 'Corylas, leave off these incessant complaints and murmurs; rest satisfied with regard to my sentiments toward you; whatever you do is endowed with a power to please me: I hear, with transport,

the airs you sing ; I carefully preserve the flowers you present me with ; when, on the beach's bark you write my name, it is with the utmost delight I contemplate it, yet not through self-love, but because it brings your idea to my mind. After such a declaration, can you any longer doubt of your happiness? but, whatever my sentiments may be with regard to you, love must have no share in them. It is too dangerous a passion, and I should think it the highest imprudence to indulge it be the object never so deserving.

‘ Though I will not promise to love you, I will promise you a friendship more tender than the love you require of me ; we will pass whole days in pleasing conversation ; your flock shall be as dear to me as my own. If for me you pluck the first fruits your trees produce, I will present you with those flowers I delight in ; our friendship will bear some resemblance to love, but let us carefully avoid that dangerous passion.’ ‘ Good heavens !’ replied the swain, ‘ is it thus you recompense the ardour of my love? shall I then enjoy no preference to my rivals? You will be pleased equally with their songs, and afford them the same friendship with which you promise to soothe my cares. I know your complaisance ; you will behave to them with that sweetness of temper which enchants me ; you will lavish on them those lively graces, and those bewitching smiles, which should be denied to every other swain. ‘ No, no,’ answered she, ‘ Ismena will never desire to appear beautiful to any eyes but yours. Those attractions which you ascribe to me, those obliging smiles, shall be reserved for you. The songs of your rivals, though filled with the

name of Ismena, will be heard by me with constraint and reluctance : you shall be perfectly satisfied with my severity to them, but dispense with my entering into a love-engagement. It is attended with too much danger.'

'Then,' replied he, 'it will be my lot to have some slight advantage over my rivals : you are sensible their hearts are less devoted to you, and for that reason you give me the preference. It is what any one else would have done ; but you will not find my absence tedious, every amusement will sufficiently console you for it, and you will find it easy to pass the day without me.' 'Either you do not know me, or else, said she, tenderly, you affect not to know me ; believe me, Corylas, I am not possessed of the happy insensibility to regret so little what is dear to me ; you departed hence at harvest, and did not every one perceive my inquietude ? The jealous Doris, in order to reproach me with it, came in quest of me amongst a croud of shepherds : how lively was the resentment which animated me against her ? You have been made acquainted with it ; then do me the justice to own I am sensible that the time of absence is hard to be borne. But love is a dangerous passion, Corylas, let us endeavour to keep clear of it.'

Ismena, though in love, could not say more ; but something was still wanting to the happiness of Corylas ; he thought his bliss imperfect till he could obtain an express declaration from the nymph. It is true, what she had said almost exceeded his hopes ; but still he was not satisfied. In order, therefore, to obtain what was refused him, he had recourse to an innocent stratagem. 'Ismena,' said

he, 'I will obey you, and, from henceforward, speak no more of love; and, since friendship is not incompatible with your repose, my heart shall confine itself to friendship. Doris offers to receive me as a lover; her eyes have a thousand times said to me, Corylas, quit Ismena: but she then called upon me in vain, I then loved Ismena with the most faithful passion. Now I will transfer to Doris this passion, which you reject, and reserve for you the most tender and constant friendship.' Corylas hereupon quitted Ismena, and for some time paid counterfeit addresses to Doris. Ismena, being thus forsaken, was seized with a deep affliction, which she vainly strove to conceal. Her inward concern was visible to all the shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcadia; and they did not find it difficult to guess at the cause from whence it proceeded. The nymph, having for some time pined in secret, chanced one evening to repair, musing and pensive, to a myrtle-grove. There, overwhelmed with melancholy, she sat down upon the verdant turf, and gave herself up to gloomy reflections. Soon after Corylas presented himself before her eyes, and she ran to him in a rapturous ecstasy of love. 'Corylas,' said she, addressing herself to her lover, and striving to conceal her secret transport at beholding him, 'we should have shunned love, and it would have been better for us both not to have engaged in it. But, since friendship seems too cold for you; since you are insensible to any other passion but love; since your heart is to be acquired at not other price, I'll venture to love; but, quit Doris' The swain, transported with joy at the success of his stratagem, protested his heart had been always true to Ismena;

and that he would for ever devote himself to her,
and her alone.

The Old Englishman.

I'LL tell you why I love my love ;
Because her thousand graces prove
Her worth is very high ;
She's very fair, and very good,
And not unwilling to be woo'd
By one so plain as I.

Wherever muse has fir'd the strain,
On British or on Tuscan plain,
Delighted has she rov'd ;
Has glow'd withal the gen'rous rage,
That animates the story'd page,
By British bosoms lov'd.

Oft has she sought, with careful feet,
The hallow'd hermit's calm retreat,
And trac'd with thought profound
Each precept of the wise and good ;
There ev'ry wish has she subdu'd
To wisdom's narrow bound.

Has learn'd the flatt'ring paths to shun,
Where folly's fickle vot'ries run,
Deceiv'd by fortune's glare ;
Has learn'd that food, and clothes, and fire,
Are only nature's plain desire,
Nor forms for more her pray'r.

Content with these, my GERALDINE
Has promis'd to be ever mine,
For well she knows my heart ;
She knows it honest and sincere,
And much too open to appear,
Beneath the veil of art.

She knows it pants for her alone,
That not the splendor of a throne
From her my steps could lure :
To-morrow gives to these fond arms,
My GERALDINE in all her charms,
And makes my bliss secure.

The Modern Englishman.

No, no, by all the pow'rs above,
 My heart's as little touch'd by love
 As ever in my life.
 Full well, dear HAL, to thee is known
 Whom fortune to my lot has thrown,
 To be my wedded wife.

But why I wed should any ask,
 To answer is an easy task ;
 Want, want ! my honest HARRY :
 What can a man, whose fortune's spent,
 Who has mortgag'd to his utmost rent,
 But drown, or shoot, or marry ?

Of these the best is sure the bride ;
 For when once plung'd beneath the tide,
 Adieu to all our figure :
 Full sudden is the pistol's fate,
 When once 'tis touch'd, alas ! too late
 We wish undrawn the trigger.

'Tis thus resolved then, honest boy,
 To-morrow thou may'st wish me joy,
 Joy will I buy by wiving ;
 Soon to her mansion, far from town,
 Six rapid Bays shall whirl us down,
 As if the Dev'l were driving.

There shall the brisk capacious bowl
 Drown ev'ry care that haunts the soul,
 And rouse me to new life :
 And, HAL, for all that she can say,
 Some blooming village queen of May
 Shall—wait upon my wife.

When all the tedious farce is o'er.
 And spouse has crown'd me with her dow'rs,
 Should sudden ruin meet her,
 Ev'n though her coachman broke her neck,
 Unmov'd I'd stand amidst the wreck,
 Nor swear at heedless PETER.

Address to Cupid.

WHILE I fondly view the charmer,
 Thus the god of love I sue :
 Gentle Cupid ! pray disarm her,
 Cupid ! If you love me, do :

Of a thousand charms bereave her,
 Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes ;
 The remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and features, flame and passion,
 Still in every breast will move ;
 Still will fire the inclination ;
 Still will charm the heart to love.

You may dress a world of Chloes,
 In the beauty she can spare :
 Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
 To your altars, or the fair.

Foolish mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made reply ;
 Do Florella's charms displease ye ?
 Die, then, foolish mortal, die.

Fancy not, that I'll deprive her
 Of her captivating store ;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand beauties more.

Were Florella proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a lover's care ;
 'ustly then you'd pray that power
 Might be taken from the fair.

But tho' I spread a blemish o'er her,
 No relief from thence you'd find ;
 Still, fond shepherd, you'd adore her,
 For the beauties of her mind.

The Good Man and his Wife.

[As will appear by a Funeral Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Moor, Minister of Burston, in Norfolk—Occasioned by the death of Mr. Proctor.]

'Fight the good Fight, &c.' 1 Tim. vi. 12.

BELOVED, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor: his father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family; his brother's name also was Mr. Thomas Proctor; he lived some time at Burston Hall, in Norfolk, and was high constable of Diss hundred: this man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife was Mrs. Buxton, late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton; she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

He was a good husband, and she was a good housewife; and they two got money: she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear, by demonstrative arguments. First, he was a good man, and that in several respects; he was a loving man to his neighbours, a charitable man to the poor, a favourable man in his tythes, and a good landlord to his tenants: there sits one Mr. Spurgeon, he can tell what a great sum of money he forgave him upon his death-bed; it was fourscore pounds. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, and his wife a good woman? And she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, To prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God; in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only;

no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relations and acquaintance ; for Mr. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, in case it should please God to send him any ; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said, ' Amen, amen, amen ! ' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman ? And she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbs to pray for him ; when he came and prayed for him, for all his friends, and relations, and acquaintance ; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any ; and to Mr. Gibbs's prayers he likewise devoutly said, ' Amen, amen, amen ! ' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman ? And she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for me, and I came and prayed for this good man, Mr. Proctor ; for all his friends, relations, and acquaintance ; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any ; and to my prayers he devoutly said, ' Amen, amen, amen ! ' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman ? And she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Thirdly and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative argument, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God, and that is this : There was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar-boy ; he came into this country upon the back of a dun cow ; it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a brown cow ; no, beloved, it was a dun cow :

well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door ; he did not do as some would have done, give him a small alms and send him away ; or chide him, and make him a pass, and send him to his own country ; no, beloved, he took him into his own house, and bound him an apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich ; after his time was out, took him home again, and married him to a kinswoman of his wife's, one Mrs. Christian Robertson, here present, there she sits ; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure : by her he had three daughters ; this good man took home the eldest, brought her up to woman's estate, married her to a very honourable gentleman, Mr. Buxton, here present, there he sits ; gave him a vast portion with her, and the remainder of his estate he gave his two daughters. Now, was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman ? And she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember, some time since ; I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, at which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues ; but your memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is, she was a good knitter as any in the county of Norfolk : when her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit ; but, beloved, she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman ; for, to spare the candle, she would stir up the coals with her knitting-needle ; and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good

work as many other women by day-light. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings upon my legs that were knit in the same manner, and they are the best stockings that ever I wore in my life.

Secondly, She was the best maker of toast in drink that ever I eat in my life; and they were brown toasts too; for when I used to go in a morning, she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack, nor burning it; besides, she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg, dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say they were the best toasts that ever I eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to your habitations, and therefore I hasten to a conclusion.

I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman; but fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars, viz.:—

- 1, His love to his neighbour:
- 2, His charity to the poor:
- 3, His favourableness in his tythes:
- 4, His goodness to his tenants:
- 5, His devotion in his prayers, in saying Amen to the prayers of Mr. Cole, Mr. Gibbs, and myself.

Ceremony of a Russian Marriage.

OF all nations the Russians behave the most wisely in the circumstance of jealousy. The wife promises her husband never to let him see her transgressions; and he as punctually promises,

whenever she is detected, without the least anger, to beat her without mercy ; so they both know what each has to expect. The lady transgresses, is beaten, taken again into favour, and all goes on as before. When a Russian young lady, therefore, is to be married, her father, with a cudgel in his hand, asks the bridegroom, whether he chuses this virgin for his bride ? to which the other replies in the affirmative. Upon which the father turning the lady three times round, and giving her three strokes with the cudgel on the back, 'My dear,' cries he, 'these are the last blows you are ever to receive from your tender father ; I resign my authority and my cudgel to your husband ; he knows better than me the use of either.' The bridegroom knows decorum too well to accept of the cudgel abruptly ; he therefore assures the father, that the lady will never want it, and that he would not for the world make any use of it. But the father, who knows what the lady might want better than he did, insists upon his acceptance. Upon this there follows a scene of Russian politeness, while one offers and the other refuses the cudgel. The whole, however, ends with the bridegroom's taking it, upon which the lady drops a curtesy in token of obedience, and the ceremony proceeds as usual.

The nuptial ceremonies of the Russians are very singular. When the parents have agreed upon the match, (though the parties perhaps have never seen each other,) the bride is critically examined by a number of women, in order to discover if she has any bodily defect, and, if any, to remedy it if possible. The bride on her wedding-day is crowned with a garland of wormwood, implying the bitter-

ness of the married state. When the priest has tied the nuptial knot at the altar, the clerk or sexton sprinkles on her head a handful of hops, wishing she may be as fruitful as that plant. She is muffled up and led home by a certain number of old women, the priest carrying the cross before, while one of his subalterns, clad in a rough goat skin, prays all the way that she may have as many children as there are hairs on his garment. The new married couple, being seated at table, are presented with bread and salt, whilst a chorus of boys and girls sing the epithalamium, which is always grossly obscene.

RIEDEL;

OR,

The Martyr to Chivalry.

[A History founded on Fact.]

THERE is a commanding dignity in noble actions far superior to the most absolute empire. With such irresistible sway do they govern the sentiments and resolutions of all mankind, that we may justly regard them as the emanations of celestial power, giving to man, as it were, another nature, another soul; and transforming him in some measure, into a new individual. Virtue, therefore, which is the principle of these splendid actions, should ever be implicitly obeyed. Her sovereignty is immutable: her authority, perhaps, that alone, which is at once majestic and awful, attractive, and endearing.

Herman Riedesel, of Brakenbourgh, was one of the small number of those famous Bannerets, who were the glory of chivalry. He resided, towards

the fifteenth century, at the court of Lewis, Landgrave of Hesse. The nobility regarded him as their model; and all the ladies were ambitious to call him their Chevalier. All admired his deportment, which was at once majestic and engaging; his singular accomplishments, in whatever could distinguish the fine gentleman; and his bravery and heroism, which were displayed on the most common occasions. In the same court, all were lavish in the praises of a paragon of beauty, the daughter and sole heiress of Roehrich, hereditary marshal of Hesse. Margaret, who had now entered into those years, when nature begins to be susceptible of love, might have aspired to a splendid alliance with sovereigns. The landgrave treated her with parental tenderness; and, what is her noblest eulogy, even the women confessed her superiority.

Margaret had not been able to behold the young Banneret with an air of indifference; nor was he insensible of the most violent passion for this miracle of perfection. When the affections of virtuous bosoms are reciprocal, the declaration on one side, and confession on the other, are seldom long delayed. Margaret, however, bound her lover by a vow of secrecy, which, perhaps, she did not intend to be of long duration. Riedesel, according to the gallantry of his age, wore the colours of his beautiful mistress. He even made verses in her honour, of which the following is nearly the sense:—

I love a most enchanting fair,
With whom no mortal can compare.
My eyes, my heart, the truth attest,
'How happy who with her is blest !'
Of all the beauteous flow'rs of spring,
The first, the fairest far, I sing.

Her lips ambrosial sweets diffuse,
 Rich as India's spicy dews.—
 I love a most enchanting fair,
 With whom no mortal can compare.

In her, the charming god, her sire,
 His own bright model can admire.
 In her radiant eyes divine,
 Love's celestial ardours shine.
 The native beauties of her face
 Beam modesty's attractive grace;
 And where the roses red delight,
 Appears the lily's matchless white.—
 I love a most enchanting fair,
 With whom no mortal can compare.

Let not my voice presume to name
 The peerless all attracting dame.
 Subject to honour's cruel sway,
 The secret can my heart betray?
 Ah! is it thus in vain I call
 The Aurora of my bliss, my all?
 When may thy vot'ry, Cupid, claim
 To speak my charming conqueror's name?—
 I love a most enchanting fair,
 With whom no mortal can compare.

One may observe in these verses, the language of those gallant Paladins, who were attached to their dames with the most inviolable loyalty and devotion. Riedesel, however, although one of the most illustrious martyrs of Chivalry, had not been able to forbear from indirectly infringing his vow, by a kind of indiscretion. He wore constantly, appended to his bosom, a pearl of the finest water; and every one knows that 'Margarita,' Margaret, is also the Latin word for 'a pearl.'

The two lovers had no doubt that a speedy marriage would crown a passion, which in each was so ardent and so pure. It was the universal wish, at court, to see them united. The landgrave himself was anxious for their happiness; and every

circumstance conspired to cherish the seductive appearances of hope.

The marshal finds the banneret at court. He desires him to disengage himself awhile from the courtiers, and to accompany them to the park.

In a shady walk, he suddenly stops, and thus addresses Riedesel: 'Chevalier, I understand your partiality for my daughter. Your pretensions are not unknown to me. I do not accuse them of presumption. I know your ancestry, and that your rank entitles you to aspire to the hand of Margaret. But, Riedesel, I am her father. My consent is indispensable; and I have but one declaration to make—You shall never obtain that consent. You will excuse me from giving you the reasons of this refusal. It is sufficient to declare, that the husband of Margaret shall be the husband of my choice; and, I am sorry to repeat it, I am unalterably determined—my choice shall not fall upon you.'

The banneret is thunderstruck. He would expostulate, but the marshal thus interrupts him;—'I have not yet done: I speak to a Chevalier. From your loyalty as such, I exact a still greater sacrifice. It is to subdue a passion which I cannot countenance; to reveal this conversation to no one, not even to Margaret; and to fly her presence.'—'Ah! my lord, is this possible?'—'To a brave Chevalier nothing is impossible. Yes, you must avoid even my daughter's looks, and in no respects whatever appeal to the authority of the Prince.'

The marshal instantly leaves the banneret a prey to the most tormenting emotions. A passion so imperious, which time and obstacles, instead of weakening, could only augment, must he endea-

..... rightly : Am I not in
terrifying dream ? Margaret
will she never then be mine
father, what a law, what
quired ! Ah, can it be possible
honour, require me to sacrifice
I am dying for Margaret,
the only reward, the only
She will not know the hand
hand of her father.'

Riedesel tears himself from
whelming reflections. Slowly
towards his house. He would
daughter: the pen drops
he exclaims, 'No, I shall not
garet. I can, I will keep my
father, thou art not mistaken
last moment of my life, a wife
my amiable mistress, what a
lover ? Perhaps, perhaps, the
very tenderness that destr

motives of his absence. In a word, she ceased to see him.

Margaret wept in the bosom of Juliet, her faithful governess. The latter endeavoured to console her unfortunate mistress, who to all she could urge would only reply : ' For three days, for three whole days, I have not seen him. Ah, Juliet, the hours, the moments, thou countest not like me. They here no news at court ; and it is impossible that Riedesel can have ceased to love : he is dear, thou knowest, he is dear to me.'

She then reclined on the bosom of her governess, and bedewed it plentifully with her tears.

The landgrave himself, surprised at the absence of the banneret, sent to seek for him. He came with a pale dejected countenance. ' What ails you, my dear Riedesel ?'—' My lord, I have not long to live. Permit me,' throwing himself at the landgrave's feet, ' permit me to entreat one favour. I presume to hope, from your wonted goodness, that you will not refuse it. Let me conceal from you the woe that will soon destroy me. Do not oblige me to break a silence'—

' Oh, Heavens!' interrupted the landgrave, ' when I was just going to engage the marshal to give you his daughter.'—' Ah, my cruel fate! Oh, my Prince, my master, you have overwhelmed me with your goodness. Never will a subject be more devoted to you. I would fain—I can speak no more—I am permitted only to exhale the few remaining moments of a too tedious life.'

In vain did the prince renew his efforts to learn the secret cause of his favourite's affliction. The heroic Reidesel was inflexible. ' Best of masters,'

said he, as he was retiring from the presence of his sympathizing prince, 'best of masters, I shall end my days far, far from thee;'

The landgrave, in the midst of his court, addressed himself to the marshal, in presence of his daughter: 'I cannot imagine what affliction preys upon Riedesel; but I think he has not long to live.'

The beauteous Margaret could not conceal her emotions. Her grief was audible, and attracted the attention of the whole court. Her father, enraged, overwhelmed her with reproaches. 'Alas,' cried the unfortunate beauty, 'it is useless to conceal the agonies of my soul. Oh! Riedesel, my Riedesel, I shall not survive thee.'

The report was soon spread, that the young banneret had quitted the court, and even the principality of Hesse. He had been seen to go through one of the gates of the city, mounted on his courser, and accompanied only by his esquire. In a word, he had disappeared, and no one knew the way he had taken.

This was a new attack on the sensibility of a mistress, who could not even conjecture the cause of this sudden departure. 'Ah! Juliet,' would she incessantly repeat to the faithful companion of her sorrows, 'I lose myself in the depth of this abyss! He flies me! He is dying! I cannot believe him to be faithless, perjured.—Riedesel is ever the same. What then can he have to impute to me? An unjust jealousy? Ah! Juliet, what have I done but love him too well?'

In vain the landgrave repeated his enquiries of all who approached him. No one could give him the least information concerning the unfortunate

Chevalier. The prince knew not how to support his loss: 'What!' said he to the marshal, 'can no one instruct me in the fate of Riedesel?' Cannot you explain this inconceivable event? In my court! Under my own eyes! This unfortunate young man was so attached to me! He early began such a noble career! I intended to engage you to give your daughter—You seem afflicted, Marshal.'

'Ah! my lord, I feel this misfortune, perhaps, more severely than your highness! It is equally a misfortune to the state, to my sovereign, and to me.'

The marshal could not proceed. His sufferings, indeed, must have been extreme. He saw his daughter, his only daughter, declining fast. Consumed by the deepest affliction, he could not conceal from himself, that he, he alone had been thus precipitating his daughter to the grave.

Ineffectual were all the researches that were made to discover the unfortunate Riedesel. But all Germany resounded with the exploits of an unknown Chevalier, in black armour; his plume of feathers, his scarf, his whole appearance, in the same hue of mourning. His shield presented this singular device, 'A little genius, with a finger to his mouth, weeping over a tomb.' The motto was:

'Nor shall even my death disclose it.'

In a variety of combats, this strange knight had been victorious.

The father of the unfortunate Margaret one day attended the landgrave on a hunting party. He constantly sought for solitude, where the father could abandon himself to the full indulgence of his grief. He therefore wandered from the crowd of

courtiers, who to him were become hateful. Indeed, is it in such society that the heart can be permitted to expand, or that nature can find expression? The marshal hastened to plunge far into the thickest of the forest: he gave way to the free effusion of his tears. He deplored the said destiny of his daughter, whom death was about to tear for ever from his arms.

On a sudden he is surrounded by robbers. They attempt to force from him every thing they can, and even the portrait of Margaret. 'Ah, barbarians, leave me at least this only valuable that I am anxious to preserve. Leave an unfortunate father.'—They hear him not: they strive for the portrait, which he still endeavours to grasp.—'You shall sooner rob me of my life.'—They draw their daggers. Apprehensive of being discovered, they determine to assassinate the marshal. Still grasping the portrait, he struggles, he calls aloud for assistance. They have nearly obtained their prize, and death is upon his heart.

A knight, with his visor shut, rushes upon the robbers, sword in hand, disperses them, and stretches two upon the ground. The remainder, terrified, instantly fly. The marshal is saved. In a transport of gratitude, he runs to throw himself on the neck of his deliverer: 'Oh, my guardian angel, you preserve the days of an unfortunate old man, who yet lives but for his unhappy daughter. Here, here is her portrait. They would have torn it from me! I would sooner have parted with my life.'

The knight fixing his eyes upon it with a transport, which strikes the marshal: 'she lives!—' 'Yes, Heaven still leaves her for me. But how

can I reward you for this seasonable deliverance? Whoever you are, demand what recompence you desire. It shall be granted. Whatever is in my power shall be yours. You have saved the life of a father who wishes only to preserve it for his daughter.'

The knight, seizing one of the marshal's hands, and bedewing it with tears, 'Since you are desirous to pay a service which humanity and honour were obliged to render you, I would demand, which I allow is infinitely above my deserts—the hand of Margaret.'

'My daughter's hand! alas, there is but one Chevalier.'—'And do you doubt but I am that Chevalier?'

The stranger then taking off his helmet: 'Do you recollect me?'—'Riedesel!—Riedesel himself, who for three years past has been dying with hopeless love; who has obeyed you; who has been content to deplore his unhappy passion in secret; who returned to enjoy at least the consolation of expiring in the scenes where Margaret dwells. I heard your cries. I saw the man who is the dearest to me, the father of all I love, on the point of losing his life. I would have sacrificed my own to you a hundred time. Your daughter'—'Is yours,' exclaimed the marshal, shedding tears of grateful ecstasy; 'I embrace my defender, my son-in-law. Oh! I cannot be too soon your father.'

Imagine the astonishment of the whole court, when they saw the marshal return, accompanied by Riedesel. The former had the magnanimity to acknowledge, amidst a profusion of tears, the inhumanity of his behaviour to the young banneret,

has never ceased to be the
that she is now soon to be
of her heart.

The author of the old Cl
taken this history, ingenu
wants expressions to describ
that followed. Let it suff
Riedesel and Margaret were
magnificence of the age; a
lovers long enjoyed the h
married state.

The landgrave, in order
measure, an union which he l
desired, invested the young
1457, with the hereditary offi

From this marriage, form
and gratitude, descends the h
castle was formerly situated i
derbeg, between Gottingen an
still flourishes with splendor

One of the descendants of.

worthy of her illustrious House: being one of the most noble examples ever recorded of humanity and attention to the sick and wounded military; as if ambitious to display, not only all the virtues of native goodness, but her high descent from the most distinguished ornaments of ancient chivalry.

The Heroic Fair.

AWAY with soft sighs! for our danger alarms,
Our country solicits our smiles to it's aid;
Let our beauty inspirit it's vot'ries to arms
And heroes alone win the heart of the maid.

Last month my dear Damon, with tear swimming eyes,
Press'd my hand, while he look'd a whole volume of woe;
Ev'n then, for my heart never wore a disguise,
If you love me, said I, go and conquer the foe.

Go rush to the fight, go and conquer the foe,
Securing your country's, secure your own bliss,
Love shall nerve your bold arm, love shall prosper each blow
And the ruin of France shall insure you a kiss.

"Go then" — he arose, resolved not to stay,
But press'd my lips first — how, else could we part?
I sigh'd him a pray'r, as the youth went away;
Worth only could open the door of my heart.

If by my example my sex was inspir'd,
No nation would dare to provoke British rage;
Our swains with true courage would always be ar'd,
And our smiles create heroes in every age.

Amy Terry.

'Tis all in vain to bring the rose,
Or in the bud, or when it blows,
Or pluck the ripen'd berry,
Such similes suit meaner fair,
All nature self cannot compare,
With beauteous Amy Terry

She beauty adds to ev'ry flow'r,
 'Tis she perfumes the rosy bow'r,
 And sweetness gives the cherry,
 The Zephyrs steal her balm breath,
 The poet gains immortal wreath,
 From beauteous *Amy Terry*.

Since all that sweet and lovely are,
 Is center'd in the matchless fair,
 Who's buxom, blith and merry ;
 What raptures must the happy swain
 Possess, that does the fair obtain,
 The beauteous *Amy Terry*.

The Advice.—To Miss M——

LOVELY mover of a passion,
 Modest, noble and sincere,
 Let for once, since 'tis the fashion,
 Humble verse approach your ear.

Let an humble swain advise you
 To disdain all arts to charm,
 Then the worthy man will prize you,
 Him alone your breast should warm.

Be your soul the seat of science,
 Empress, there let reason reign,
 Make, with virtue, strict alliance,
 Nor Humility disdain.

Soft and moving as each feature,
 Let your words unstudy'd flow ;
 Mild and gentle, as your nature,
 Be your well-tim'd wisdom too.

Leave, Dorinda, would you give me,
 I could whisper to your mind,
 Keep my rules, and then believe me,
 You'll excel all woman-kind.

Sarah Phillips.

[From the French of M. Lambert.]

What is the blooming tincture of the skin
To peace of mind, and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
With comeliness of words or deeds compare?
No! those at first th' unwary heart may gain,
But these, these only, can the heart retain!

It is now five years since I completed my travels, and, after having studied mankind, in the different cities and courts of Europe, and in those conditions of life which are usually the objects of universal envy, I returned, fully persuaded that neither the countries I had seen, nor that in which I was born, were the lands of happiness and reason.

My friends urged the propriety of marriage, and my father endeavoured to find me a wife, who should efface from my memory a cousin I had loved in my youth, and from whom I had been separated by death.

In the mean time, he wished me to go and examine the estate he intended me to inherit immediately after my marriage; which was situated in the north of Scotland, near Aberdeen. I set out, therefore, on my journey, in the most pleasant season of the year; and, after a few days of easy travelling, arrived, about sun-set, at Hamstead, which is the name of a village within a few miles of the end of my journey. But knowing there was very indifferent accommodations there, and as I was both fatigued and hungry, I determined, if possible, to pass the night at a farm-house, which seemed to

invite me by an appearance of respectability, neatness, and rural abundance.

This farm-house was situated upon the declivity of a hill, which protected it from the east wind, so severe in those counties, and about three or four hundred yards from a rivulet, which ran winding along a beautiful valley. It was surrounded by lovely meadows, orchards, and corn fields. At a little distance from it was a copse; and horses, oxen, and sheep, were feeding in the valley, and upon the sides of a neighbouring hill. Four lovely children played about the yard, which was well stocked with poultry of every kind.

At the door of the house was a handsome woman, apparently about twenty-five, or thirty. Her complexion was fine, though somewhat tanned, and her lovely black eyes sparkled with intelligence. An infant of five or six months old was at her breast. I thought the feature of this agreeable woman were not unknown to me. I begged her to inform me to whom the farm belonged, and whether it would be convenient for me and my servant to pass the night in the house; adding, that I should not scruple to pay whatever might be required for the trouble I should give.

She answered, that the farm belonged to her husband, and that they never lodged any person for money, but were ready to entertain any stranger with whatever their house afforded, without reward. She then invited me to alight, and conducted me herself into the house. The parlour, in which she desired me to sit down, was not inelegant: the furniture was neat and convenient; and from the window I had an extensive prospect of the valley,

through which the rivulet ran in delightful meanders.

Mrs. Phillips, for that was the name of my kind hostess, informed me that supper would soon be ready ; and that, in the mean time, I might either repose in that room, or as the air was refreshing, in the garden, upon a grassplat under the trees, which grew by the side of a small transparent stream. The day had been very hot, but the evening was delightful ; I chose, therefore, to go into the garden.

‘I think you have decided well,’ said Mrs. Phillips, ‘for cooling breezes after excessive heat, and rest after fatigue, produce two of the greatest pleasures we can experience. If, however, you chuse to read, while supper is preparing, there are books (pointing to a small room).

After expressing my sense of the obligation, I walked in ; for my curiosity was excited, and I was eager to examine what the library of a country farmer consisted of. I expected to find in it nothing but old romances, and books of devotion. Imagine then my surprise when I took up the works of Tully ; and almost all the best treatises on agriculture. My astonishment was most agreeably increased to find the next I opened to be, ‘*Memoirs de l’Academie de Rennes* ;’ an excellent work, but written in a language very unlikely to be known by these good people. However, I could no longer doubt their knowledge of the French language, when I saw, upon a shelf, ‘*Essaies de Montagne* ;’ ‘*Le Droit Naturel* ;’ and the poem, intituled, ‘*La Loi Naturelle*.’ I likewise found a French translation of the ‘*Proedum Rusticum* ;’ a poem by the jesuit Vanieres.

The rest of the library was in the English language. Among other books were Shaftesbury's 'Characteristics,' and the 'Moral Philosophy' of Hutcheson.

'What!' exclaimed I, 'books of philosophy among farmers! the best English and French writers to be met with in a farm-house near Hamstead! It is certainly more probable that they belong to some gentleman in the neighbourhood; who, charmed with the situation of the farmer's habitation, passes the summer months here.'

I afterwards finished my examination of the library, and found some books of mathematics, several treatises of practical physic, the novels of Richardson, a translation of the 'Idyls' of Theocritus, Dryden's 'Virgil,' and translations of Gessner and Haller. There were also the 'Pastorals,' of Phillips, Cowley's 'Pleasures of a Country life,' Spencer's 'Fairy Queen,' Dryden's 'Miscellanies,' and Thomson's 'Seasons.' I took the French poem, intitled, 'La Loi Naturelle,' with me to the grass-plot, and sat down to read. I had not been here long before I heard a noise near the house. The children, who had followed me into the house, presently ran to the door; the farmer's wife hastened thither also. I perceived an empty waggon had entered the yard, and with it the farmer himself, who had returned from Aberdeen, where he had been detained several days on particular business. I easily knew him to be the master of the house from the manner in which he was received. His wife tenderly embraced him; and, taking two of the children in her arms, raised them to the cheek of their father, who let them kiss him,

and displayed an agreeable mixture of dignity and sensibility; and afterwards led two others by the hand, who waited for their turn to kiss him also. After these caresses, they all came into the garden, and I rose to pay my respects.

The farmer appeared to be about thirty, extremely well proportioned, and had a manly and agreeable countenance. He thanked me for the honour which he said I did him of passing the night in his house. They soon after left me, and I saw them go into a chamber, the window of which looked into the garden, and was open. They approached a cradle, in which their fifth child lay asleep; and, stooping down towards the infant, looked on each other with a smile. I must confess I felt considerable emotion at the sight of this conjugal and paternal tenderness.

Supper being ready, notice was sent to me. I was asked permission to suffer their servants, and likewise my own, to eat with us; to which I consented. The table was presently covered with puddings, pies, and vegetables, in abundance. Among the seats provided, was an arm chair, intended for an old man, who was introduced to me, and was the farmer's father. He addressed me with much civility, and we seated ourselves at the table.

I was placed near the farmer's wife, and observed she directed one of her maid-servants to take her seat close to a young shepherd. I asked if they were newly married. They are not married, replied she, but they love each other. They have not had an interview during the whole day, and they will find a pleasure in sitting together. To another of her servants she sent a plate of some-

thing of which he was particularly fond, and which was intended for him alone. Those whose work had been most laborious during the day were treated with strong beer.

In the course of our meal, she assigned ample reasons for preferring simple and wholesome food. And much had been done to heighten the pleasures of the table.

The farmer shewed the same affability and desire to oblige his dependants. The repast was frugal, yet excellent; and the guests sober, though they indulged their appetites; all seemed to be equal in the family; the domestics were not considered as inferior to the master: and this familiarity no ways diminished their respect, though it greatly increased their zeal and attachment.

When supper was over, we entered into conversation; the farmer asked me several questions concerning the countries I passed through.—He greatly extolled the pleasantness of the spot round his farm, and urged me to stay the next day, that he might shew me its beauties. He and Mrs. Phillips, indeed, paid me the greatest attention, and yet did not neglect their servants. Some they praised for chearfulness during their labour; others for their conduct in some particular business in which they had been employed. They spoke to them concerning the fineness of the weather, the song of the blackbird, the forwardness of the harvest, or their own rural amours. The domestics likewise conversed with each other, with the same good-nature and sensibility; but they soon retired, to be more at ease in a common room. But above all, they were attentive to their aged father. Never

did I see an old man so affable and sprightly. I could not help remarking it to Mrs. Phillips. 'It is,' said she, 'the neglect that old people commonly meet with, which makes them so peevish. When they find themselves beloved, and well-treated, they are as chearful, mild, and as easy to please as others.'

She urged the old man to drink. 'I am of opinion,' said she, 'that though we ought to do our utmost to retard old age, yet, when it arrives, it is our duty assiduously to retrace the memory of past enjoyments.'

These answers astonished me. I no longer doubted that the library was for the use of my host and his wife. I therefore spoke to them concerning their books. Their replies were marked with so much propriety that I could not conceal my amazement at their intelligent discourse; and especially at that of Mrs. Phillips.

'How strange,' said I, 'to find so much good sense, and so cultivated an understanding, in a young woman in this country!'

'Ah!' cried the old man, who began gently to feel the vivifying liquor, 'you are not acquainted with half the merit of my daughter-in-law! If you knew what she has quitted for our sakes! Oh! were my aged limbs obedient to my will, I should fall down and worship her.'

Mrs. Phillips appeared fearful of the indiscretion of her father-in-law; she blushed, and her husband begged the old man to be guarded.

'I shall say nothing,' said the father, taking another glass, 'I shall say nothing. Yet for one so

handsome, so rich, and possessing such an understanding ! for her to leave all for us ! and so far to forget her coach as to be contented to ride in a cart.' Mrs. Phillips interrupted him by rising and taking away the plates, to set on some strawberries and cream. The old man became silent ; either because his attention was engaged by what was set before him, or through fear of displeasing his daughter-in-law.

After supper, a servant maid placed beaupots of flowers, of various kinds, upon the table. ' I did not order these flowers,' said Mrs. Phillips, ' with the first course, because, then, the scent of provisions is agreeable ; but when the appetite is satisfied, that flavour is no longer desirable, and the perfume of flowers become doubly pleasing.'

I could not but admire the delicacy which this excellent woman shewed in heightening agreeable sensations. Many were the pleasures she was able to supply, without any other resource than the bounty, the variety, the simplicity of nature !

This amiable pair seemed to live entirely for each other, and to enjoy uninterrupted happiness. No union could be more delightful, for rarely are those united who possess the same degrees of sensibility, the same inclinations, and the same opinions.

A short time after supper I was shewn to my apartment. The farmer remarked the agreeableness of the night, and the silence with which nature seemed to invite repose. He afterwards visited his stables, and gave some orders, while his wife attended to the children, after which this happy pair retired to rest. As to myself, I felt little inclina-

tion to sleep, the few past hours recurred to my recollection like a fascination, yet a facination, which I could have wished to have lasted for eternity.

I arose early in the morning, but found myself involuntarily detained. The residence of this charming family, their manners of life, the unanimity of the domestics, the tranquillity and gaiety which appeared in every face, were charms too irresistible to be left without regret; for, however little we may be accustomed to the practice of virtue ourselves, we always admire it in others. I rose, therefore, impressed with the dissatisfaction that I was quickly to leave this delightful farm-house.

As soon as I was dressed, I went down into the yard, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. The sun was seen just above the horizon's edge, and the heavens still retained a slight tincture of that yellow which succeeds to pale twilight, and precedes the deep azure of the glow of day. The pleasing odour from the trees, the plants, and the breezes, were delightful and refreshing. All nature was again in motion. Men and horses were going to their labour; the herds had left their stalls; and the fowls had dispersed themselves about the yard. I confess, I then, for the first time, enjoyed the break of day; and I am persuaded the amiable master and mistress of the house, notwithstanding the apparent meanness of their occupations, were not insensible to this pleasure. I remarked that, in the work they appointed to their domestics, they endeavoured to station several of them together; nay, even directed the shepherds to drive their flocks to those places near which their fellow-servants were employed. This attention seemed singular, and I addressed

Mrs. Phillips on the subject. 'When a number of men,' said she, 'labour together, a thousand things happen to inspire mirth; the cheerfulness of one will communicate itself to all. If one shepherd play on the flute, another may sing. Those who plough in contiguous fields converse with each other on their mutual expectations, and are united by the equality of their condition. Have you never remarked that, in those kinds of rural labours which are performed by a number, such as hay-making, sheep-sheering, or reaping, you are sure to hear the voice of innocent merriment, notwithstanding the heat of the sun, and the thirst and sweat produced by excessive fatigue?'

Mr. Phillips now joined the conversation. 'I believe, sir,' said he, 'that there are certain pleasures which, to be tasted in perfection, must be enjoyed in association. In the theatre, the more crowded it is, the more lively and agreeable are the emotions of the audience. This remark will equally apply to all pleasures which have their source in approbation; and what can better produce pleasure than a survey of the beauties of the face of nature? We love to partake with others in the pleasures of a fine day, a beautiful prospect, or the fragrance of flowers, because our enjoyment of them is not diminished by the delight they afford to those around us.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Phillips, 'and it may be remarked that every pleasure, which loses nothing by participation, will by participation be increased. The poets have too much extolled the charms of solitude, in describing the pleasures of a country life. According to them, rural delights can never

be properly enjoyed, except at a distance from mankind: but they certainly only mean those inhabitants of courts and cities, whose unfeeling and frivolous minds are insensible to the charms of nature. Indeed, an evident proof that these very poets saw the necessity of communicating this kind of pleasure, in order to render our enjoyment of it complete, may be gathered from their animated descriptions of the beauties they admired, and from their endeavours to transmit the impressions received from them to posterity.'

This delightful conversation was interrupted by the hay-makers who were going out to work; they were accompanied by the eldest boy, who carried a rake, of which he was as proud as ever was monarch of a sceptre of royalty. 'Such,' said his mother, 'is the pleasure of beginning to be useful, and performing the noviciate of agriculture.'

'Every thing I see and hear,' said I, 'inspires me with profound respect, and most forcibly excites my admiration. With you I could wish to pass the rest of my life, which I would spend in endeavours to merit your friendship. I shall doubly value the little possessions I have in this country, on account of their contiguity to yours; and I propose to make frequent visits to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation, and be a witness to those virtues which are here united to every true enjoyment of life. Perhaps, hereafter, I may be permitted to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance; perhaps, you may even trust me with the secret of your life, which your father-in-law seemed so desirous to reveal. I could easily perceive from the warmth of what he did say, that, if I knew more

of you, and the circumstances attending your choice of this mode of life, I should only find still stronger motives of admiration and esteem. 'I cannot but believe,' answered Mrs. Phillips, 'from the manner in which you have spoken of us, and our way of living, that you are superior to the prejudices of the world, and deserving of confidence.'

I thanked her with so much warmth, that she appeared embarrassed, and turning to her husband, she said, 'My dear, I am going to relate the history of our affection.' Her husband tenderly and readily assenting, left us, to attend to the hay-makers. He desired his wife not to suffer me to go till his return, and appeared to quit us with regret.

Mrs. Phillips having requested me to amuse myself, in the garden, for a minute or two, till she had given some orders in the house, presently returned; and, seating herself by me upon the grass-plat, thus began her narration:

'I was born in one of the southern counties of England. My family was wealthy and illustrious from its titles and services. The place of my birth, and the name of my family must, however, be concealed. It is generally believed I am dead, and I wish that my existence may continue unknown, since it is necessary to a continuation of my happiness. I was six years of age when I unfortunately lost my mother. My father, who was fond of retirement, had a great affection for me, and having determined not to marry again, undertook, himself, the care of my education. He was desirous to impart to me some of that knowledge which he so largely possessed; and appeared satisfied with the progress I made under his inspection.

‘ My father was, perhaps, not inferior to many who have been in high reputation for their literary abilities. He possessed, in an uncommon degree, freedom of thought, and fortitude of mind. He was never uneasy about the consequences of a system, which he had adopted after a laborious and impartial investigation; nor ever wavered in expressions of attachment to the principles and party he had espoused. This character I inherit from him, and it has not been enfeebled by his lessons. My father was capable of feeling all the beauties of art and nature; he had a lively imagination, and an exalted soul. He was not a cultivator of that dry philosophy which curtails, degrades, and suppresses our propensities. He required one more favourable to the enthusiasm, he felt for reason, virtue, and the pleasures of the imagination.

Before I was eighteen my father perceived I had imbibed his propensity for pursuing knowledge. He continually amused himself with my conversation, and in me his happiness appeared to centre. He did not encourage me to accept the hand of any of my suitors, and I was too well contented with my condition to wish a change.’

While Mrs. Phillips spoke thus, I was much interested, and imagined I recollected her; but an uncertainty still remained which I was impatient for her to remove.

‘ We always passed,’ continued she, ‘ some part of the winter in town. It happened, on our arrival there, at the close of one of our summer excursions, that a young Scotchman offered himself to my father, as a servant. His person was extremely

agreeable, and his countenance strongly expressive of sensibility and understanding.

The lower class of people receive, as you well know, a better education in Scotland, than in any other part of Europe; and this young man had had one of the best. He at first only distinguished himself from the other domestics by an assiduous attention to his employment; we, however, soon perceived that he was beloved by all his fellow-servants, and that they were influenced by his admonitions and conduct; my father found himself better served; and every one seemed more chearful and more happy.

‘This young man was never without a book in his hand, in those intervals of leisure which his business allowed. My father saw he possessed an excellent understanding, and was desirous to assist him in its improvement. My Lord Dorset,’ said he, ‘took Prior from a tavern, and he was afterwards deservedly esteemed one of our best English poets. I may, perhaps, render this man an honour to his country.’ We soon after left London, and took with us our new favourite, with whom my father had frequent conversations. In one of these he learned that this youth had engaged himself as a servant, in order to maintain his aged parents; This virtuous conduct so affected my father that he manifested the greatest emotion when he mentioned it to me; he proposed presenting him, immediately, with a considerable sum of money to remit to his parents; but how great was his surprise when this servant refused to accept his intended present!

‘Sir,’ said the young man, ‘I owe a portion of my labour to my parents, and the reward I receive for it is sufficient; if they were in distress I would accept your generous offer, but they want no more than what is in my power to procure; the fruits of my service they shall share with me; but we will never be fed by the hand of charity!’

‘My father did not endeavour to persuade this young man to change his way of thinking; but he caused him to lay aside his ostentatious garb of servitude, and gave him the care of his library. He also appointed him to receive his rents, and by the more lucrative nature of these two employments, Phillips (for that, as you have perhaps supposed, was the name of this youth) was enabled to receive, without humiliation, the favour which my father was desirous to bestow.

‘The library was an apartment to which I most frequently resorted. There I often found Phillips, and confess I began to be dissatisfied when he was not there; and he, whenever I entered, betrayed a very visible emotion, which contributed much to inspire me with those congenial sentiments, to which I owe all the happiness of life.

‘I felt the influence, and foresaw all the consequences of this passion; but rather exercised my understanding to encourage than to overcome it. I feared and respected the opinion and censures of the world; but, surely, said I, the barbarous notions of men have not connected natural emotions, virtue, and generosity, with shame? I am determined however to indulge them, for they add a dignity to my nature. I did not, however, discover my sentiments to the object of my passion, nor did he avow his

affection; my pride was not inferior to my sensibility. A character, so constituted, though it may not be able to resist love, will at least overcome its weakness. Mr. Phillips, on the contrary, was entirely engrossed by his passion, but its excess produced only respect.

‘I passed two years in the delightful pleasure of loving, and knowing that I was beloved in return; but I lost my father, and I know not whether I should have survived him, had not my heart been filled with an affection which alone can support us under every other loss.

Here Mrs. Phillips paused and burst into tears. ‘Yes,’ said I to myself, ‘it is not possible to entertain another doubt.’ I was on the point of discovering myself, but was restrained by the fear of depriving myself of her confidence, and of losing the remainder of her story. She presently continued as follows :

‘I perceived the regret of Mr. Phillips was equal to my own, and that his sorrow was increased by mine. My tears never flowed alone; and I saw in every action of his the clearest proof of the most tender regard: it was visible in his assiduities, in all that he did or said, and even in the tone of his voice. He manifested a love for me which demanded my heart, while nothing appeared which could alarm my virtue, or offend against the respect due to my rank.

‘You will easily imagine I made reflections on the nature of my situation, and on the submission we owe to the laws and customs of our country.

‘The philosophy of my father had taught me that many things, in high estimation with the

world, are, in reality, prejudices; but his philosophy, though sublime as his soul, had not taught me to despise them. My conversations with Mr. Phillips, turned out on these subjects, so truly important in themselves, and rendered very interesting to us by our situation. Sometimes I ventured to doubt of the justice of human laws; and, consequently, of the little power they had to bind exalted and enlightened minds.

‘Such suggestions Mr. Phillips would combat with earnestness, and offer a multitude of arguments which I found some difficulty in controverting. I perceived, however, that when he gained some advantage in these disputes, he always appeared more dejected than usual; and I easily imagined the motive which had caused him to embrace an opinion so unfavourable to himself. I saw that my admired Phillips was entirely devoted to me; and, regardless of himself, would willingly sacrifice his dearest expectations to my happiness and honour.

‘I was fond of talking to him concerning his father, the virtues of that good old man, and the serene happiness which he enjoyed in his poverty. I questioned him respecting the place of his abode, its neighbourhood, and his employments. Mr. Phillips had a strong partiality to a country life, and the care of a farm.

‘He frequently mentioned my family, and how much that family, so respectable in all its branches, deserved my regard and attachment. My relations, indeed, behaved towards me with the utmost kindness and respect, and shewed no surprise to find that, though I was now of age, I continued to

reside in the country, and remained unmarried ; my love for philosophy and books was known ; and it was imagined I was wholly engrossed by study and the superintendence of my estate.

‘ My father had now been dead nearly a year, and I had not yet left the place in which he died. I have an uncle, a man of real merit, and eminent in the House of Commons for his disinterestedness and his eloquence. One day, after having dined with me, he proposed that I should take a walk with him in the park.

‘ He began to preface what he had to say by talking of the friendship which had always existed between my father and himself, and that affection which they both had entertained for me.

‘ You know my son,’ continued he, ‘ he has distinguished himself in every kind of learning, and, since he left England, all the accounts I have received of him confirm the good opinion I entertain of his abilities and disposition ; he is of the same age with yourself, and now on his return to his native country. If he might have the happiness to prove agreeable to you, your estate need not go out of the family, and I should have the pleasure of having you for a daughter instead of a niece.’

This proposal surprised me, and spread a heaviness over my heart. I blushed, grew pale, and answered my uncle with a coldness, that could not but offend him. I told him that I had no desire to marry, that I was sufficiently happy in my present condition, that if ever I chose a husband, it would not be without a long previous acquaintance, and that there were many things to which I should be more attentive in making that choice than either

rank or fortune, but that whatever I did I would never forget what I owed to my family.

‘My uncle desired permission to introduce his son, whom I had not seen from his infancy, who was far from being disagreeable, and who, as he said, entertained a great regard for me. I replied to this second proposal with a coldness which I could scarcely justify to myself, a multitude of very different thought succeeded each other in my mind.

‘When my uncle had taken his leave, I retired to a thick wood, where I walked about a considerable time in great agitation. At length overwhelmed with anxiety, I threw myself upon the ground, where I sunk into a profound reverie. At that moment Mr. Phillips, who had been looking for me, approached. I never before experienced so great a pleasure at the sight of him, nor ever felt so forcibly that I could not bear to part from him. I communicated to him my uncle’s designs, and my reluctance to displease my family, by refusing to accept such reasonable proposals.

‘I certainly dwelt too long on the subject, and I shall ever reproach myself with the cruel pain to which I put my beloved Phillips. I saw him turn pale, his whole frame was seized with a trembling, he looked wild, and could scarcely articulate a syllable. It must be so—said he—yes, it must be so—he is a worthy young man—your relations—your relations—your rank—it must—it must be.

‘I saw he was ready to burst into tears, as he looked steadfastly on me; his limbs too shook; he could scarcely support himself.

‘I could now conceal my emotions no longer, I rushed forward to support the object of my affec-

tions, I threw my arms around him, as he dropped upon his knee, crying out *My dear husband!* At this tender and vehement exclamation he returned no answer, but, raising himself, he looked at me with inexpressible tenderness, while I continued still to repeat the words, *'My husband! my husband!'* As soon as he was able to speak, he attempted to persuade me from my resolution; but I stopped him and intreated him, in the name of our mutual love, at least, to hear me. He seated himself near me; his heart was full of affection, but a thousand contending ideas and principles still marked his countenance with fear. This moment, on which depended the happiness of my life, is still present to my imagination; I have not forgotten the slightest circumstance.

'I am well aware, said I, of all you can say, and am prepared to answer. My passion is not blind and unreasonable. I know you well; I am persuaded you are the man whom nature designed for me. It is on the amiable qualities I have discovered in you that the happiness of my future life depends; the necessity of an equality of rank is only prescribed by human conventions. You and I are, notwithstanding, well convinced that conventions should be respected when they maintain order in society. The rank in which we are born cannot be disgraced by any alliance which the prejudices of the world would condemn; yet it is a step which cannot fail to be punished with contempt; a contempt which, though unjust, I feel I should be unable to encounter.'

'Ought the law of nature to yield to the interests of society? However we have it in our power to

obey the impulse of our hearts, and also to shew that respect to it which the prejudices of the world demand. The death of my parents has put me in possession of two thousand pounds per annum, and three thousand in ready money; I will resign my estate, only preserving the latter sum, to live with you.

‘Here Mr. Phillips attempted to interrupt me. He proposed we should live single. No, said I, that would be to offend against the law of nature. But why should we not marry; to preserve my possessions? They cannot make me rich in my present rank; but, if I descend to your situation in life, even the fortune I meant to retain will be sufficient. If I marry my cousin we shall but be moderately rich, for people of our condition; but I can render you very opulent as a farmer. I will presently set out for London, and have a report spread that I am dead. The law will dispose of my estate to the family of my cousin, and we will return to Scotland, with what I have reserved for myself, and obtain your father’s permission to marry.

Mr. Phillips kneeled at my feet, conjured me to defer the execution of such a plan, and to consider whether I should not repent of my inconsiderate decision.

‘No,’ replied I, ‘I have maturely weighed every consequence. What can I regret? What pleasures can riches bestow which nature will not supply in the way of life I have preferred? Will not the real landscape delight as much as the imitations of it by the painter’s art, or can silk and diamonds be necessary to happiness? We shall enjoy every con-

venience which nature can require, and superfluity is only necessary to indolence!

‘As to the loss of present connections, how can I regret them when I shall become the daughter of your father, and the mother of your children?’

‘Mr. Phillips loved and esteemed me too much to doubt, any longer, that I should be happy in this new condition of life, which I was so desirous to embrace. I shall not attempt to describe either his joy and gratitude, or my own delight, when I had prevailed on him to accept my offer. Never did any one feel a greater pleasure in the sudden acquisition of a fortune, than I did in renouncing mine.’

‘After having made the necessary arrangements, we set out for London, where I caused a report to be circulated that I was dead. It will not be necessary to relate all the artifice employed to render it probable, and gain it credit.’

‘At length we returned to Scotland. It is now seven years since I first entered this beloved retirement, and embraced, for the first time, that excellent old man whom you now see sitting upon that stone, enjoying the early rays of the sun, and endeavouring to recal some portion of his former vigour, by the reviving influences of the season. ‘Receive,’ said I, ‘your daughter, who comes to render your old age cheerful, and devote herself to promote the happiness of your son. You, my husband, shall instruct me in every part of my new occupation, and I have no doubt but you will find me a frugal manager, and that those who depend on me, and those on whom I have the pleasure to depend, will be equally contented.’

‘The old man was transported with joy, and this reverse in his fortune may, perhaps, have prolonged his life. He now bought the farm which he had before only rented ; our marriage was concluded, and, from the moment I assumed the name and condition of the man I love, one hour has not passed in which I have not blessed my good fortune. We are happy, and may reasonably flatter ourselves that we shall continue so, for the term which nature usually permits.

‘Mr. Phillips and myself endeavour only to employ our knowledge, our love of letters, and my father’s philosophy, to give new strength to our enjoyments. We are attentive to procure every pleasure which our situation affords, and to heighten their relish. The most usual sources of discontent, among mankind, are occasioned by a continual pursuit of pleasures not adapted to their situations, a neglect of those within their reach, and a want of conformity in their ideas and desires to their condition and character. Into this error we have not fallen. We never lose our time in vain researches, or useless wishes ; nor do we ever forget to enjoy the happiness within our reach. The testimony of a good conscience, our mutual affection, and the benevolent bounties we receive from nature, insure our felicity. We cultivate that philosophy which inspires us with the love of virtue ; and, though we should be mistaken, we consider those illusions as innocent and pleasing, which exalt and purify the soul. We wholly reject that species of philosophy which degrades human nature, and extinguishes in the mind the enthusiasm of humanity and virtue ; we wish to preserve, in all their force,

and all their charms, the rapturous sympathies of love and friendship.

‘There is, no doubt, always a species of illusion in these sensations, if carried to excess; we do not believe ourselves perfect, but we aim at becoming so. We heighten the enjoyment of the good we possess, by the hope of what is better. We are contented with the present, and transported with the prospect of futurity. The better to preserve this internal love for virtue, we frequently peruse the novels of Richardson. We, likewise, often read the poets; among whom we prefer those who treat of the country in which we live; and the beauties of nature, which we love.

‘Rural poetry is particularly pleasing, when we have the objects it describes before our eyes. The enthusiasm of the poet always increases the enthusiasm of the spectator, and prevents its being extinguished by too great a familiarity with the objects by which it is excited. Poetry inspires us with respect and love for the ancient and venerable arts of agriculture, for our occupation, and the scenes amid which we reside.

‘We frequently say to ourselves, here would Homer and Virgil have been delighted. Here would Tibullus have sung the beauties of his Delia, and celebrated the charms of that inspiring wood, and this delicious valley. It was in the country that Haller and Gesner composed their exquisite poems. Those great men preferred our way of life to every other. Poets, and all writers, whose descriptions are vivid, and abound in feeling and imagery, give new force to the charms of sensi-

bility ; and, in such indulgencies our reason and our senses combine to make us happy.

‘This I apprehend is to make a proper use of philosophy, which too often degenerates into subtlety and affectation. It has too often rendered man ridiculous, instead of proving his consolation, and directing him to a happiness adapted to his station of life. Such was the philosophy of my father, and such is ours. We educate our children in these principles ; they enjoy the delights fitted to infancy and youth, and we participate in their pleasures.’

I frequently wished to interrupt Mrs. Phillips, and to make myself known to her, but she spoke with so much energy and rapidity that I had no opportunity. No sooner did she pause, than, yielding to the effusions of the heart, and seizing one of her hands, I exclaimed, ‘Oh, happy Miss Thornton ! and doubly happy Mrs. Phillips !’

Immediately, as I pronounced her maiden name, she hastily rose—‘Heaven !’ exclaimed she, ‘what can this mean ?’ ‘You see before you,’ answered I, ‘that very relation who loved you from your infancy, and who has long mourned your loss. Blush not that you have avowed so tender a passion for a virtuous man. You have left me your fortune, which I am ready to restore. Let me conjure you to accept it. But, whatever resolution you form, be certain of inviolable secrecy.’

I found no small difficulty in appeasing Mrs. Phillips, who could not forgive herself for having placed so much confidence in me ; but she would by no means consent to receive back her estate ; and her husband, who came in a moment after-

with the same delight ; we
in labour : amusement is not
useful employment, and what
would disgust the next. So
sow our fields, and tend our
longer know the pleasing
harvests and rich fleeces. In
country, then become less
difference. And who know
enthusiasm, which is the delight
extinguished together with
spires ? Our sentiments, per-
connected with our condition
our happiness : that happiness
arrangement and combination
which change might destroy.

All my endeavours to put
relations to suffer me to rest
sions were without effect ; but
their friendship, and that I
from them, and urged me

become happy! The estate I possess, near that most pleasant spot, has acquired a double value, in my esteem, from the alliance I have formed with this excellent family; I shall rebuild the house, and frequently reside there. As to the possessions which are the right of Mrs. Phillips, I shall not apply them to my own use; the rents they produce shall be distributed among our poorer relations, and the estate shall one day return to the children of this happy and amiable pair.

EMILIA.

[From the German of Kotzebue.]

‘**DRIVE** to the church,’ said Emilia, ‘**Countess Z**—— to her coachman, as she stepped into her carriage. It was the eve of All Saints, and the pious Emilia wished to unburden her mind by confession. ‘A young and amiable woman, united to a husband who was the choice of her own heart—adored by him—already the mother of a charming boy—soon to produce the second pledge of nuptial love—gratefully plucking every flower which joy scattered on her path—willingly fulfilling every duty of a faithful wife and tender mother—what can such a woman have to confess? With a heart devoid of guile, and a conscience without blemish, why does she visit the chair of absolution? What will she reply to the priest, if he require more than the universal declaration—I am a miserable sinner.’ Thus spoke **Gustavus Count Z**—— to himself, as he was standing at the window, and heard his Emilia’s direction—‘Drive to the church.’ ‘Shall I privately follow her?’ continued he in his soliloquy. ‘Shall

I conceal myself in a corner of the church, and hear the avowal of my beloved sinner?'—Is this curiosity? No! Is it jealousy?—Pshaw!—Well, what is it then?—A joke, and nothing more. I am her husband, and surely have as great a right to know her little secrets as father Anselmo. I shall rally her—she will be surprised—I shall laugh—and there the matter will end.' He went. It was not far to the church. He crept into it under the cover of twilight, and approached as near to the confessor's chair as was possible without being detected. He listened attentively. Emilia spoke rather loud. 'This is the fragment of her confession, of which her unfortunate husband lost not a word:—'Yes, revered father, the youth's person was lovely. For more than six months he daily passed several hours in my bed-chamber, and while I was at supper with my husband, he escaped, by means of my maid, through a private door. I have always concealed from his lordship my reason for dismissing this girl from my service.'

'Oh! all ye husbands! whoever of you is in possession of a beautiful wife, whom he loves with the whole fulness of his heart, in whose arms he carelessly reposes, on whose chaste bosom he conceives himself a god, let him fancy, let him fancy, if it be possible, let him fancy himself in the situation of the listening Count. His first motion was with his hand upon his sword, but the idea of profaning the Almighty's Temple, and of defiling his floor with blood, deferred him. He left the church, to him the grave of his repose; arrived, without knowing how, at his own house, and demanded horses. A light post-chaise was prepared. The





Published by T. Kneassley Oct. 1 1818

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Count left a note for his wife, in which he very laconically informed her, that business of importance obliged him to visit one of his estates, threw himself into the carriage, and fled from the place.

Emilia returned from the temple with that cheerfulness so peculiar to pious simplicity, when it believes to have liquidated all accounts with Heaven. Her husband's note surprised her much. He had never before quitted her in so unaccountable a way—without a parting kiss—without fixing any time for his return—without having even thought of his journey two hours before.

These reflections made the gentle Emilia uneasy—She summoned the steward, and asked whether he had spoken to the Count before his departure. The steward replied, he had seen him, but not spoken to him.—‘Not spoken to him!’ exclaimed Emilia,—‘No orders! No directions! I mean only with regard to the household?’—‘None whatever,’ answered he. ‘That is strange,’ said Emilia. ‘Aye, strange indeed, my lady,’ returned the steward—‘I have known his lordship ever since he was born. I have often had the honour of carrying him in my arms, but I never saw him as he was to-day. Twenty times he was pleased to send for me—twenty times I had the honour of waiting on him; but there I stood, and he never looked at me. Once or twice I took the liberty of coughing, but all in vain. His lordship did nothing but bite his nails, and all the while looked as red as my good old master, his father, of blessed memory, when he had swallowed five bottles of wine after dinner. At last his lordship threw himself into the chaise, without so much as just saying good bye, Thomas, as

he was always pleased to do, when he left home.' 'Inexplicable!' murmured Emilia. 'Undoubtedly some very unpleasant accident has torn him from my arms.' Far, very far, was she from suspecting the real cause.

Meanwhile the Count pursued his journey day and night. 'Twas night within his soul—not a gleam of hope there cast its transient twilight. On the evening of the third day he reached the bounds of his estate. An ancient castle, of the ninth century, furnished with turrets, moats, draw-bridges and palisades, just caught the last beam of the sun, and cast a long shadow on the flowery meadow.

It was the first time that the young Count had visited this, the remotest of his estates, since he inherited them from his father. A steward, an old gardener, and his wife, were the only inhabitants of the castle. All three harboured not the most distant expectation of a visit from their young master. They surrounded him with every demonstration of joy, and welcomed him with hearty good-will; but he scarce even saw them; his eyes were wild and gloomy; he threw himself upon a sofa, and desired to be left alone.

The whole village was in motion. The oldest boors dressed themselves in their Sunday clothes, and plodded towards the castle, while the bailiff on the road studied a complimentary harangue, with which he proposed to surprise his lordship. At the gates of the castle, however, they were informed that the Count was fatigued after his journey, and would not be seen by any body. The good people returned sorrowfully home. 'The late lord was never so high with us,' said one to the other.

‘Whenever he came here to hunt and shoot, he always received us, and said—Good day, my lads! How goes your corn on? How are your cattle?—God bless his good old soul.’

Early on the following morning, Count Z—— examined the castle, searched into every corner, and dived into the lowest cellar. At the end of a lonely gallery, through which he heard the echo of his every step, he stumbled against an iron door, which guarded the entrance to one of the four turrets of the castle’s roof. The door was opened—a loathsome stench of long-confined air burst through the chasm. He entered—found naked walls, and some mouldered straw. For the first time the Count’s mouth was distended to a smile, but it was a grimly diabolical smile. He silently quitted the turret, and dispatched the servant, who had accompanied him, with a note to the Countess. In the mean time, by his command, a table, a wooden chair, and a bundle of fresh straw, were carried to the turret.

Emilia received with rapture the tidings of her beloved lord, whose embrace her beating heart too long had missed. With the beauteous bloom of fervent desire upon her cheek, she opened the note, and read,

‘The bearer hereof has orders to bring you to me. Z——.’

Great was Emilia’s astonishment at the dryly laconic style of her husband, yet made she not a moment’s hesitation to accompany the messenger. The journey was extremely difficult to a lady in the seventh month of her pregnancy; but Emilia, with the impatience of affection, forgot her burden,

scarce allowed a few hours sleep at night, and on the fourth evening arrived safe at the castle.

Her husband awaited her within the walls of the dismal turret, seated on the wooden chair, and ruminating on his misery. Emilia flew to embrace him—with his clenched fist he struck her on her breast, and felled her to the earth. ‘Heaven! what means this?’ cried the unfortunate Countess, and crept upon the straw. The Count spurned her from him; ‘Monster,’ roared he, in a tone of the most dreadful fury, ‘thou art unmasked. Here, here shalt thou end a life of which I have not courage to deprive thee.’—‘Oh, heavens!’ exclaimed Emilia, ‘spare at least the child which I bear beneath my heart.’—‘Damned be the child, the dishonour of my house, and witness of thy infamy.’

With these words he forsook the wretched Emilia, and locked the door. Left to reflect in solitude upon her misery and innocence, doomed, with the purest conscience, to the cruelest of punishments; Emilia sunk upon her knees, and prayed to that Being who reads in our hearts, as in an open book, to tear from the eyes of her husband, her still much loved husband, the bandage woven by infernal calumny. The night-crows shrieked during her prayer, and the ear of inexorable fate seemed deaf to the sighs of suffering innocence.

On the noon of the succeeding day, bread and water were administered to her through a hole. She salted the bread with her tears, and her heart almost broke with melancholy, as often as the infant moved within her womb. She had begged that she might be allowed writing materials, but they

had been denied. By chance she found in her pocket a little blue silk and a needle. She washed her handkerchief, and sowed upon it these words: —‘I AM INNOCENT—SAVE ME AND OUR CHILD.’

She sent the handkerchief to her husband. The deluded wretch tore and returned it. A burning tear fell from Emilia’s eye upon it.

When the period approached at which she was to be delivered, the old gardener’s wife was admitted to her, and Emilia, writhing on straw, bore a daughter. The first cry of this child, the only sound which she had heard within these dreadful walls, for two long months, alleviated her sorrows. She pressed the little cherub to her fond maternal heart, and recommended it to the care of the Almighty. She gazed at it, thought she saw it smile, and forgot her misfortunes. But, alas! scarce had she regained her strength, when the gardener’s wife tore the infant from her arms, and locked the prison. ‘Jesus Maria!’ exclaimed poor Emilia. ‘Leave me at least my child.’ She fell to the earth in a swoon, and, when she awoke, prayed to God for death.

Her inexorable husband would not even see the child. He sent it to the wife of a boor, and ordered it to be educated as an orphan. The gardener’s wife quitted Emilia two weeks after her delivery, the Count returned to the city, and the wretched victim remained a prey to consuming misery, more than three years.

It was at this time that Baron T——, her brother, a major in the Brunswick service, returned from America; he loved his sister sincerely, and Count Z—— had been the friend of his early years. He, therefore, as soon as possible after his return, ob-

tained leave of absence for a few months, and hastened to embrace his relations. Accustomed to see his brother's house the seat of every pleasure; accustomed there to find an entertaining circle of both sexes, drawn together by the Count's affability and hospitality, he was not a little surprised to perceive the door shut, which formerly was ever open. He knocked at the door; a miserable Swiss opened it. 'Is your master at home?' 'Yes,' replied the porter: 'At home is he?' said the Baron, 'Well, so much the better.'

He entered: no footman opened the door; no lady's maid tripped forth to meet him; no lap-dog barked; no parrot chattered; all, all was dead, as in the habitation of a miser. He walked into the Count's room, and found him sitting on a sofa, with his heavy eye rivetted on Emelia's picture, which hung opposite to him.

Starting, as if from an oppressive dream, he staggered towards the Baron, burst into his arms in speechless agony, and pressed him with fervour to his heart. At the same moment a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, for time had converted his rage into melancholy.

'Brother,' exclaimed Baron T——, 'what means all this? Your house is now no more the same, and you—scarce can I recognize you. Where is that manly bloom which once adorned your cheek?—Those frightful looks forebode some terrible calamity. Where is my sister?' 'Ah!' sighed the Count. The Baron started, and hastily demanded—'Is she dead?' 'To me she is dead!' returned Gustavus. 'Explain yourself,' said her brother. 'Alas!' cried he, 'the grave of her honour was the

grave of my peace.' Displeasure lowered on the Baron's forehead. 'Her honour? Is it possible? No, it cannot be.' 'And yet thus it is,' cried the unfortunate deluded Count. Sobbing, and scarce able to articulate his words, he related to the friend of his youth, to the brother of his still loved Emilia, the adventure of that hateful eve of All Saints, his anguish, his fury, and his REVENGE.

Baron T—— stood fixed in gloomy meditation, shuddering at the conviction of his sister's infidelity, and in vain seeking any means of vindication. 'For ever cursed then,' cried he at last, 'be the whole hypocritical sex! What look can be the look of innocence if Emilia's was not? Brother, be a man. Forget a woman unworthy of your love. Let no recollection of a faithless wife intrude upon the joys of youth, which beckon to you from every side. You have concealed this affair, you have thereby spared the honour of my family, for which I thank you; and now, from this moment, Emilia is dead, her name is for ever banished from our conversation.'

Baron T—— kept his promise. The name of the Countess never fell from his lips; and though a secret sorrow likewise preyed on him; although the wasted form of his once so much loved sister often floated in his sight, yet he assumed a cheerful look, and, together with his brother, rushed from one vortex of dissipation into another.

One day they happened to be sauntering in an open walk of the city, where noblemen and beggars, great ladies and filles de joye, promiscuously parade; suddenly the Count espied a priest, pale, emaciated, and supporting himself with a stick. 'Heavens!' cried he, 'see, that is Emilia's confessor.'

Baron T—— started, looked fearfully 'towards him, and was silent. 'Come, dear T——,' said Gustavus after a pause, 'let us tear the wound once more open. I will prove to him that I am well acquainted with every particular. He will not acknowledge any thing, but his looks will betray him.'

He seized the Baron's arm, and drew him away partly against his will; 'Reverend old man,' commenced the Count, 'Whence the sorrow which I see pourtrayed upon your sallow cheek?' 'It is not sorrow, my lord,' answered the priest: 'I stood upon the brink of the grave, but it has pleased the Almighty that I should return to this world; I am better, and by order of my physician, have to-day, for the first time, stepped into the open air.' 'I congratulate you,' said the Count. 'Do you know me?' Undoubtedly, my lord, I have the honour of speaking to Count Z——.' 'True,' replied he, 'you are speaking to the unfortunate Count Z——, whose misery is alone to you no secret.' 'My lord,' stammered Anselmo, 'pardon me, I do not understand you.' The Count cast a look of bitter scorn at him: 'You mean to say you *must* not understand me. Have you not been surprised that for three years you have not seen my wife at the chair of absolution?'—'No, my lord,' returned the priest, 'I have not been surprised. She probably has found a man more worthy of her confidence. It has hurt me, I will not deny; for she is a noble, excellent lady. All is in vain, your secrecy is needless. Know that on that hateful eve of All Saints, I, I myself was concealed in the church, and heard the vile transaction which Emilia

confessed to you: I know the lovely youth for six months daily visited our bed-chamber; I know that he each time escaped while we were at supper.' You see, Sir, all, all I know. You have pardoned her in the name of God, but as I hope for pardon from God, I cannot.'

Anselmo raised his hands and eyes towards Heaven. 'Almighty Providence!' exclaimed he, 'now do I see why thou hast not hearkened to my fervent prayer, that I might be allowed to depart to the habitations of peace! Oh! my lord, what have you done? Your wife is innocent. You must remember young Wildman, the orphan, whom you educated, and for whom you three years since procured an office in the customs. An unlawful amour had taken place between him and your maid servant, and their meetings were in your chamber. Her ladyship at length detected them—She dismissed the servant instantly, but concealed the whole from you, because she feared your hasty temper, and wished not to ruin the young man. To *me* she disclosed the whole transaction, because her scrupulous conscience reproached her with the idea that the girl, after her dismissal from your service, might be guilty of more irregularities.'

As if thunderstruck, tortured, racked by every word which fell from the lips of the confessor, stood Count Z——, and trembled in every limb. He recollected that young Wildman had lately married his wife's former servant, and acknowledged a child of some years old to be his own. The scales fell from his eyes; the mist dispersed; he saw his beloved, suffering, innocent Emilia, and sunk senseless against a tree. The Baron, almost as violently

agitated, stood rooted to the spot, and unable to speak. The pious priest immediately gave a signal to a hackney coachman, and conducted the brothers to the Count's house.

Scarce had Gustavus recovered his faculties, when he called aloud for horses. During the few moments employed in preparing them, he ran to and fro, howling and wringing his hands. In vain did the Baron and Anselmo endeavour to console him; he saw them not; he heard them not. The horses arrived at the door; he rushed down the steps, threw himself upon one of them, and galloped away without looking behind him, or asking whether his brother would accompany him.

Baron T—— followed him. Away they flew over hill and dale, day and night, without resting a moment longer than was necessary to change horses. At midnight, after the second day, they knocked at the gates of the castle.

Emilia, stretched on her bed of straw, just started from a terrific dream; she heard the noise at the gates; she heard them opened and barred. Hark! the footsteps of many persons echoed through the dark and lonesome gallery, which led to her prison. Hark! the key clinked in the lock of the iron door; the bolt was pushed aside; the door was opened: the glare of twenty torches dazzled Emilia's eyes. See! a writhing man lay at her feet—she recognized her husband. See! a weeping youth lay in her arms—she recognized her brother. Oh! who can describe the raptures of a guiltless soul, whose innocence at length is manifest; of a tender heart which at once recovers all that is dear to it!

As yet the Count was stretched upon the earth, sobbing and asking whether she would ever forgive him. She embraced him—forgave him—attempted to raise him—in vain—he saw her wan disfigured countenance, and buried his own in the dust. Emilia at last knelt at his side, clasped him in her arm with heart-felt affection, and mixed her tears with his. Her brother, deeply moved, surveyed in silence the affecting scene.

After the first storm had subsided, and the three happy people had left the dreary dungeon, Emilia, with tender anxiety, and, in a gentle tone, said to her husband, ‘Where are my children? Are they still alive? It must now be three years since I heard any thing of them.’

In repentant agony the Count again fell at her feet, and swore he was undeserving of her pardon. The youngest child, a lovely girl, was immediately brought from the boor’s wife. Emilia clasped it in her arms, every maternal feeling awoke, and for the first time again tinged her pallid cheeks with red.

The next morning, shortly before their departure, the Count commanded the steward to destroy the odious turret, and level it with the earth. ‘No,’ said Emilia, smiling and throwing her arm round her husband’s neck, ‘the turret must remain as it now is, or where should I have any evidence against you? These fallen cheeks will rise again; these pallid lips will regain their colour; these languid eyes will recover their former lustre; but the turret, let the turret remain as it now is—let it be a warning to each traveller, who passes on this road, NEVER TO CONDEMN HIS WIFE UPON APPEARANCES!’

THE MEDICINE,

A Tale—for the Ladies.

Miss Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
 Had wealth and charms,—but then she had a tongue!
 From morn to night th' eternal 'larum rung,
 Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
 Sigh'd out the usual time; then wed the dame,
 Possess'd he thought of ev'ry joy of life,
 But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife;
 Excess of fondness did in time decline,

Madam lov'd money, and the Knight lov'd wine,
 From whence some petty discords would arise,
 As, 'you're a fool!'—and, 'your mighty wise!'

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
 Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
 When she began—for hat and sword he'd call;
 Then after a faint kiss—Cry, b'ye dear Moll:

Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.
 And, what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose:
 Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine:
 Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!
 Oft, as the watchful bell-man march'd his round,
 At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
 By four, the Knight would get his business done,
 And only then reel off, because alone;
 Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
 But arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady, with her tongue, was still prepar'd,
 She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
 'Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!
 And this, Sir John, is ev'ry day the trade.
 Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
 Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
 Till morn sends home a staggr'ing drunken beast,
 Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear, my damn'd obstrep'rous spouse!
 What, can't you find one bed about the house!
 Will that perpetual clack lie never still!
 That rival to the softness of a mill!

Some couch and distant room must be my choice
 Where I may sleep, uncurs'd with wife and noise.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
 With snarling meals, and each a sep'rate bed

To an old uncle oft she would complain,
 Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain,
 Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was.
 Chear up, cry'd he ! and I'll remove the cause.

A wond'rous spring within my garden flows
 Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
 Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
 The best elixir t'appease man and wife.
 Strange are the effects, the qualities divine ;
 'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
 If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
 Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum ;
 Smile, look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
 Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold.
 One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
 He'll grow a lover ; you a happy bride.
 But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
 Or ev'ry prattling hussy 'll beg a dose.

A water bottle's brought for her relief :
 Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief :
 Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent :
 And, female like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny Knight reels home exceeding clear,
 Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war.
 Ent'ring he cries,—Hey, where's our thunder fled !
 No hurricane ! Betty, is your lady dead ?
 Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
 Court'seys, looks kind, but not a word she speaks :
 Wond'ring he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd ;
 But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.
 Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now ?
 She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
 Then clasping her about,—why, let me die !
 These night-clothes, Molly, become thee mightily !
 With that, he sighed, her hand began to press,
 And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
 Nay kiss me, Molly,—for I'm much inclin'd.
 Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.
 Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went :
 The lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd,
 The reconciling bottle fails at last ;
 'Twas us'd and gone,—Then midnight storms arose,
 And looks and words the union discompose.
 Her coach is order'd, and post haste she flies,
 To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies ;

Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her Knight's conversion, and her happy state !

Why, niece, says he,—I prithee apprehend :
The water's water,—be thyself thy friend ;
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm.
Be silent, and complying,—you'll soon find,
Sir John without a med'cine will be kind.

On one Married to a Crooked Woman.

ONE put to his shifts, and thinking what course
He might take, to live rather better than worse,
Most gravely concluded to try if a wife
Would add any comfort or joy to his life ;
But Cupid resolving a sly trick to show,
Instead of a wife, it seems, gave him his bow ;
He thankfully took it, and vow'd to the god,
He'd marry the present, because it was odd :
And said, when his lady-bow happen'd to farrow,
He hop'd, in requital, to send him an arrow,
The primitive martyrs, who suffer'd of old,
Did patiently carry their crosses, we're told ;
But ne'er pious christian, that ever I read,
Was so fond of his cross as to take it to bed.

Marriage, Customs, and Modes of Courtship.

FIRST, the rudest of all Pagans have only one principal wife, but as many others as they please ; with whom a contract is commonly made at marriage, that they shall cast themselves into their husband's funeral pile : These marriages are celebrated for eight days, with music, dancing, and all such sorts of rejoicings. They dance two and two together in divers couples ; and, when they meet, they change two little sticks which they hold in their hands.

2. The people of Balagatta (near the river Ganges) marry their sons at eight years of age, and make

them consummate at twelve. Before their marriage their relations entertain a fortnight, sitting at table almost night and day, drums and trumpets playing : On the wedding-day all the relations meet together at the bridegroom's house, and sitting on the ground confirm their marriage ; after which, to add greater force to their promises, they walk seven times round the fire ; the bride brings nothing to her husband but a jewel of small value.

3. The Chinese marry their sons very young, some as soon as they are born, and the husband gives his wife a dowry. On the wedding-day, the bride's father makes a splendid feast, to which he invites all the relations and friends of his new son. The next day, the father, or for want of him, the nearest kinsman of the bridegroom, does the same. After the feast the husband gives the dowry to his bride, in presence of all the guests : which she gives to her father and mother (if they be living) for the trouble they had in educating her : and therefore here a man is reckoned rich in proportion to the daughters he has. The father may use this dowry with all freedom ; but, when he dies, it returns to his daughter for the advantage of her children, or to be otherwise disposed of at her pleasure. A man may have many wives, but the first is esteemed his true wife ; the others are forced to do the drudgery of servants : they live only with the first, keeping the others abroad ; and, if merchants, in places where they traffick. They think it unlawful to marry sisters, or other near relations, and observe not to take a wife of their own name, though no relation. The conditions of their mind are considered more than

beauty. The ordinary price they give for them is an hundred crowns, and often less. The common people buy and sell their wives at pleasure. On the borders of Tartary the governors and viceroys prescribe a certain time both to the men and women, being obliged either to shut themselves up in a cloister or marry. When the time is expired, all that will marry, appear the set day, at a city appointed in every province to that end. When there, they present themselves to twelve principal persons nominated by the king, who take in writing the names of the men and women, and their qualities; informing themselves exactly what dowries the men are able to give. Afterwards they view the list, both of the men and women; and if they find more men than women, or more women than men, they cast lots, and the others are married first the next year. Six of the twelve persons divide the men into three classes; put the rich into the first, without any regard to their breeding and accomplishments; those that are moderately so in the next, and the poor in the last. While these make the division of the men, the others divide the women into three classes; putting in one the fairest, in another the less fair, and in the last those that are least handsome: they assign the less fair to the less rich, without paying any thing for them; the least handsome to the poor, and afterwards share among them all the money they have obliged the rich to pay. Their marriages thus adjusted, they have public rejoicings in the houses the king has appointed them: for in every city there are houses furnished with many beds, and all things necessary for human

life ; so that every one takes what she wants, and keeps them for fifty days, which the feast lasts, after which they all return home.

N.B. All these circumstances are chiefly observed by the commonalty, and not by the gentry, and persons of higher rank, who are not subject to this law, but may marry when and how they please.

4. The heathen Tartars have many wives, who live together in great quiet ; they give money to their wives mothers, as a recompence received from them ; the first wife is looked upon the most lawful, and so are the children born of her. When the father dies, the son may marry all his wives, excepting the mother and her sisters, they marry their half sisters after their brother's death, and make great entertainments at these marriages. The people of Fangut marry as many wives as they can keep ; and, if a poor young woman be beautiful, a rich man marries her presently, and gives her mother a reward to have her ; viz. cattle, slaves, and oftentimes money, they valuing only beauty. They have each two-and-thirty wives, more or less, according to their abilities ; but the first is the chief, and, if any is infirm, they send her home. They marry their relations, as the Tartars do, even to their step-mother.

5. The people of Goa worship a naked statue, to which they bring their daughters, when they would marry them, that they may pray for the happy success of their marriage. The prayer ended, the daughter is married to the first that seeks her. The ceremonies are performed in the afternoon, after which the new married couple retire into the chamber provided for them.

6. The negroes of Africa, that dwell in the kingdom of Serrallione, have, in every city, an house apart from others, where their daughters retire, and are instructed for one year, by an old man, virtuous and religious. At the end of the year, they come forth all together well dressed, and go into the public piazzas to dance to several instruments of music: their fathers are present; and the young men chuse whom they like best, giving something to their fathers before they marry them. They present also the old man with something for his trouble of instructing and keeping them; then take them home, where they compleat the ceremonies of their nuptials.

7. In Guinea, when their sons are old enough to marry, their fathers seek them wives; and, if they find them agreeable to their minds, give them, and oblige them to take them, though never seen before. The son has nothing from his father, who sends him naked (if he has gained nothing by his own labour) into the world, to lay the foundation of his family. The bride's relations give them a small sum in gold, and, though very rich, add little more than what the poor give, for what they receive is only the expence of the feast. This custom is so well observed, that the king's daughters have no more than one slave to serve them. The bride swears, in the presence of the company, that she will be faithful and preserve her conjugal chastity: which oath is never required of her spouse. If, during the marriage, a man gets so much, that he is able to maintain another wife, he marries her without the consent of the first; to which, if she consents, he is obliged to pay her so much, and the woman is received into

the house, more as a concubine than a wife; when the husband observes his wife to grow old, he may marry a younger, and forsake his former. However, he keeps her in his house, where she is bound to give an account of it, and serve the younger, look after the kitchen, and do what pleases her husband.

The people of Monomotapa, in the lower *Æthiopia*, marry, according to their abilities, as many wives as they will. But the first is the chiefest, the others serve her, and her children succeed in the inheritance; no one may marry a woman past child-bearing, and, when the women are first big, there is great joy in their families. The old women, when not like to conceive, may not marry. The virgins go naked till married, and then wear a thin silk, and, when they have children, cover their breasts.

8. In *Paria* they may have many wives, but one is mistress of the house, and commands the others; those of the meanest condition have at least two or three: and they may all, when their wives begin to grow old, turn them off, and take younger. The priests teach them, when they are young, and from them learn all necessary arts.

9. The *Caribbes* use the same customs, but on the wedding-day, and many days after, (they take their wives) with great attendance, they go into the woods, where they hunt and kill all they meet with.

10. The inhabitants of *Brasil* have no regard in their marriages, but to affinity in the first degree, because from the second they may marry all their relations. They allow polygamy, which gives them the report of being brave and rich. The partiality

they shew to one more than another, makes not the other jealous, and they live all very peaceably. As to ceremonies, he that has a mind to a young woman, seeks her of her father and nearest relations, and, when he has obtained consent, leads her home, and she becomes his wife. They promise their sons in their childhood, and, when at years, they are bound to stand to the will of their parents; yet the husband may cast off his wife upon any great distaste, as she may likewise him on the like occasion, telling him plainly, she leaves him to seek another more civil husband: and these separations do not subject them to any resentment.

11. In Guiana, or New Andalusia, the persons of the highest rank and riches marry two or three wives, and often more; the commonalty only one; the other wives are but as servants to the first. Those who have the greatest number of women are most esteemed; in other matters they follow the custom of Peru. There are in Syria a sort of people called Drusi, who by some are believed Christians; but in their actions are neither Christians nor Jews: these indifferently marry their daughters, mothers, and sisters, giving this for a reason, that they have had children by them, and no one can forbid them the use of their own. They have some feasts in the year, when all the men and women meet together to divert themselves; there they feast in common, and, after they have drank, give a mutual liberty to employ those women they like most, renouncing on this occasion any propriety in their wives.

12. Lastly, in the southern parts of Magellanica, when a man likes a young woman, he demands her of her parents at a full assembly; and before he

goes away, if her parents consent, he takes her and carries her home without further ceremony. The company get together the next day to feast, after which the husband receives what is assigned him in dowry with his wife, who is bound to exercise the same trade and profession of life as her husband does, and to be never out of his sight; when she is false to her conjugal duty, her husband sends her back to her parents, who shave her, and, if her husband be content to take her home again, she is never more enjoyed by him, but obliged to serve him as long as she lives.

ON CONJUGAL LOVE:

A Moral Story.

Of all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature, than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love: our great poet, Milton, after he has described the nuptial bower of Adam and Eve in Paradise, thus calls upon that blissful state:

' Hail wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adult'rous lust was driv'n from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
(Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,)
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.—
—Perpetual fountain of domestic bliss!—
Here love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings.

In this scene the looser passions of youth are consolidated into a settled affection; for the lawful

object of love unites every care in itself; and makes even those thoughts that were painful before, become delightful. When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a transport that is inconceivable to all, but those that are in this situation; from hence arises that heart-ennobling solicitude for one another's welfare, that tender sympathy that alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure that heightens prosperity and joy itself. This is a full completion of the blessings of humanity! for if reason and society are the characteristics which distinguish us from other animals; an excellence in these two great privileges of man, which centers in wedlock, must raise us in happiness above the rest of our species. 'Tis here that the noblest passions of which the human soul is susceptible, join together, virtuous love and friendship; the one supplying it with a constant rapture, and the other regulating it by the rules of reason. I would not be understood to be speaking here of those unnatural and disproportionable matches that are daily made upon worldly views, where interest or lust are the only motives; I mean that such only enjoy the blessing, who are conducted by Hymen, through his own realms of innocence and sincerity. A gentleman, who is very happy in a beautiful friend, as a certain English poet calls a wife, and is a kind of an enthusiast for the married state, told me the following story of an Italian pair, who were famous for their unalterable constancy and affection. There lived at Genoa a young nobleman named Marini, who had a large estate in the island of Corsica, whither he went every five or six years

to regulate his affairs. At the age of five-and-twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venetian senator, called Monimia, who had refused the greatest matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate Marini. As their marriage was founded upon a mutual esteem, their passion encreased instead of diminishing, by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all that knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted state of felicity, when Marini was obliged to make a voyage into Corsica, which was then disturbed by a rebellious insurrection, in order to secure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependents to stand firm in defence of their country. But the greatest affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part for a while from Monimia, who, being then very big with child, was incapacitated to go with him as usual. When the fatal time of parting was come, they embraced, with the utmost grief, and the warmest prayers to Heaven for one another's safety. As soon as this afflicting scene was over, Marini embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived safe at Bastia in a few hours. The success of the rebels being stopped, and the affairs of the island a little settled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking one day by the harbour, where the ships of burden lay, he heard two sailors, who were just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife then absent from the republic. This casual circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curiosity to listen farther to their conversation, when, after a little pause, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear Monimia; at

these words his surprise and affliction was so great that he had no power to follow the mariners to satisfy his doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own servants lamenting over him. At the same time that this happened to Marini, something of the same nature equally distressed Monimia; for an imperfect account came to Genoa by the captain of a Venetian vessel, that a gentleman, named Marini, had been surprised near Bastia by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed by them. These two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greatest distress: they immediately took shipping in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know; the one for Corsica, the other for Genoa. They were both sailed, when a violent storm arose, which drove their vessels upon a little island in the Mediterranean. Marini's ship landed first, where whilst the rest of the crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable widower, as he thought himself, wandered, with one servant only, into a little wood that was near the sea-shore, to give a loose to his immoderate grief. Soon after the Genoese ship landed too, and the same motive led Monimia, with one of her maids, to the wood where her husband was, lamenting his unfortunate condition. They had not been there long before they heard each other's complaint, and drew nearer mutually to see if there was any wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the astonishment of both, when they met in a little path, and saw each other! the immoderate joy was such, and the transition from one extreme

to the other so instantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after. Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the solemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

THE LOVER'S ALCHEMY;

OR,

A Wife got out of the Fire.

NOT far from York lives a covetous old squire. He enjoys a plentiful estate, which is daily encreasing by his parsimonious way of life; yet he does not want a share of good sense, and is extremely fond of philosophical experiments; and, no doubt, in hopes of gain, spends much time in the study and practice of Alchemy. This gripe, for so I shall stile him, has an only child, a daughter, who in the most dutiful manner always submitted to his directions and commands, and never shewed the least dislike of any thing, till her father proposed to his lovely Eugenia, for that is her name, the disagreeable match with his nephew Dulman, heir to an handsome fortune, but more approved by old gripe for his greedy avaricious temper. Nothing could be more diametrically opposite to Eugenia's inclinations, who was a delicate creature, both in her person and understanding, than to be joined to such an ill-natured young coxcomb, and one remarkably mean in his conversation, company, and expences.

However, her father was resolved it should be so; and, in order to her better accomplishments for so good a match, she was previously sent to town,

under the care of an old aunt, to learn to dance, and to see the court, the play-house, and the fashions. From whence she had orders to return to her father's house, to be sacrificed to that monster.

Eugenia's aunt, whose fortune, or perhaps greedy disposition, would not permit her to keep house, was in genteel lodgings at this time; where also lodged one Mr. Comely, a gentleman about thirty, of excellent parts, good learning, and good breeding, but had imprudently spent his fortune in search for the philosopher's stone. Mr. Comely had the honour of being admitted frequently into conversation with the old lady, and, by that means, had an opportunity to admire her niece's beauty. And, in short, it was not long before Eugenia fell in love with him.

Comely, who had learned from the aunt, the reason of her niece's visit to town, and that she was promised to a rich gentleman in the country; and ignorant of the impression he himself had made on the young virgin's heart, entertained not the least thoughts of pushing in between, and kept a guard upon his passion, though he was deeply enamoured with her beauty and good humour; and suffered much under the apprehensions that he must love one without hopes of a return, as he thought; till one day, when Dulman came to London to pay her a visit.

The aunt invited Comely to dine with them. At this interview Comely observed so much indifference in the beautiful Eugenia, towards her slovenly lover Dulman, whose discourse turned wholly upon his dogs, his horses, and debauches, and who soon after dinner relinquished the charms of his intended

bride, to seek for illicit pleasures in the town, and Eugenia also shewing her resentment at Dulman's abrupt and uncivil departure; he lost no time to improve the opportunity of these circumstances, and declared to Eugenia, the passion he had for her, with so moving and effectual address, that he soon forced her to own the like passion concealed in her own breast for him. The aunt not only winked at their courtship, but abhorring the thoughts of so fine a girl being thrown away on such a miserly country dolt, kept the secret, and consented to help the new lovers to steal a wedding, though she told Comely that her brother Gripe, who had promised to give the blockhead, Dulman, 10,000*l.* with his daughter on the day of marriage, would never forgive the person that should marry her without his consent. Comely was so deeply smitten that he thought of nothing but how to secure the valuable prize enclosed in the amiable Eugenia; the day was fixed, and the ring was bought for the marriage; nay, they were dressed and ready to proceed to church to solemnize the nuptials, when Mr. Gripe, informed by Miss's chambermaid of all that was contriving, arrived with Dulman and proper officers at the door of their lodgings, to take up all concerned in the affair, and to secure his daughter.

Thunderstruck at this unexpected visit; and judging it the most prudent and likeliest way for them to accomplish their wishes and vows in the end, it was agreed by the lovers to separate at present: and having vowed eternal constancy to each other, and sealed their vows with a kiss, a sigh, and a tear, Comely advised Eugenia and her aunt to go out forwards, while he himself retreated

the back way, assuring his beloved that he would be in Yorkshire before her, and that he had already hit upon a contrivance, which could not fail of putting them into the possession of each other.

The ladies, as agreed, went forwards, and were seized on the threshold by the old father, who, asking them, 'Where so early?' was answered by the sister, 'that they were going to the park to take the air.' 'Ay, ay,' replies Mr. Gripe, 'I see you are both very airy; but I hope that Yorkshire air will agree better with my daughter;' and then added, 'Good sweet obedient daughter, get you ready for a march home. But where is that generous bridegroom of yours, that venturous knight, that dares venture on you without my leave, that is, without a farthing?'

Having searched the house for Comely in vain; and waited an opportunity to surprise him for a full week, old Gripe returns home with his daughter, and upon his arrival found all the country ringing with the praises of a certain Rosicrusian, lately arrived in those parts, and who had given to the most experienced such convincing proofs of his excellency in Alchemy, as obliged them to receive him as another Paracelsus. Gripe was taken in the snare, and was instantly all in a flame to discourse with this mighty philosopher by fire. Next morning he went in quest of him, and found him dressed philosophically with a pair of mustachos for a better disguise, and retailing a deal of learning about Amalgamas, Alkalohoisms, Cohabitations, Calcinations, Fixations, and the Lord knows what; which old Gripe understood to a *Te*: nor would he part with him. And after some private conversation on

the art, at a tavern, he carried him home to his house, with a promise that he should continue there as private as an hermit in his cell; for that nobody should see or serve him but himself; because the philosopher pretended to excuse his acceptance of his favour, on account of not being worthy of such a gentleman's regard, and of being unwilling to be seen in public, or to contract acquaintance with any man.

Gripe being thoroughly persuaded of his guest's capacity, would not be said nay; and had no sooner got him locked up in his laboratory, but he put him on the transmutation of two ounces of copper into gold. The Alchemist, having concealed a proportionate quantity of gold in a piece of charcoal, invites his host, Gripe, to see the whole operation; and while the old gentleman was busy in blowing the furnace, his guest, under pretence of mending the fire with his tongs, and piling it up about the crucible, dextrously, and as it were accidentally, let drop the coal, wherein the gold was, into the crucible. The great heat presently melted the gold; and the coal being reduced to ashes, they flew out with continual blowing. He then took a little box out of his pocket, and, desiring Gripe to join with him in prayer, for the success of the experiment, he put into the crucible the quantity of three or four grains of a certain powder, which he said would turn the venus or copper into sole or pure gold. This powder made the copper evaporate; and then there remained only the gold in the crucible. Gripe cast it out, weighed it, and touched it, and found it real gold, worth about 8*l*. sterling. The old man offered him the value in

...such a profitable g
thing he gave him into go
of it himself; asked him o
shut up together (for Fla
out of his chamber since
into it) 'How old he was
was only thirty-two, replied
enough to marry: and I a
shall either discover all you:
shall marry my daughter.'
hesitation, and declaring th
vulge the art to any one but
how to use so great a blessing
a necessity for me to chuse
I will marry your daughter,
her consent, for I will have
her inclinations.' 'I am co
will fetch her to you instant
she is a good handsome co
that for your comfort: and s
for the heart of you.'





Published by T. Kinnerley, No. 1, 1818.

The Lover turned Alchymist.

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at her first entrance, that Eugenia cried out, ' Bless me! what! do you mean, Sir, to marry me to the devil?'—'No more, prattle-gossip,' replied the father, you know my will; and you shall do it; and so I leave you together.'—I can't express the confusion of the young lady at this resolution—which being perceived by our vulcan, he no sooner found themselves alone, but said, 'Madam, can you like me for a husband?'—'Ah, sir,' cried she, 'if you have not more humanity than my father, I am lost for ever. I cannot marry you.'—'Then Madam,' returned he, 'you must marry your own first cousin.' She wept; and drying up her tears, replied with a sob, 'I confess, sir, were I at my own disposal I should rather chuse you than him—But—I am not.' Nor will I be denied, Madam! said the Alchemist; 'take that ring: and read your destiny.' She took it, and was startled at the poesie: then looking on him wishfully, was wonderfully surprised, discovered his person, and cried out with extacy, 'My Comely;' 'yes,' says he, 'my dear Eugenia!' what followed may be more easily imagined than expressed.

What remained now to be done was to guard against all suspicion in the old man, and to engage him to settle the same fortune on her now, if she yielded to marry by his command, as had been intended to be given with her to Dulman. So that when her father returned, she submitted to his will in these terms: 'Sir, I have considered that it is more agreeable to nature, at least it is to my inclination, to marry a stranger than my own first cousin; and therefore I will sacrifice my own desire to your pleasure, if you will first give me the £10,000*l.* designed with me to my cousin. For as

this gentleman has nothing to trust to but his learning, and when he dies, as he says, that dies with him: what must I and my children do, if we have any, and survive him? Therefore I intreat you, sir, since I must be made a victim, pay it into my own hands, that I may have some prospect of a livelihood. The gentleman, I apprehend, will be content to live off his estate *in capite*, as, I think, the scholars call it.' The father, who thought that he should get twice ten thousand pounds by the bargain, before a year to come, readily acquiesced, in hopes that Flamwell would either do it himself, or teach him to turn all his pewter dishes, brass and copper pots, kettles, iron grates, nay the very gutters and windows into guineas. In four days after, the 10,000*l.* was paid to Eugenia, and she was given next day in marriage to Mr. Flamwell, who still kept on his disguise.

The next day after the marriage was consummated, Mr. Comely, having nothing to fear about the father's consent, and his wife's fortune, resolves to throw off his disguise, sent to York for his servant and his cloaths, pulled off his mustachos, and appeared in his usual sprightliness and gaiety, as if it had been on purpose to receive Dulman, who arrived that very day at his uncle's house, and no sooner cast his eyes upon the bridegroom, but discovered him to be the very Mr. Comely, the suitor, his rival, whom he and his uncle had threatened so much, and taken so much pains at London to find out. He informs the old man, who in the greatest surprise, cried out, 'How, Comely! Then I fear I am cheated.' But, checking his passion: and persuaded that his son-in law was really possessed of

the secret of making gold, added, 'I am well pleased with the impostor, I see it was the will of Heaven.'—'Yes, sir,' interrupting her father, said madam Comely, so the poesie of my ring says, 'Tis done by Heaven!' 'Well son,' replied Mr. Gripe, 'thou hast wit enough, I'll say that for thee: would I knew what thou dost in that great secret?' 'Hark you, sir,' returned Comely, 'I'll tell you in your ear——whenever you would make five or six ounces of gold from any other metal, after you have melted the baser metal down, you must make it evaporate, or throw it out of the crucible, and put an equal quantity of gold into it, which will come out gold, as it went in. This was ever my way, I do assure you, sir. Love put me upon this little deception, and taught me how to get a wife out of the fire.'

*The Bachelor's Soliloquy, concerning a
Married State.*

To wed, or not to wed—That is the question.
Whether 'twas happier in the mind to stifle
The heats and tumults of outrageous passion,
Or with some prudent fair in solemn contract
Of matrimony join.—To have—to hold—
No more—and by that have, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand love-sick pangs
Of celibacy.—'Twere a consummation
Devoutly to be wished —In nuptial band
To join till death dissolves—Ay, there's the rub:
For in that space what dull remorse may come,
When we have ta'en our solemn leave of liberty,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That slacks our speed in suing for a change.
Else, who would bear the scorn and sneers which Bachelors
When aged feel, the pains and flatt'ring fevers,
Which each new face must give to roving fancy,

When he might rid him at once of all
 By a bare 'yes.' Who would with patience bear
 To fret and linger out a single life.
 But that the dread of something yet untry'd,
 Some hazard in a state from whose strict bond
 Death only can release, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather chuse those ills we have,
 Than fly to others which we fancy greater?
 This last reflection makes us slow and wary,
 Filling the dubious mind with dreadful thoughts
 Of poutings, discords, jealousies and cares
 Extravagantly great, intail'd on wedlock,
 Which to avoid, the lover checks his passion,
 And, miserable, dies a BACHELOR.

THE MANIAC:

A Fragment.

' And could a wretch more wretched be,
 More wild or fancy-fraught than he,
 Whose melancholy tale would pierce a heart of stone.

THE sun was returning behind the western hills, the feathered songsters of the neighbouring groves poured out their praise in loud strains of purest harmony, before he completely disappeared; in short, it was evening, when Henry left the hall, and its dissipation, to enjoy, for a short time, the more moderate pleasure of an evening ramble. He bent his steps to the wood; it was his favourite walk: in that covert he had passed in his youth many a pleasant hour; there, in riper years, he had walked, for the last time, with his Maria. He reached the very spot where he had taken his last farewell; a thousand tender sensations crowded upon his mind; he seated himself upon a bank, and resigned himself to meditation. 'And can such a being as she appeared to be,' said he to himself, 'be faithless? Could such a heart, such a

tender heart as she seemed to possess, write so cruel a letter as that I have received! Yes, it is too true: 'Frailty, thy name is woman.' She delights in my distress, and some happier rival has usurped my place in her affections. Again will I peruse her letter, the fatal instrument of my death, signed by the hand of her who but lately, I flattered myself, loved me with an unceasing affection.' He drew the fatal letter from his pocket, when suddenly an exclamation of surprise proceeded from some person who seemed to be near him. He looked round, and at the distance of about twenty paces, perceived a human figure extended on the grass. The noise he had made in unfolding the letter had aroused him, and he started on Henry with looks of mingled fear and simplicity.

His face was pale and ghastly, a long bristly beard over-shadowed it; his legs and feet were bare, and lacerated by thorns; a faded regimental coat covered his shoulders, and he appeared about forty years of age. He started on his feet as Henry approached him, and eagerly exclaimed, 'Well, is he returned! have you seen him? how did he look; he must have suffered much; say, did he ask how his poor father fared?' 'I have no tidings to bring you; of whom do you speak?' said Henry. 'Then you have not seen him?' continued the maniac, as Henry surveyed his emotion.—'Perhaps you know my daughter; know you the wretch who seduced her; his name is Welby? Say, does my Harriet pine and wander in the wide metropolis?' He was silent; his head fell upon his breast, and he again seated himself upon the ground, in silent apathy. Henry sat down by his side; the maniac raised

his head, and looked steadfastly in his face; the wild madness which so lately shone in his eyes was gone, and a soft melancholy overspread his face; his reason had partly returned, and he addressed Henry as follows:—‘This is kind of you; three long years have elapsed since I fled from mankind, and concealed myself in these sequestered haunts; your’s is the first face that has looked with kindness on me. I was a young man, a very young man, when I beheld my Harriet reading in this wood; I loved, wooed, and married her; five years we lived in peace and harmony: I had a son and daughter,—these were halcyon days,—all was calm and tranquil as this delightful evening; soon, too soon, a dreadful storm burst upon me; I went to fight for my country; my wife and children remained behind, in England, anxiously waiting for my return. Five long dreary years I lingered in prison, in a distant land; four of my fellow-prisoners and myself made an attempt to escape; our wives and children grieving for us in England, animated our endeavours, which were attended with success. We arrived in our native land, bid adieu to each other, and sought our own homes. Wearied and tired, I arrived at the little cottage where I had left my Harriet, my daughter, and my son. I had pictured to myself, as I had travelled onward, their joy on seeing me return, the embraces of my beloved wife, the questions of my daughter, and the sincere congratulations of my neighbours. My fond fancy had formed long schemes of bliss and enjoyment; my little farm, my winter’s evening fire-side, when I would recount the perils I had passed; my summer arbour, where we would

drink our tea, and smile at past misfortunes; the marriage of my son and daughter, and the little grand-children prattling on my knee, amused the long and heavy hours which intervened between me and my home, and shortened the weary miles I had yet to travel.' His speech now became more hurried and inarticulate, as he proceeded:—'It was night when I reached the cot; I knocked at the well-known door; I prepared to clasp my Harriet in my arms; it was opened by a stranger. I rushed into the room; there was a woman, but, oh! how unlike my wife! there were sons and daughters, but not those concerning whom I had formed such dreams of happiness. My wife was dead,—my daughter was seduced by a villain,—my son, who had gone in search of me, had fallen a prey to the merciless ocean; all my hopes are blasted; I am a wretch, an outcast on the earth. Return, my son, and bless thy father's arms. Give me my daughter, villain!—where is she? I would yet forgive her: I see her; she stands upon the cliff!—Look! look! she heeds it not!—Oh! she will fall, unless I save her!'—so saying, he ran with all his speed after the phantom his imagination had created, and was seen no more.

The Lover's Auction.

THE following particulars make up a catalogue of several valuable things, which, to prevent further trouble, a gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, chose to return to his mistress, upon a quarrel betwixt them; and are now advertised to be sold by auction betwixt seven and nine in the

evening, on the 1st of January next, by Saucy Toby, at the Golden-heart in Love-lane, for the relief of the lady in distress.

Three hundred choice love-letters, with copies of the lady's answers, neatly wrote on gilt paper with a crow-quill, on a size fit to bind up with the best edition of Ovid's Art of Love.

A small snuff-box, with the lady's picture, artfully contrived to please more suitors than one.

Thirty-two copies of original verses to a lady on her blowing her sweetheart with her fan—on her being decoyed in a flower-garden—on the patch under her left eye—on her walking a-tip-toe, &c. &c.

Ovid's Art of Love in English, with suitable pictures, bound in Turkey, and gilt on the leaves like a common prayer, for the convenience of reading it in church.—Pamela in the same manner—and Lord Rochester's poems, ditto.

A tortoise-shell ring, enamelled with a motto.

A receipt to make love-powder, and directions how to administer it with success, according to the genuine English taste.

Two pair of garters; one red, presented by the gentleman in the height of his hot fit, to denote the inflammation of his heart; the other white, presented by the lady, to shew the purity of hers, with significant motto's on each pair.

Twelve volumes of romances, by Julio Romano.

A brilliant heart-ring, set transparent, supported by two Cupids, and crowned emblematically with the spring.

Three of the lady's hairs, intended for a locket ;

they are of a bright golden colour, such as the ancients esteemed most beautiful.

Three doleful groans, a night-piece; and nineteen new oaths to be used by a lover when he has nothing else to say.

Two broken fans, worn out with pin-holes, for the advantage of ogling.

There are many other curiosities, particularly a small gold handle knife, which the gentleman offered his mistress, but was refused with great resentment, and was the probable reason of her whole conduct afterwards. He therefore cautions all passionate votaries how they present knives, scissors, &c. or any thing sharp to their sweethearts, for fear of cutting love.

The Rewards of Virtue and Vice.

It has been so often asserted, that 'virtue is its own reward,' and that 'vice brings with it its own punishment,' that it would be little short of folly to oppose an opinion which seems to have obtained the concurrent assent of all mankind.—Nor do we feel ourselves at all disposed to dispute a point of which we are so well inclined to be convinced; we therefore recite the following story as a confirmation of the doctrine:—

Delia Downton was the orphan daughter of a clergyman of character, preferment, and some fortune; and she was maternally allied to a family not less noble in blood, than in those virtues which dignify rank, and add lustre to distinction of birth and titles of honour.

She lost both her parents at a very early age; and the care of her person, as well as of her fortune, which was about 15,000*l.* devolved on her grandmother on the side of her father; a venerable matron, whose unbounded affection, and unremit-
ted attention, left her darling ward little to regret in the loss of relatives she was unable to recollect, and whose endearments, could she have recalled them to her memory, could have hardly exceeded in tenderness those which she received from the most amiable and most affectionate of women.

Mrs. Downton had resided in the country till her grand-daughter arrived at the age when it was necessary she should acquire those accomplishments which are neither so easily nor so happily attained under private tuition, where there is no competition to inspire emulation, nor any expectation of praise to excite a laudable ambition to excel.

At this time of her precious charge's life, that is, when she had just entered her eleventh year, Mrs. Downton removed with her to —, where she could procure instructions in music, dancing, drawing, and the modern languages, not inferior to the best which could be obtained in the metropolis; and the good old lady enjoyed the pleasing satisfaction of watching the improvements of her grand-daughter, in a progress which kept pace with her warmest wishes, and most sanguine expectations.

At eighteen Miss Downton was equally celebrated for the beauty of her person, and the cultivation of her mind, in the endowment of which, nature had been so liberal, that good sense, prudence, affability, politeness, and good humour, were apparently native graces; and all the advantage she

seemed to have derived from education, was its having called forth those virtues and perfections into action, which would have been obscured by the artless innocence of uninformed and unconscious modesty.

At an assembly, to which Mrs. Downton was a constant visitor, that her fair trust might be indulged in every proper amusement, and have opportunities of mixing with that rank of life in which her birth and fortune had placed her, she engaged the notice, and, as she was soon taught to believe, the affections of Mr. Arabin, an officer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, which had its quarters in that town and the neighbourhood; who, the very next day, waited on Mrs. Downton, and supporting his pretensions by a candid account of his fortune and family, entreated her permission to pay his addresses to her grand-daughter.

As no objection could be made to the account he gave of himself, and the propriety of his conduct had in some degree recommended him to the old lady's esteem, she made no scruple to comply with his request, and added to this indulgence, assurances of her best offices in his favour.

Nor was his suit to the fair Delia long preferred in vain. Mr. Arabin's person was pleasing, and his manners were engaging: he had lived with the world, and was what is commonly called 'a polite and accomplished man;' though his understanding was only of the middle rate, and his knowledge of that superficial kind which is acquired without study, by a pretty general converse with the higher classes of mankind.

As Delia's heart was wholly unengaged, and

Mr. Arabin was the first who had seriously offered incense at the shrine of her beauty, she was soon prevailed on to acknowledge a preference for him; and though his fortune was rather inferior to her own, no difficulties arose on that account. Mrs. Downton was generous, Delia was disinterested, and the lover professedly above the paltry consideration of pecuniary advantages.—With such sentiments on all sides, settlements were soon adjusted; and a union took place, in which every circumstance concurred to promise compleat and lasting felicity.

But the views of mortals, at best short-sighted, and too often clouded by the mists of passion, prejudice, and impatient curiosity, extend not to the distant prospects of future events: too eager to hesitate, too opinionated to doubt, and too determined to be convinced, we rush blindly into situations replete with danger; and, urged on by delusive hope, embrace the shadowy phantoms of untried expectation, which, in the event, change their appearances, and exhibit the horrid spectres of disappointment, dissatisfaction, and disgust.

Such was the case with the unfortunate Mrs. Arabin: the gay, the smiling, the obsequious lover, was soon metamorphosed into the insipid, the dull, the morose husband; and all her dreams of conjugal happiness vanished with the unsubstantial pleasures of the nuptial pageantry.

And too late did she discover that Mr. Arabin was in all respects a man of the world. Having quitted the army, and taken up his residence in the capital, the first three months were spent in arranging his establishment, and exhibiting his wife at public places; but the former was soon

completed, and the latter became as quickly tiresome and unpleasing; and before six months were expired, one half of his time was engaged at the gaming table, and the other in the pursuit of pleasures equally unlawful, injurious, and disgraceful.

To add to the disquietudes of the neglected fair, at this critical period, she had the misfortune to lose the representative of her parents—her kind, her indulgent grand-mother; she had also the mortification to be refused the solicited company of Mr. Arabin, in her journey to pay the last tribute of grateful affection to the honoured protectress of her infant years.

Yet she endeavoured, by assuming appearances of satisfaction, which were very far from her heart, to retain some portions of the regards of the man to whom she had devoted her life; and she cheerfully gave up, by degrees, all the power she possessed over her fortune, though she could not, without regret, remark the mouldering state of their circumstances; nor help repining at being assured, that the sacrifices she made were offered up to vice, dissipation, and dishonour.

Nor did her husband long maintain even the appearances of civility; every run of ill-luck produced a chagrin, which were sure to find vent upon the unfortunate wife; and every disappointment, in his more criminal pursuits, was the source of contempt and insult to the wretched partner of his bed.

As his circumstances grew more desperate, he proceeded to still greater outrages; nor did he refrain from laying violent hands on the innocent and amiable Delia, who, with exemplary patience,

scarce remonstrated against this treatment; and in the arguments which she sometimes offered, to dissuade him from the ruinous course of life in which he had engaged, carefully avoided even the most distant hints of the injuries he had heaped on her.

As he never condescended to make her his confidant, she was a total stranger to the real state of his affairs, though she knew, generally, that they were extremely embarrassed; and as she had succeeded to the effects of her grand-mother, which were by no means inconsiderable, she thought it prudent, when she surrendered them to her husband, to make a trifling reserve; as he was now so sparing of his purse to her, that she could hardly obtain enough from him to purchase the little necessities, which could not be comprised in those tradesmen's bills, the payment of which she saw daily protracted; and, with a view to prevent the necessity of those applications to Mr. Arabin, which always occasioned ill-humour, and not unfrequently ill-usage, she laid by 300*l*. when she presented her husband with twice as many thousands.

After spending the night abroad, Mr. Arabin returned one morning, at a time rather unusual, and found his wife at breakfast in her dressing room, into which he rudely entered, and without giving himself the trouble to speak to her, threw himself into a chair, and, with wild and disordered looks, directed a servant to order a chaise for Newmarket.

Mrs. Arabin, who well knew by his appearance that he laboured under some pecuniary distress, and recollecting the sum she possessed, was tempted

to try how far a seasonable offer of it might rescue him from the anxiety under which he apparently laboured, and beget some return of gratitude and regard. With this view she arose from her seat; and approaching her husband, in her way to the cabinet where her treasure was deposited, she laid her hands on his, and kindly told him she was sorrow to see him unhappy, and flattered herself she could contribute to his relief.

Roused from a state of sullen stupidity by this tender application, he started from his chair, and, with the most brutal rage, made a blow at the devoted Delia, with such violence and effect, as to lay her senseless and bleeding at his feet; and, leaving her in this wretched state, he rushed out of the house, informing the servant who opened the door to him, that his mistress was ill, and wanted the assistance of her maid.

As he verily believed he had dispatched his unfortunate wife, he thought it prudent to take shelter for a while on the continent; and having procured a small sum of money from one of the companions of his iniquity, he hastened to Dover, and embarked in a packet, which he found just ready to sail for Ostend, leaving injunctions with his friend to learn and communicate to him the consequences of his brutality.

The blow Mr. Arabin gave his wife proved less fatal than might have been expected: it deprived her of her senses for a few minutes, but occasioned no lasting injury; and the blood, which had excited such terrors in him, had flowed only from her nose, and not from the wound which he naturally supposed he had inflicted. The unfortunate lady was

soon recovered by the assiduity of her attendants, and she was shortly after informed of the flight of her husband, under the impressions of that fear which his guilt had naturally produced.

After this fresh proof that her life was in extreme danger, if she continued to live with a ruffian devoid of even the common principles of humanity, and a stranger to those sensations which create tenderness and respect for the female sex from the most savage nations of the world, she determined to retire from the house of her husband, and seek protection where she might avoid his farther persecution, by remaining unknown, and in a situation not to be discovered.

To this end she withdrew, without making any of her domestics acquainted with her design, to the house of a female friend, on whose fidelity she was sure he could rely; who heartily entered into her plan of separating herself from her husband, and offered her advice and assistance in fixing on such measures as might place her beyond the reach of his brutality.

In consequence of these deliberations, it was resolved that the most likely way to elude the researches of her husband, and to provide that maintenance, which her scanty provision, consisting only of her little reserve, would by no means furnish, would be to place herself as a companion to a lady in some respectable family; a situation in which she would not incur the smallest risk of discovery.

The enquiries of her friend were successful, and a very few days placed her in a station, for which she was only qualified by an accommodating mind,

which enabled her to forget her fortune, birth, and early expectations, and submit to such a change of condition without complaint or a murmur.

The ladies to whom she engaged herself were the sisters of the Earl of Cranmer, two amiable women, whose penetration soon discovered that there was some secret in the history of their new companion: a discovery which excited an additional degree of that tenderness to which they were by disposition, naturally inclined. Yet though these ladies were every day more thoroughly convinced that she was in a sphere very inferior to that in which she had been accustomed to move, they forbore to perplex her with questions which they were aware would only prove troublesome; and, with a delicacy peculiar to exalted minds, they strove, by the assiduities of kindness, to lessen the weight of misfortunes, into the nature of which they did not think themselves at liberty to enquire.

Nor did the appearance of this new inhabitant of his house escape the notice of the virtuous and elegant Earl of Cranmer. Disappointed by the authority of a stern father in the gratification of his first passion, his heart had remained free from a second enthrallment; and he reached the age of thirty-two without having been prevailed on, by the solicitations of his friends, to enter into engagements which might afford hopes of perpetuating a family, the honours of which otherwise become extinct at his own decease.

But the still lovely Delia excited sensations in his mind to which he had long been a stranger, and the conversation which he enjoyed at those meals, of which the indulgent ladies had constantly

compelled her to partake at their own table, having assured him that he could find with her that happiness, the loss of which he had so long lamented, he meditated the means of discovering the real name and condition of the fair mourner, and determined, if it should turn out as he expected, to offer her his hand and his heart.

Mean time Mrs. Arabin was informed by her friend that her husband had returned into England as soon as he was assured of his safety, but had expressed much less concern at the flight of his wife, than at the other consequences of his absence; advantage of which had been taken by his creditors, whom he found in possession of his house and effects; but which proving insufficient to satisfy their demands, he had been arrested by one of them for 150*l.* and now remained imprisoned for that sum.

On the receipt of this intelligence, she hesitated not a moment to enclose, in an anonymous letter, written in a feigned hand, two-thirds of her little stock, earnestly exhorting him, as a friend who did not chuse to discover himself, to engage in some honourable employment, and to abandon those paths which led to certain destruction. But she had the mortification to find that her advice proved unavailing; and that, after his release from confinement, he had pursued the same line of conduct, till some disgraceful and dishonourable transaction had compelled him to disappear; and that, for some time, his retreat had not been known even to his most particular friends.

Matters were in this situation, when, on a journey from his house in town to his villa in the neigh-

bourhood of the metropolis, Lord Cranmer's coach, which contained his sisters, Mrs. Arabin, and himself, was stopped by a single highwayman, during the absence of the only servant who attended it, and who had accidentally staid behind the carriage; and the highwayman having presented his pistol to the bosom of one of the ladies, they were busily engaged in gathering up their money, when Mrs. Arabin, lifting her eyes to the invader of property, gave a loud shriek, and instantly fainted.

At this moment the servant, frightened at the shriek, hastened to get up with the carriage; which being observed by the robber, he withdrew his pistol from the coach, and discharged it unsuccessfully at the servant, who returned the fire, and lodged the contents of his pistol in the body of the unfortunate plunderer.

During this transaction Mrs. Arabin had remained in a state of insensibility, from which she recovered by the assiduities of Lord Cranmer; but had no sooner opened her eyes, than she turned them on the body of the highwayman; and having exclaimed, 'My husband!' she relapsed again into the state from which she had been summoned to inexpressible anguish.

It is impossible to describe the horror of the scene, or the consternation of the ladies, and their still more terrified brother. The first care of the brother was to get the body removed to the next village, which was effected by the fortunate arrival of an empty post-chaise, which was on its return from the metropolis; the second, the most important, was the recovery of the afflicted widow; and in this too he had the happiness to succeed,

though he was obliged to suspend a curiosity, which was far from being disinterested, for some days, during which he employed himself in preventing disagreeable discoveries at a coroner's inquest, which was necessary on the occasion, and in directing the interment of the unfortunate Arabin.

At length, however, the afflicted Delia grew more composed; and, at the earnest request of the ladies, suggested by their impatient brother, entered on an account of those circumstances which had brought about such afflicting and alarming events; a recital which, while it excited the tenderest pity in the breast of the amiable sisters, conveyed inexpressible satisfaction to their worthy brother, who now saw no material objection to the hope he had long entertained that he might be at liberty to offer the participation of his honours and fortunes to her, who was already in possession of his heart.

Nor was the gentle Delia at all insensible of the virtues and personal qualifications of the generous Cranmer; with modest diffidence she avowed the most important obligations; and in the acknowledgment of her gratitude betrayed the situation of her heart; a discovery of which her lover immediately took advantage, in earnest solicitations, to make his happiness complete, which she was easily prevailed on to consent to; and, as soon as decency would permit, she received the reward of her virtues in the hand of the truly noble Cranmer; a much more noble gift than the honours and fortunes with which it was accompanied.

Hence let not the virtuous doubt but they are the peculiar care of that Being whose dispensations are always just; and who, even in this life, seldom

fails to distinguish them, by bestowing on them his choicest and most valuable blessings! Nor let them repine, even though adversity should attend them to the close of a life which, while they have preserved the consciousness of integrity, cannot have been spent without the enjoyment of a degree of happiness to which the most splendid iniquity will ever remain a stranger.

Hence let the vicious tremble! and while he views the unoffending victim of brutality, prove the innocent instrument of punishment, let him learn, that the laws he has broken are never to be violated with impunity; and that, however long he may escape the reward of his crimes, vengeance will surely overtake him at last, and that too in a degree strictly proportioned to the nature and extent of his offence.

On Conjugal Love.

Or what amazing force is love,
That to its like is join'd ;
She builds on solid rock, and shuns
The discontented mind.

Death can't divide, nor waters quench,
This fix'd celestial fire :
Firm to each other's interest,
They have but one desire.

Each hour they live, each hour they know
A new degree of love ;
Till angel-like become, they pass
To brighter orbs above.

They strive each other to out-do
Who shall oblige the most :
While others, rent with discord, sink,
In swift destruction lost.

then to his troops of armed
To make the couple curst.
No evil passion here, I say,
With all its craft, and ski
Can entrance find, love keep
And wisdom guides the w
The oracles of old declar'd
Felicity to dwell,
With Aglaus, and his virtuous
Within their rural cell.
'Tis true, a longing is in love
Or love it could not be ;
For he that loves, with much
His fav'rite longs to see.
Lust, like a hurricane, destroys
Like lightning, quick it burns
When the first gust is o'er, till
To greater hatred turns.
True love unchangeable remains
First cousin to divine ;
All other loves, though richly
Her beauties far outshine.
Therefore, when, Damon, you
The fair one for a wife,
Let mutual love prepare the
To lead an happy life.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest is but folly and care.
The blessings which providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
While sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthy and wise.
In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part ;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.
How vainly through infinite troubles and strife,
The many their labours employ ;
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

The Laplander's Love Song.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray,
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.
Oh ! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air, that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.
My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid ?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.
Oh ! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise :
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.
My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies :
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or nights shall keep me here.
What may for strength with steel compare ?
Oh ! love has fetters stronger far :
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best ;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away to Orta, haste away.

CYMON AND IPHIGENE;

OR,

The Triumph and Reward of Constancy.

CHANCE frequently produces what foresight cannot effect. This was a maxim that was transmitted from father to son, in the happy plains of Tempe. Another maxim, of equal utility in the conduct of human life, was transmitted from age to age with no less punctuality. 'Virtue, to be known, requires to be tried.' To which was generally subjoined the following: 'Virtue, when tried, is sure to be rewarded.'

Cymon, as he was surveying his flock, thought the male species happy, because they were happy in the company of their favourite ewes, and the ewes were not less entertained in beholding the frolicsome motions of their lambs. From observing these external objects of delight, he turned himself inward: he found a vacuity in his own breast, and thought himself unhappy, because he was neither in the situation of the ram, the ewe, or the lamb.

'What makes me uneasy,' cried he, 'in a situation which has hitherto filled me with delight? No pleasure could formerly vie with that which I felt in beholding my sheep nibble the verdant pasture; but now, the more I contemplate them, the more I become uneasy. Sweet fleecy care, your bleatings no longer tremble on my ears with the

charms of harmony. I once admired, I once loved you ; but now I envy you. And has envy planted her scorpions in my breast? Then I must be miserable! Her breath blasts all the flowers of content, and sweeps the fields of human happiness with the besom of destruction.'

After uttering these accents of discontent, he fell into a profound reverie, in which he passed alternately from wave to wave of imaginary distress: but at last, recollecting himself, he once more eyed his flock, and discovered two lambs which did not belong to it. The unexpected sight raised his curiosity, and put an end to his meditations.

On a near approach he discovered, by their marks, that they belonged to some person in his neighbourhood: he had before seen the marks, but had never known the person by whom they had been appropriated.

He applied himself for information to Menalcas. Menalcas, who was a person of extensive acquaintance, informed him that they were the property of Iphigene, who, for her charms, was qualified to be a votary of Venus; but, on account of her chastity, and the indifference with which she heard the sighs of her admirers, deserved to be the foremost of the nymphs in the retinue of Diana.

The heart of Cymon leaped at this information: the description of the charms of the shepherdess inspired him with feelings which he had never before felt, and for which he could not find any name. He fled towards the cot where she dwelt, and found her sitting under a spreading beech before the door: a stream of sorrow trickled from

her eyes, and her breast heaved with the sighs of despair.

The melancholy scene melted the heart of Cymon so much, that he forgot the purport of his application, and applied himself only to pour the balm of comfort into the bosom of Iphigene.

‘I have been frequently affected, when I have beheld the sun obscured by a rainy cloud: thine eyes, O Iphigene! excite in me a similar agitation. Tell me the cause of thy grief, and if it be in my power to alleviate, to dissipate it, no danger shall affright me from the attempt, though a mere stranger; but the inhabitants of Tempe have been taught, that it is the only ingredient of happiness to soften the sorrow of another, and diffuse tranquillity to all.’

Iphigene heard him, without attending much to what he had said. At last, casting her eyes on one side, she perceived the two lambs, of which the loss had deluged her eyes with tears.

‘To restore these little wanderers,’ said Cymon, ‘is the design of my present interview.’

‘Thou art kind to restore the innocent creatures,’ answered Iphigene, ‘and if it can give thee any satisfaction to have alleviated the sorrows which their loss has occasioned, thou art abundantly repaid.’

‘Abundantly repaid!’ replied Cymon, ‘surely those rosy lips are not used to utter the accents of ingratitude! As their loss occasioned thee so much anxiety, the recovery of them merited warmer acknowledgments: but, however, I demand no other recompence than to be permitted to drink

pleasure from thine eyes, and to be transported with the melody of thy voice.'

'Strange youth!' said Iphigene, 'thou demandest a greater recompence than discretion ought to bestow, or female delicacy ought to hear. An intercourse with thy sex is too often dangerous to female honour. The serpent is not less venomous, because it is concealed in a bed of roses. As I dread the consequences which may result from too familiar an intercourse with thy sex, I must tell thee, in the undissembled language of primitive simplicity, that thy request is too great for thee to ask, too dangerous for me to grant.'

The last words made Cymon shiver. Hitherto he had fled from the sex as industriously as he would have done from the most ravenous wolf, and regarded them as beauteous images, which, while they attract the eye, kindle the flames of anxiety in the heart.

'Thou hast pity,' rejoined he, in the most plaintive accents, 'for the firstlings of thy flock, who are insensible either to thy pains for their loss, or to thy transports for their recovery. Is not a man, who can symyathize with thy grief, and participate in thy joy, to be deemed an equal object of commiseration? Thy lambs have strayed, but still they are the objects of thy attachment: look then, with the eyes of affection, on one who would grow to thy side, and never, never stray from the radiance of thine eyes.'

Iphigene, though she had never heard accents so soothing, so engaging as these, consulted her female timidity, and, assuming a resolution, bid the suppliant shepherd be gone, lest he should

meet with her anger, instead of conciliating her esteem.

Cymon, to shew his reverence for her, bowed himself to the ground, and plunged into the thickets of the wood. As soon as he disappeared, Iphigene could not help thinking that she had carried female delicacy too far, and was apprehensive she had been guilty of ingratitude, while she was labouring to vindicate the homage and distance due to her sex. She found herself somewhat affected by Cymon's address ; she wished she had not sent him away so abruptly ; she longed to have heard him pursue his plea ; yet she could not prevail on herself to give him a more kind reception, if he should ever repeat his visit.

Cymon was sorry, on his return, for his officiousness. He wished he had retained the innocent wanderers amidst his own flock, and given an occasion to Iphigene of demanding them in person. This alternative, he thought, would have turned out to his own advantage : but he interrupted this chain of thought by an involuntary sigh ; he found his happiness depended on the sight of Iphigene, and e'er the next morning had gilded the tops of the hills, he repaired to the spot where he had seen the amiable Iphigene.

In these ages, luxury had not corrupted the mind of the sex, or made them enamoured with too long indulgence on the downy couch of repose. No nymph in these plains ever missed the glorious, the extatic pleasure, of tracing the gradual appearance of the sun's rising, till its full orb flashed upon them in a deluge of radiance. Iphigene was looking towards the east, in expectation of this glittering

sight, when Cymon approached her, with his eyes cast down towards the earth, his hands crossing his bosom, and his heart rending with sighs.

‘Dreadful in thy charms,’ said the melancholy swain, ‘why canst thou delight in that glorious object, whose rising beams adorn the sky? He gives joy, and life, and transport, to all that behold him: but thou, who art like him in charms, art opposite to him in thy conduct. At the same instant thou dost inflame and freeze, thou dost charm and plunge in misery. Has Heaven made thee amiable, unless to bless? Has it given thee the voice of melody, only to ruin those who admire thee? Look around thee; every object in nature, every animate, as well as inanimate object, bids thee listen to the voice of love, and hasten to the altars of Hymen. The vine, the woodbine, stands in need of the tree for its support, and twists its amorous tendrils round its trunk, to raise itself from the lap of earth. The feathered choir, the quadruped tribe, are all provided with a mate, and seem to whisper to thee, that woman, without man, is a prey to violence, and knows but half the felicity for which she was intended.’

Here Cymon stopped, expecting and dreading her reply. ‘Thy late officiousness,’ said she, ‘has convinced me that the seeds of justice and humanity are sown in thy breast; and where these two virtues are resident, most of the others may be found likewise. But know, fond youth, that the only path to the temple of Hymen is through the portico of constancy and virtue. Constancy depends on trial: the purity of the most shining metal is only known by the operation of fire. Thy constancy

must be proved to be applauded. One single virtue is not sufficient to constitute a virtuous character : no, it requires an assemblage of all the virtues, and ought to resemble the *galaxy*, whose whiteness is produced by an infinitude of stars. When, therefore, thou hast sustained those trials of thy fidelity, which I shall assign thee, I then shall think thee worthy of my heart, and this hand shall lead thee to the temple of Hymen. Precipitation is the parent of misery, but caution and discretion only can teach the path which leads to felicity.'

Cymon imbibed her reply with avidity, longed for the trial of his fidelity, and feared to encounter no dangers, provided the rencounter should render him an object worthy of her choice. The trials she exposed him to, served only to render his latent virtues conspicuous ; and the manner in which he acquitted himself, recommended him to her affections. Satisfied with what he had endured for her sake, she put an end to his toil, and led him to the Hymeneal altar ; where the priest, on joining their hands, pronounced the following words :—' No female should take a man as a partner for life, unless she has tried his virtue ; nor should a man be honoured with a wife, unless he has deserved her.'

The Disagreeableness of Noise.

TILL I was about forty years old, I had lived a bachelor in London ; at which time, having acquired a comfortable fortune in the mercantile way, I retired into the country ; and hoping to pass the rest of my days in peace, and to be happy in a

sociable companion, I married a wife. She has always been, for any thing I know to the contrary, what is called a virtuous woman : a notable one I am sure she is ; but though chastity and notableness may be very valuable qualities in a woman, yet if they are to be nursed and cherished at the expence of meekness, forbearance, and all the other virtues, in my humble opinion, she had better be without them.

I have long been of opinion, that as the principal virtue of a man is courage, so the principal virtue of a woman is silence my wife indeed is of a contrary way of thinking, with regard to this female virtue; but till I am stark deaf, I shall never be prevailed upon to alter my opinion. Dumb creatures were always my delight, and particularly a cat, the dumbest of all ; but my wife, who has a natural antipathy to that animal, has hung up a parrot in the parlor, and filled my hen-yard and garden with maccaws and peacocks for her diversion.

Besides the domestic noises with which I am perpetually tormented, I am unfortunately situated near the church, and in the hearing of ten dismal bells, which our parishioners have set up in the room of one single bell, by which for many years before, the proper notice for church-time, and other parochial matters had been usually given. And least the advantage of the sound of these bells should ever be lost, one of our wealthy yeomen has bequeathed, by will, a considerable sum of money to the ringers of the parish, for ringing a certain number of peals five or six times a week for ever. About the time of this desirable acqui-

sition, the new method of psalmody was introduced into our church, by a set of fellows who call themselves the singers; so that our good old tunes being rejected, I am obliged to sit and hear their terrible bawling and discord, having been never taught to sing in treble time, or to find any thing solemn in the airs of a jig.

It happens also that our parish is famous for delighting in what is called *rough music*, consisting of performances on cow-horns, salt-boxes, warming-pans, sheep-bells, &c. intermixed with hooting, hallowing, and all sorts of hideous noises, with which the young wags of the village serenade their neighbours on several occasions, particularly those families, in which (as the phrase is) the grey mare is the better horse.

Being thus accustomed to noises in the day-time, I am frequently waken out of my sleep (though in the absence of my wife) by dreaming of them in the night: so that in almost all my hours of retirement, in my slumbers, and even in my devotions, I am constantly tormented with noises, and thoroughly convinced that there is no peace for me but in the grave.

I have three fine girls, who, though extremely well inclined, are whipt every hour in the day, and made to pierce my ears with their cries, for not being women before their time, and as notable as their mamma. It had like to have escaped me too, that though my wife is reckoned to have the best times of any woman in the parish, it is the jest of the whole neighbourhood, upon hearing any violent or unusual screaming, that Mrs *** is in labour.

A reply to Mr. ***:—

Finding that you are an advocate for peace and quietness, I am encouraged, though a woman, to make known my case to you. I have been a sufferer by noise all my life long. When I was young, I had a tender, though not a sickly constitution, and was reckoned by all my acquaintance a girl of a mild and gentle disposition, with abundance of good-nature. The temper of my father was unfortunately the very reverse of mine; and though I was ready to obey the least notices of his will, yet his commands were always given in so loud and harsh a tone of voice, that they terrified me like thunder. I have a thousand times started from my chair, and stood with my knees knocking together, upon his beginning to ask me a common question. My mother, he used to tell me, would ruin me by her gentleness. Indeed she was as indulgent to me as I could wish, and hardly ever chid me in her life, unless forced to it by my father, and to keep the peace of the family, which, on various other occasions, was frequently in danger of being broken.

At the boarding-school, which I was sent to at the usual age, I met with a governess who was hasty and passionate; and, as in her cooler hours, she was frequently making concessions to her scholars for the unguarded things she had said in her anger, she lost all her authority: so that having no one to fear, and no good example to follow, we were noisy and quarrelsome all the day long.

After this I had the unhappiness to be left an orphan to the care of my mother's brother, who was a wealthy pewterer in the city. The room we

lived in was directly over the shop, from whence my ears were perpetually dinned with the noise of hammers, and the clattering of plates and dishes. Our country house (where we usually passed three or four months every summer) was built close to some iron mills, of which my uncle was proprietor. During our stay at this house, I need not tell you how I was tormented with the horrid and tremendous noises which proceeded from these mills.

At last I was sent to board with a distant relation, who had been captain of a man of war, but who having married a rich widow, had given up his commission, and retired into the country. Unfortunately for poor me, the captain still retained a passion for firing a great gun; and had mounted on a little fortification, that was thrown up against the front of his house, eleven nine-pounders, which were constantly discharged ten or a dozen times over, on the arrival of visitors, and on all holidays and rejoicings. The noise of these cannons was more terrible to me than all the rest, and would have rendered my continuance there intolerable, if a young gentleman, a relation of the captain's, had not held me by the heart-strings, and softened by the most tender courtship in the world the horrors of these firings. In short, I staid at the captain's till my fortune was in my own power, and then gave it to a husband.

But alas! I am wedded to noise and contention as long as I live. This tenderest of lovers is the most tyrannical of husbands. The hammering of pewter, the iron-mills, and the cannon, which so much disturbed me, are but lulling sounds, when compared to the raging of his voice, whenever he

throws himself into one of his furies. It is the study of my life to oblige and please him, yet I offend and disgust him by every thing I do. If I am silent to his upbraidings, I am sullen; if I answer, though with the utmost mildness, I am either insolent or impertinent.

How to Lose a Wife.

A country friend of mine, a very respectable and substantial tradesman, of the name of Oversight, has a most unfortunate knack, in conversation, of falling upon unpleasant truths, in a way quite unintentional, but which nevertheless has been a serious injury to him at different times. I am quite sure, that, in whatever he may have said, he had no design of wounding the feelings of any one; and I am confident that he has generally felt more fortified when he has discovered his mistake, than the party aggrieved. The misfortune is, that, in all cases of this sort, to apologise would be to aggravate the injury, by seeming aware that you had inflicted it; consequently, there is no way left, but to change the discourse; and it most frequently happens—either from the confusion a person is in, or from a sort of incomprehensible series of blunders, which seem to verify the old proverb, ‘It never rains but it pours’—that you go on from one to another, till there is no safety but in flight.

Ned Oversight, a few years ago, was in the high road to matrimony, as he fancied. In his occasional visits to London, he had been introduced to a tolerably respectable family, (with whose previous

turned upon the French revolution only taken place some few years ago, being a very loyal man, expressing his horror on the occasion, and at the same time making some remarks to the reputed Jacobin, and expressed his satisfaction at the imprisonment of some of their leaders. The young lady looked at him; she was very fidgeted about, and gazed oddly, that Ned found he was not so much as he seemed. The truth was, that this was a very well-meaning man at the same time, who had suffered imprisonment for his opposition to Jacobinism; and, of course, he wished to have the subject reviewed.

Ned now eagerly led the conversation; and, after divers twisting and turning of the usual unaccountable kind, in the end, it settled on a poor blunderer into a second error, and the awkwardness of

footman, with a violent philippic against servants of either sex intermarrying with their masters or mistresses; when the old lady, colouring most amazingly, bounced out of the room. Oversight was again at fault; but he knew not why, and fairly wished himself behind his counter in the country again. Unluckily, the mother of his intended had been cook to her husband.

After another very unpleasant pause, by proposing 'The army' as a toast, he thought he had got into a fine field for conversation, in which it was not likely he should affront any body. After being very eloquent, and giving the history of I know not how many campaigns, he very naturally concluded his discourse with a praiseworthy comment on the great bravery of his countrymen, and a most unfortunate anathema against any Briton who could be found cowardly enough to desert his post. Now it unluckily happened, that the son of his friend, who was not blessed with courage, had been an ensign in one of the marching regiments; and, for the very crime that poor Ned, thus stigmatised, had been cashiered. Here the matter became serious. Oversight was broadly charged with having come there to affront the whole family; his attempts at explanation were considered as futile efforts to cover his intended insults; and, in short, he was glad to escape in a whole skin, at the expence of giving up all pretensions to the object of his affections. This has operated so forcibly upon him, that to this hour he remains a bachelor.

The History of Amelia Harley.

I WAS the only daughter, and sole delight, of the vicar of B——, a small village in Oxfordshire, whose income was barely sufficient to support his family, and the dignity of his profession; and which was yet considerably reduced by a benevolent disposition, and unbounded charity; which, however commendable in the pluralist and opulent, in him bordered on want of consideration. Under my father's tuition, I spent my early years in imbibing every wholesome precept, and cultivating every amiable virtue. I applied myself to literary pursuits with sincere pleasure, and unwearied assiduity, and, before I was fourteen years of age, was mistress of every useful and elegant accomplishment that learning can confer on female genius. Nor did my dear mother neglect to accompany my father's instructions with a necessary insight into every branch of domestic economy. I could use the needle and the pen with equal applause; though, to confess the truth, I regarded the drudgery of household employ as derogatory to my genius, and far beneath the notice of one who was conscious of her own superior acquirements.

Happy days! could I arrest the hand of time, and recal your past delight!

My parents now thought it necessary to compleat the list of my accomplishments, by sending me to learn to dance. To a dancing-school I was accordingly sent, once a week, at W——, our nearest market town; and as music, of which, under my mother's care, I had already become a competent mistress, has a near affinity with dancing, I soon

made a rapid progress in that art which fashion has deemed necessary to confer grace, and to excite admiration ; and was complimented by my master, and by every one whom curiosity brought to see our performances, as the genteelest figure, and the best dancer, among my companions.

This heart, which has since felt so many throbs of anguish, used, I can well remember, to exult with joy at the welcome breath of adulation, and to believe that every tongue must be sincere in praising those accomplishments, which a vanity, natural to our sex, taught me to think myself possessed of in an eminent degree.

Among those who frequented our weekly assembly, was the young and elegant Sir William B——, whose father, having lately died, had left him, at the age of twenty, sole manager of his own affairs. This gentleman sat whole hours looking earnestly at me while I was dancing ; and I frequently observed him discoursing with my master, apparently in my favour, as his eyes constantly endeavoured to meet mine on those occasions. At length, he one day ventured to solicit my hand as a partner, and complimented me on the great taste I always displayed in the choice of my dances, as well as the elegant precision with which I performed them.

My little heart fluttered with fear and pleasure at his evident partiality ; while my companions, who were most of them older than myself, were incapable of concealing the envy of their dispositions, which they failed not to signify by the most malicious sneers, and affected whispers to each other.

During the dance, Sir William tried every method

that art, and an acquaintance with the world, which he had early acquired, could invent, to engage my attention and approbation. His praises of my person were oblique, and by comparison. He was too well practised in deceit, not to know that direct flattery would shock the simplicity of innocence, and of course defeat his intentions.

As I always walked home with my father's servant, who was sent on purpose to attend me, Sir William begged that he might have the pleasure of waiting on me home himself, as he was desirous of communicating something of importance to my father, and intended, in consideration of the universal esteem in which he was held, and his exemplary piety, to present him to a benefice which every day was expected to become vacant by the death of the incumbent. I thanked him very cordially for his benevolent intentions respecting my father; but requested he would take some other opportunity of seeing him. In the most humble and persuasive manner, he repeated his request to be permitted to accompany me; a blush of the deepest scarlet diffused itself over my face; and as he was no stranger to the language of the countenance, he immediately seized my hand, and pressing it in the most respectful manner to his lips, placed it under his arm; and from the time of our setting out, till we reached the vicarage, I hardly knew how I walked, so entirely was I overcome by fear, shame, vanity, and adulation.

My worthy father received Sir William with a civility which is better felt than expressed; not the effect of form, but of sentiment: and Sir William having complimented him on his very amiable

daughter, as he called me, explained the pretended motive of this intrusion, requesting his acceptance of the living of W——, on the incumbent's demise.

With all the gratitude of a man who felt for his own wants, but more for those of his family, my father thanked him again and again. My mother was overcome with his goodness, and pressed him to stay and partake of our humble meal; to which he readily assented, though his seat was at some distance, and he had neither servant nor carriage with him.

Such is the turpitude of vice, and the meanness to which it will condescend, that for the gratification of an unruly passion, by the destruction of innocence, and the murder of domestic peace, it will submit to any difficulty, and encounter all opposition.

Sir William staid late, and appeared to my father as a prodigy of virtue and regularity. When he talked of or to me, it was always with the most distant though pointed respect; yet his eyes continually wandered over me, and occasioned a confusion which I could neither prevent nor conceal.

From this period I must date my misfortunes— And here let me review the former part of my life, as a delightful vision; but hide me, gracious Heaven! from the recollection of what succeeds.— Alas! it is not possible. This heart, with all its sensibility, and all its sufferings, has still proved too stubborn to break, or misfortune would long ere this have produced that happy effect, and screened me from the daily reproaches of my internal monitor!

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affection, burst into the most extravagant raptures: he called himself the happiest of mortals; and declared, if I would condescend to be immediately his, his life and fortune should be entirely devoted to me. He then intreated me to set out with him to Scotland that very evening; exclaimed against the severity of our laws, that rendered such an expedition necessary to minors, and painted the prospect of our future bliss in such alluring colours, that I too fatally fell into the snare, and at length consented to a private elopement.

Eternal Father! forgive me that I so easily became the victim of vanity and credulity; that I proved undutiful to the most affectionate of parents, and plunged both them and myself into irreparable ruin!

That very night, Sir William's carriage waited at a small distance from my father's house, to receive us. I left my home at midnight, without the least idea of future remorse. Those only who are practised in the arts of seduction, can imagine the apparent fondness with which I was received; Sir William ordered the coach to drive on, and protested he should soon be the happiest of men, by his union with me; and would endeavour to make my felicity exceed that of every other woman, as much, if possible, as my deserts.

For two days we drove with inconceivable speed, till at length he informed me we were on the borders of Scotland, and that he had previously dispatched a servant for a minister to perform the ceremony.

During our journey, he had behaved with the most affectionate respect; neither alarming me by

his indifference, nor by attempting the least indecorum. Night arrived, when we drove up to an inn of mean appearance, which he told me was the principal in that village which is well known to matrimonial adventurers.

I was seized with an universal tremor; and my agitation was so excessive that I could with difficulty support myself—My parents, my home, and my relations, all presented themselves to my imagination; and the idea of their sufferings gave a poignancy to my distress.

Sir William did not fail, on this occasion, to allay, by the most soothing expressions the tumult of my spirits, but in vain. The ceremony was performed while I was in this state, by a person who appeared to be a clergyman—What happened afterwards I know not: but judge my surprize and despair, when in the morning I found myself alone, and learned that I was in a remote part of Cornwall.

My youth, and apparent innocence, interested the mistress of the house in my favour: she exclaimed bitterly against my betrayer, informed me that a villain had been bribed to assume the dress of the sacred profession, and that Sir William had set out early that morning with his whole retinue. I could hear no more. I fell into strong convulsions; and, in all the distraction and despair that shame and misery could occasion, burst at intervals into unmeaning exclamations, and wild expressions.

For twelve days I did not possess reason enough to satisfy the constant enquiries of my hostess, by informing her who I was, and from whence I came.

The utmost violence of grief, unless it totally ends our being, will however, in time, subside into settled despondency. By degrees I waked from my delirium, and begged to see my parents, to whose residence I was now capable of directing. In consequence of this information, the arrival of my father was in a few days announced; and, at his sight, I was again overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and despair.

My father, the tears gushing from his eyes, ran to embrace me; and by every parental endearment, tried to console my affliction. He told me that Heaven would forgive me, and that he would not be more inexorable. But what was the renewed horror of my situation, when he ventured, after supposing me sufficiently recovered, to inform me that my fond, my affectionate mother, was no more. Alas! I had then too much reason to fear what was afterwards fully confirmed, that my conduct had been the fatal cause of her untimely death. I relapsed into insensibility, and loss of reason; talked with my mother as if she had been present, and solemnly conjured Sir William not to murder us all.

My distress drew tears from every eye; and though I at times recovered some small share of reason, the sight of my father constantly plunged me into my former situation: Upwards of a month passed in misery of this kind, before I was judged capable of attending my father to our little habitation. He reminded me that I was now his only consolation; and kindly taking upon himself the whole blame of my misfortune, in permitting the

addresses of a person so much our superior, endeavoured to persuade me I should yet be happy.

Good old man ! thy fond and paternal blandishments rendered life tolerable ; but happiness is a sensation which I can only experience beyond the grave !

For five years I superintended the small arrangements of his family, and in all that time would not behold the face of a former acquaintance. At the expiration of this period, a fit of apoplexy snatched him to a better world, to receive the reward of his virtues ; and left my heart to bleed anew for its misfortunes. As I was sole executrix, I turned my little fortune into money, amounting to about 600*l*. and having placed it in the funds, I retired to a village at some distance, where I determined to seclude myself from the world, and devote my future days to the service of Heaven. For though I was still in the bloom of my youth, and grief had not wholly effaced my former beauty, I religiously adhered to my resolution, of admitting no suitor, though several wished to solicit my hand ; being firmly persuaded, that marriage without innocence is at best but legal prostitution, and that none can be happy under that sacred institution whose lives have not been uniformly spent in virtue, prudence, and honour. In this retirement I have lived near twenty years : books have been my only earthly consolation ; and as the occurrences must be few in such a situation, their recital would of consequence be uninteresting.

I have heard that Sir William was married some years ago to a lady of great fortune, who shortly

after eloped with his footman; and that he never heard my name mentioned, without the strongest indications of sorrow and remorse.

A constitution naturally good, I feel daily giving way to the secret attacks of fate; but, as my life has been marked with misery, I can resign it without pain; and, I hope, without fear. May my fate be a warning to parents, not to be flattered by the attentions of opulence to their offspring; and to the young, the innocent, and the gay, carefully to avoid the snares of temptation; lest they equal my guilt, and incur my punishment!

A Copy of the Register of the Manor of Dunmow, certifying the Truth of the late Claim of a Gammon of Bacon by Thomas Shakeshaft, and his Wife Ann, on the 20th of June, 1751.

DUNMOW, }
late the Priory. } THE court baron of Mary Hallett, widow, lady of the said manor, there holden for the said manor, on Thursday, the twentieth day of June, in the five and twentieth year of the reign our Sovereign Lord George the Second, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, and so forth; and in the year of our Lord 1751. Before John Comyns, Esq., steward of the said manor.

William Townsend.
Mary Cater.
John Strutt.
Martha Wicksted.
James Raymond.
Elizabeth Smith.

} sworn.

{ Daniel Heckford.
Catherina Brett.
Robert Mapletost.
Elizabeth H-selfoote.
Richard Birch.
Sarah Mapletost.

At this court it was found and presented by the homage aforesaid, that Thomas Shakeshaft, of

Weathersfield, in the county of Essex, weaver, and Ann his wife, have been married for the space of seven years last past, and that by reason of their quiet, peaceable, tender, and loving cohabitation during all the said time: They are fit and qualified to be admitted by the court to receive the ancient and accustomed oath, whereby to entitle themselves to have the bacon of Dunmow delivered unto them, according to the custom of the said manor.

Whereupon the said Thomas Shakeshaft, and Ann his wife being present here in court in their proper persons, humbly prayed that they might be admitted to take the oath aforesaid: And thereupon the said steward, with the jury suitors and others officers of the court, proceeded with the usual solemnity to the ancient and accustomed place for the administration of the oath, and delivering the bacon aforesaid (that is to say) to the great stones lying near the church door within the said manor; where the said Thomas Shakeshaft, and Ann his wife, kneeling down on the said stones, the said steward did administer unto them the following oath (to wit):—

You shall swear by the custom of our confession,
That you never made nuptial transgression,
Since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls, or contentious strife:
Or otherwise in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish clerk said amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelve month and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true and in desire,
As when you joined hands in holy choir:
If to these conditions without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear;

A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave ;
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known,
Though the sport be ours, the bacon's your own.

Upon which a gammon of bacon was delivered to the said Thomas Shakeshaft, and Ann his wife, with the usual solemnity.

An old Maid's Advice how to govern a Husband.

As the whole happiness of a married state depends on our first choice, the utmost caution should be taken by the fair; nor would it be improper to deviate from their common maxim, and take the man who loves them, rather than him whom they love : They may retain their power over the first ; the latter will govern them. The authority of a mistress should not be sunk in the fondness of a wife ; she should have pride, and good-nature by turns, as she found it most convenient ; for by indulging a man in few humours, he may indulge her in all.

Every foible in the man should be construed to your advantage. Is he covetous, he will make you rich ; is he precise, he will not be passionate ; is he passionate, he will make you patient ; foppish, he will always be neat ; if a rake, he will love his wife in her turn : Think him still agreeable, as the only way to make him still think you so.

The man, who is not of so tractable a disposition, is to be governed by artifice ; however difficult this may seem, it is only to persuade him to what you before knew he had determined to do.

To preserve dominion, you must preserve good-humour ; and, to please a husband, continue that

which pleased the lover. To expose the ill qualities of mind, or neglect the care of their appearance to their husbands is a great oversight in the ladies.

Some women might govern their husbands were they not always telling them they are capable of governing them; and hinting they are fools, by crying up their own prudence and conduct: others, to enjoy a power ~~they think~~ they deserve, boast of their excellencies, till they cease to be so. What greater plague can a man have than to be stunned with the repetition of—What? use a woman so of my merit? Of my conduct?—They lose their sway by eternally boasting of their wit, beauty, fortune, family, and that distinguishable thing called virtue.

In defence of all the Henpecks, I cannot allow the women to be tyrants; how despotic soever they may be in private, in public it is enough, if they just let the company see, the grey mare is the better horse. A husband should still retain the appearance of a man, and be indulged so far as to see a play or an opera by himself; nay, to drink his half pint at the tavern, provided he gave a good account what company he was in. And he might be allowed to think some half hours in his life might be spent with satisfaction, though not in company with his spouse. He might likewise believe this or that woman tolerably pretty, had sense, wit, and was agreeable, if it was a degree at least beneath the perfections of his wife. Nor should he be banished to a separate bed, unless it be on an urgent necessity for admitting a gallant.

These observations on the government of those creatures, called husbands, shew it is a great deal

in the power of the women to rule them ; and if any of my sex think I have not allowed them enough, or maliciously affirm I have calculated this in favour of husbands, in order to get one myself ; I declare (though I am but in my fifty-fifth year) I shall always be mistress of so much self-denial, as to remain in a state of virginity, and laugh with contempt on the prettiest fellow in Great Britain ; having no inclination to resign my will, or promise obedience to any of their sex ; but resolve to preserve my liberty, and my maiden name,—

PATIENCE RESOLUTE.

An Account of the Marriage Ceremony of Mr. Peter Cornelius Hasselar, with Miss Gertrude Margretta Mossle, youngest Daughter of the General of Batavia.

ON Sunday, the 24th of April 1757, the contracted pair were joined in marriage, after evening service, in the presence of all the congregation then at church, which is the custom at Batavia. From thence they proceeded to the castle in a grand procession ; the bride and bridegroom appeared in the first equipage, being his excellency's state coach finely carved, painted, and gilded, drawn by six horses adorned with trappings and tassels of silver and gold ; all the attendants were in new liveries of scarlet, trimmed and seamed with gold ; the running footman (who went before the horses) was in a jacket of scarlet sattin, richly embroidered with silver ; the vehicle was attended by a party of the guards with drawn swords, before whom there went

a man in armour, on a stately horse, ornamented with the finest embellishments of gold and silver; on each side of whom was a band of the general's music, followed by twenty-four livery servants, each supporting an artificial olive-tree of a very curious form; in the second and third coaches, which were finely carved, painted and gilded, were the bride-maids and gentlemen trustees; the former with their attendants, had on to the value of two hundred thousand pounds in diamonds and pearls. In the fourth coach, which was likewise finely decorated, were the young gentleman and lady, jointly invested with the care of the bride's diamond crown, being of immense value, composed of one hundred and eighty-five brilliants, and two large pearls, with which she was adorned on the conclusion of the church ceremony; her dress was of crimson velvet, embroidered with pearls; her cap set round with brilliants, with lappets of the finest lace; with ear rings, neck-lace, cross and stomacher of the finest diamonds; the bracelets on her arms of the choicest pearls, with large knots of brilliant clasps; her girdle of the same, intermixed with pearls; her watch and chain set with brilliants; the buckles in her shoes of the most valuable diamonds and brilliants. The fifth carriage contained four children (two of each sex) who were appointed to toss flowers on the bride, according to the custom of the Dutch. The remainder of the train, consisting of about twenty coaches, were of those who, by birth or intermarriage bore some relation to the bride or bridegroom: for none but those who were allied to their families, were permitted to join in the procession. All the streets through which the bride

passed in her way from the church to the castle, were inclosed with arches of twisted greens, festoons of artificial flowers, and Chinese lanterns. The bride and bridegroom, with all their company, alighted at the castle bridge, from whence they proceeded on foot to the inner gate (being about half a quarter of a mile); the bride's train was supported by two young gentlemen in very elegant dresses: the whole way through which she walked was laid with the finest carpeting, and enclosed with triumphal arches, illuminated with various kinds of emblems, and interspersed with all sorts of artificial flowers, which gave a very pretty embellishment to the other decorations; on each side of this passage was placed a party of guards, where were likewise fixed ten large pyramids of about forty feet high, illuminated to the top with treble serpentes of lamps. As the bride and bridegroom approached towards the castle, they received from the hands of four little children, elegantly dressed, perpetual volleys of natural and artificial flowers intermixed; those of the latter sort were composed of the best silver. At the front of the castle were placed two large fountains, the one full of red, the other of white wine, both which began to play as soon as the bride entered the castle, when she was conducted to a throne of state, by an ascent of three steps; the bottom being covered with crimson velvet fringed and laced with gold: a canopy, with a curious gilt crown on the top of it, fringed and laced in the same manner, drawn back with knots and tassels of gold; on the top of all stood a curious gilt image, representing the goddess Ceres: in the throne were three seats, at the back of which

were fixed three looking glasses, about eight feet long, decorated with all kinds of artificial flowers; in the middle sat the bride, and on each side the bride-maids. The window-curtains in this room were of crimson velvet, fringed and tasselled with gold, the cushions in the chairs of the same. All the branches that held the lights were of solid silver embossed; and all the candles that were lighted in the castle that night, were purposely painted with flowers for the occasion.

The bride's chamber was finely ornamented; to the furniture of that room only, six thousand yards of broad gold lace were allowed; the bed was of silver tissue, laced with gold, the curtains were tied back with large knots and tassels of the same; the tester carved with several fine images curiously gilded, the head-piece embroidered with the bride and bridegroom's coat of arms; hers, three muscles on a silver field; and his, three horses heads on a gold field; the counterpane, and lower vallens of the bed, (being about two feet deep) were all of green velvet embroidered all over, in a full rich pattern, with gold, and in the middle of the bed a curious gilt crown, set with precious stones; the window-curtains were of green sattin, richly laced and flounced with gold; each chair was gilded and embroidered with gold, the cushions and backs were of green velvet; the two toilets, or dressing tables, were of green and gold gauze; on one stood a fine looking-glass, in a frame of solid gold, richly embossed, surrounded by twenty gold philigree boxes of various sizes, of the most ingenious workmanship I ever saw, with four quart bottles, of the same work, containing rose water: in the middle

of this table was placed a black velvet cushion, fringed and tasselled with gold, on which stood the bride's diamond crown for a week before the marriage, when this room, under a strong guard, was exhibited to public view ; on the second table stood a glass of equal size with that just mentioned in a frame of silver philigree, surrounded with boxes and bottles of the same as the former ; on each table were gold and silver flowers flung promiscuously, and interspered among the other decorations. The carpet that covered the room was of crimson cut velvet, and all the branches that held the lights were solid silver embossed.

The principal stewards had orders to provide five tables for seven hundred people ; each table was furnished with the choicest provisions of all sorts, and ornamented with variety of pyramids composed of the best confectionary, curious images, and all kinds of artificial flowers, which were deposited on each table to the best advantage. The napkins on the plates represented various kinds of fish and fowl, which had a very pretty effect. Every young lady was attended by a young gentleman ; a ticket, with a number, was fixed by each plate on the tables, and each gentleman received a copy of the number before supper, where he and his partner were to sit : a regulation made for the better prevention of any confusion.

The castle, and bride and bride-groom's house were finely illuminated, and the whole entertainment was conducted with great order and decorum, by the direction of twelve gentlemen of great distinction in the company's service here, who were

deputed masters of the ceremony, and, as such, were likewise to introduce all the ladies to the bride and bridegroom.

The Stone-Cutter's Address to a young Widow.

DIVINE FLINT !

WERE you not harder than porphyry or agate, the chisel of my love, drove by the mallet of my fidelity, would have made some impression on your heart. I, that have shaped, as I pleased, the most untoward substances, hoped by the compass of reason, the plummet of discretion, the saw of constancy, the soft file of kindness, and the polish of good words, to have modelled you into one of the prettiest statues in the world : but alas ! I find you are a very flint, that shoots fire, and sets us in a blaze, though you are as cold as the marble in my shop. Alas ! must I that have made so many hard matters yield, now see the age of my endeavours turned and blunted. Why should you despise my profession ? Pray, were not Praxiteles and Phidias statuaries, and consequently stone-cutters, as well as I ? and yet their names have outlived by 2 or 3,000 years, most of those whose statues they had made ; and will be famous hereafter, when a thousand little dubbed mortals' memories will wear out sooner than the cloaths that mourn their deaths, and be utterly lost to all that never go to church to read their epitaphs : methinks then, we, to whom they owe the eternity of their names, should be reckoned the nobler of the two ; and indeed what can be greater, than out of stock and stone to make

princes, kings, saints; and I may add, gods themselves.—But what need we stand upon extraction? am not I a man six foot high, well made, and young? are not you a lady, a widow, and at your own disposal? And did not the noble lady, your cousin Loveit, marry her groom? my lady Long, her coachman? and my pretty lady Hasty, her postilion? another fancied her butler; and another her footman. Again, as for our own sex; how many dignified sparks owe their wives to the dairy, the laundry, or the kitchen? and how many are still profering honourable love to their cook-maids? Recal then my banishment, noble widow, or I shall finish my days with my own compass: but first I will erect my own monument, and inscribe it with this epitaph:—

Under this stone lies the Cutter,
Who long pur'd like cat in a gutter
For a widow worse than Tartar,
And at last is dead her martyr.

If my poetry is not so good as it ought to be: you must attribute it to my confusion, for I know not either what I say or do. If I go to make a dragon, I strike out a cupid: instead of a church font for baptism, I make an apothecary's mortar: a Death's head for a Venus, &c. Dear, dear pillar of my hopes, pedestal of my comfort, and cornish of my joy; upon your pity I build all the happiness of my tabernacle. I am ready to erect statues to your generosity; monuments, obelisks, and pyramids to your glory. Let it not then be said, that your cruelty hath cut off

The STONE-CUTTER.

variety of recommendations.

Wedlock should be like punch, some
Then life is nicely turbulent and plac

A picture that is all light—
Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
No, let some darkness be display'd;
And learn to balance well with shad

John married Joan—they frown'd
Now parted, and now had a chik
Now tepid showers of love, now chil
Much like the seasons of the year
Or like a brook, now thick, now c
Now scarce a rill, and now a torren

One day they had a desperate gus
About a little small—beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge slyly tap'
For Joan, to oblige her own frien
Thought asking leave of John, w
And so she wisely left the leave alor

It happen'd that John and Joan had
To rest their angry frowning brace
By Jove, there was but one
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

'I'll have a board between us,' cried
'With all my heart, John,' replied
A board was placed, according to t

Two, three, four nights, the sulky pair,
Like two still birds devoid of care,
In melancholy silence sought repose ;
On the fifth morn, it chanced to please
John's nose to sneeze—
' God bless you, dear !' quoth Joan, at John's loud nose.

At this John gave a sudden start,
And, popping o'er the board, his head—
' Joan, did you say it from your heart ?'
' Yes, John, I really did, indeed !'
' You did ?'—' Yes, John, upon my word.'—
' Say you so, Joan, then take away the board.'

How to choose a Wife by Cheese.

THERE liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man, whose name was Pimlico :
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care
For each was elegantly bred ;
And all were much inclin'd to wed,
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided, 'tween the hay,
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card and seal'd it up,
And said with them that night he'd sup ;
Desired that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three.
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife ;
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit ;
Each dress'd herself divinely neat :
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses under twenty
For surely Nancy, Betsey, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley ;
Who to Apelles lent their faces,
To make up Madam Helen's graces.

To those the gap divided Eke
 Came elegantly smart and frise ;
 When every smiling maiden certain,
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
 Nancy at once not fearing, easing,
 To show her saving, set the paring ;
 And Bet, to shew her generous mind,
 Cut, and then threw away the rind ;
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
 Like a clean maiden scrap'd the cheese :
 This done, young Pimlico replied ;
 ' Sally I now declare my bride,'
 With Nan I can't my welfare put,
 For she has prov'd a dirty slut ;
 And Betsy, who has part'd the rind,
 Would give my fortune to the wind.
 Sally the happy maiden chose,
 And I with Sally will repose ;
 She's prudent, cleanly; and the man,
 Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
 Can never err, if he will choose
 A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose.

THE LANDLORD;

OR,

Man of Nature.

ADRASTUS, a man of deep erudition, profound reading, and a philosophical turn of mind, chose principally to reside in the country, for the pleasure of uninterrupted contemplation. He had not only learning and probity, but philanthropy, and was equally celebrated in his neighbourhood for his generosity as his wisdom. It happened that one of his tenants, although he rented the smallest farm, and had a very large family depending on its cultivation, was by far the most chearful and well-disposed. His cottage was dressed by the hand of Neatness; Frugality and Simplicity attended upon

his happy family. All situations, and all seasons, from the beginning of spring to the end of winter, were rendered delightful by the happy bias of a constitutional benignity, which enabled him to turn all events to advantage. In sorrow he was humiliated, in prosperity he was grateful. He had lived as a tenant when the father of Adrastus first took possession of that estate, of which it was a part; nor had he ever made a failure in the payment of his rent, nor at any time had a quarrel in the parish. His toil was sweetened by the pleasing thought of providing for his offspring; and his constant employment not only inspired health, but did not allow him leisure to indulge the whimsical wants of imagination; at the same time that it protected him from all improper, impertinent, or vicious passions.—He had, in his time, put many alienated hands together; reconciled many petty peevish differences; settled many family breaches; suggested, while he was church-warden, many a little scheme for the benefit of the poor; and never felt one emotion of envy, at surveying the possessions of the rich. These unassuming, though solid virtues, gained him such a reputation in the country wherein he resided, that he obtained, as it were proverbially, the appellation of the contented cottager; he was, in truth, like Goldsmith's priest,

'Passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

An account of him was transmitted to Adrastus, who went to pay him a visit, in order to see how true report had characterized him; for, though Adrastus lived and did much good in the country, yet his abstracted, philosophical, and sedentary situation made him personally but little acquainted with

even his own tenants, who were generally turned over to the steward for the conversation and business of quarter-day.—A man of the contented cottager's disposition was, however, too important an object not to excite the curiosity of a philosopher; and accordingly he set apart an evening for this entertainment.—Adrastus arrived at the farm about half an hour after sun-set; when

—————' twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.'

The farmer, whose name (if you please, reader) shall be Matthew Mendland, was sitting at the door of his little cottage, smoking his pipe, and surrounded by his children.—His wife was leaning over the fire, preparing a decent and wholesome supper. The tenant knew his landlord personally; and rose as to a superior, offering him the best seat in his homely cottage. 'Here your honour finds me,' said the farmer, 'in a small but happy place.—I have lived upon your ground these many days; and if you think good to renew my lease, which expires at Michaelmas, I shall most likely end my life in your service.—If your honour likes me, I like you; your dues are always ready to the hour; and I have no more reason to complain of my landlord, than I trust he has of his tenant. And so——' Adrastus interrupted him, by desiring to see the lease, and to have a pen and ink for the purpose of renewing it upon the spot. 'As to pen and ink, Sir,' replied the farmer, 'I have no use for them; and so I never keep any by me: I never write, and I cannot read, and so such things are of no service; but if your honour wants to write, I can send to the shop for paper and ink, and one of my

boys can go to the green to pick up a quill; or if your honour is in a hurry, Tom shall borrow a feather from the old gander, who is, I see, just waddling to his bed.' 'It don't signify at present, farmer,' said Adrastus, 'I will sign it another time.—But I actually thought you was a scholar; that you gather your notions of economy, industry, and paternal propriety, from historic examples, or traditionary annals.'—'No, really, Sir, not I,' said the farmer, 'I am a very illiterate man, and no scholar at all. My father could not afford to give me an education, and I have had neither time nor opportunity since. Nature and my eyes have been my only instructors; and if I have been able to live reputably to the age of three-score, and even to rear up my children soberly, cleanly, and virtuously, I owe it merely to them.—Indeed, to say the truth, my business, as a farmer, threw in my way a thousand instructive objects. My yard is stocked with improvement. At the end of that small slip of a garden, I have a bit of a bee-hive, filled with little industrious animals, who tell me what a shame it would be to lead the life of a drone. My maxim upon this is, Sir, that he who don't make some honey, ought to eat none: and so this made me indefatigable to earn my meal before I set down to it. Nay, in this part of my duty, I was farther instructed by the little creatures who inhabit the mole-hill: I have rested upon my spade, Sir, on purpose to look at their labours; and then I have gone to work again, lest they should have the sense to chide me, for minding other people's business more than my own.—I have an old house-dog, your honour,—Here—Honesty!—Honesty!—

Where are you, Honesty?—There, Sir, that aged animal has kept my clothes by day, and my cottage by night, till he has not got a tooth in his head; and he does for me what I would do for one Thomas Trusty, whom I have loved since I was a brat no higher than my hand: he once did me a piece of service, when it was most wanted, and while I have breath I shall never forget it. He, Sir, who has no gratitude, has no nature, and an unnatural man is better dead than alive you know; because, when a person does no good to his neighbour, he has no farther business here. We are all born to do something; and he who does a kindness deserves to be well remembered. To this dear old dame I have been lawfully married forty-six years, and I cannot think what great folks are about: I find a pleasure in my constancy, that I am sure I could not receive from its reverse; and the smiles of a good woman are a rich reward. With regard to the love I bear to these little ones, I am taught the duty, which as a father I owe to them, by every living thing around me: the wren that builds her nest under my hovel, the very hog that litters in my sight, and the mare that foals in my pastures, teach me to be affectionate to their persons, and anxious for their preservation.—Here the good man paused, and directed his eldest daughter to draw some of his best harvest-home beer.

Adrastus was astonished at his simplicity of manner; and at the fondness of his sense, as well as at the propriety of his remarks.—‘Farmer,’ said he, ‘you have distressed me as well as delighted me. I came prepared to offer you assistance, and you have left me nothing to bestow. I have nothing

that you have not, but a greater proportion of money; and you are so truly happy as you are, that any addition would perhaps disconcert the economy of your plan. You are a happy farmer, and a natural philosopher, without the use either of large systematic folios, or the toil of a sedentary life. Give me, however, the lease, that I may put it in my pocket; I will tear the lease, and——' 'How, your honour!' said the poor alarmed farmer, 'tear my lease instead of renewing it? Has then my freedom or my happiness offended you?' 'Yes, Mr. Mendland,' replied Adrastus, 'I will tear the lease, because you have no farther use for it.—The little spot of ground you have so long enriched by your care, shall henceforth be a patrimony to your inheritance; you are the proprietor of it from this day: call on me to-morrow morning, and the writings of surrender shall be made out for you: for the time to come, I must be considered not as your landlord, but as your friend. Let me often see you at my table, and in my garden; in short, as frequently as the business of your family will permit. Let me get that wisdom and understanding, which surpasseth mere mechanical science, in the society of the contented cottager.'

The farmer would have dropt upon his knees, but Adrastus prevented him, saying, 'Rise, Mr. Mendland, the obligation is on my side: I have been obliged, in exchange for a few acres for which I have no occasion: you have given me a set of maxims and sentiments, that are the purified thrice-refined gold of Ophir, and shall never depart from me.' From this moment, Adrastus and the farmer were intimate companions.—Ye landlords and tenants! 'go ye, and do so likewise!'

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS ;

OR,

The Pleasures of Poverty.

As Paupertius stepped into a city coffee-house the other day, to relieve the tediousness of literary labour by listening to the news of the idle and accommodated, he sat himself down immediately opposite a fat figure of a man, who, with his hands tucked under his perriwig to support his head, was snoring in the solidity of sleep, while a dish of coffee stood smoking before him, and a plate with butter and a roll upon it in vain invited him to the repast. Let not the reader, if he be a mere man of this world, utterly detest Paupertius, should he honestly confess the plain truth of his situation. Upon putting his hand into his pocket, he made a certain discovery, that rendered it adviseable to forbear calling for similar refreshment ; so he contented himself with feasting upon the politics of the morning.

It is cruel that nature will sometimes attack the most unseasonable periods. The inferior appetites are not always under controul, but will tease one without considering either time or place. The perusal of a paragraph, however well appointed, is a meagre breakfast ; and, occasionally, the most animal gratification is preferable to the sweetest effusions of the lyre. Paupertius cast his eye upon the sleeper. 'Here is a fellow, now,' said he, 'falls fast asleep over his coffee ; and if he continues to doze, it will be actually destroyed, and logically good for nothing. Suppose I were to do him the good-natured office of taking it off before it is spoiled.' He was actually, though involuntarily,

proceeding to the cup and plate, when the proprietor of their contents opened on him a pair of large, stupid, somnific eyes, and called the waiter to take away that cold stuff, for that he could neither eat nor drink so soon after his nap. He therefore paid for what he did not enjoy, and was going to waddle away. 'Never was I so tempted in my life,' said Paupertius, 'to any thing, as to desire he would make a compliment of the said cold stuff to me. While that thought was in motion, an ill-shaped, bandy-legged, little fellow, came to the box, and took out of his pocket a large canvass purse, emptying, without any ceremony, its golden contents upon the table. Paupertius was miserable enough to have all these treasures within five inches of his fingers' ends, and yet dared not extend his hand; but was almost ready to tell these two honest gentlemen, that five guineas would be the making of his fortune for ever. Shame, and a knowledge of the world, however, got the better even of hunger, and other soliciting wants, while the little black fellow was telling the cash. After it was reduced to mathematical certainty, the sleeper gathered up about two hundred pounds carelessly, gave the purse, which was of yellow canvass, a twist, and put it, with an air of indolence, even while he yawned, into his waistcoat pocket; then telling the other man he might go about his business, folded his arms together, and composed himself again to sleep. 'For the soul of me,' said Paupertius, 'I could hold no longer; but thinking there might, peradventure, be a feeling heart under all that immensity of fat, I called for half a sheet of paper, and wrote upon it as follows:—

'SIR, The gentleman who is now sitting opposite to you, has been witness to your receiving a large sum of money. He has a dear wife, and several children, and is this moment in the most critical situation in which a husband, a father, and a man, can possibly be involved. I am a stranger, Sir, it is true; but I am nevertheless a fellow-creature, and in ten minutes can convince you I have honour, integrity, and breeding. Will you then relieve a whole family, by parting with a few of those guineas? As I have not the confidence to meet your eye when you awake, I shall fold my hands over my sight, and beg you will wake me if you comply with my request. If not, I implore you to leave me without putting me to the confusion of speaking on the subject. Farewell, Sir.'

'I folded up this billet,' continued Paupertius, 'and laid it close by him; and, presently after, looked through my fingers, and beheld him take it up gapingly. He then threw his capacious eyes at me, got up, and calling the waiter, asked him, in one of our stage half-whispers, whether it was very easy for a man to escape out of Bedlam, and give his keeper the slip? After this sally of pleasantry, he burst into a violent laugh, and went shaking his sides out of the coffee-room.'

The situation of poor Paupertius cannot easily be imagined. He paid for the paper, execrated his folly at risking the scorn of mankind, and hurried away with the burning blushes of disappointment. In his way to his own little apartment, he broke forth into the following sentiments, wrung from necessity and violated feelings: 'Oh! my God of Heaven! and is it possible? Can the human heart

be so barbarous? If this fellow chose not to relieve, by what authority did he insult me? How has he dared to add the pains of indignity to those of indigence? How could he thus stoop from the graceful dignity of humanity? His heart will yet ache for its cruelty, and I shall hear that he suffers for it in some reverse of fortune desolate as my own.'

As he was turning a corner, a poor female figure, with a small bundle of matches, invites his pity. Want was in her face, sorrow in her voice, and grief in her eye. 'Indeed I am not a common beggar, Sir,' said she. 'My husband is too sick to labour, my children are too young to supply his place: pity then, and excuse me: a half-penny would buy us the bread we have wanted since last night.'

Paupertius had but one penny upon earth; but his dinner was provided at home for his family: so he gave the penny, and apologized for the size of the present. The woman, in saying nothing, looked every thing, laid her hand upon her heart, held her apron to her eyes, and went away.— 'What I felt upon this action,' exclaimed Paupertius, 'Almighty God only can tell. He who gave the sensation alone can describe it. I suppose it to be heavenly, for it seemed to lift me above the earth and all its cares.' He went up into his room, where he had no sooner entered, than his wife threw her white arms round his neck, and told him she had good news. 'Poor Mr. Jenkins, my love,' said she, 'has been grateful enough to return you the two guineas you lent him two years since; and it comes so opportunely, it will make us quite happy.'—They now sat down to dinner: it was replete with luxuries;

content, gratitude, friendship, and love, were their guests. 'Weep no more,' said his wife after dinner, 'Providence never forsakes us. Behold! it always assists us in the moment of our extremity Little George is much better than you left him in the morning; Sally's fever is considerably abated; I have got a new supply of plain-work come in; and Betsey can quite master the song which you wrote for her. So, if you choose to indulge in your half-pint of wine, she shall try her voice, and we shall be the happiest circle in the world.'—'And is it then possible,' said Paupertius, 'that tenderness and constancy should be thus superior to all the unwieldiness of wealth, and apathy of plenitude? O the warm glow of sensibility! the enchanting graces of the domestic heart! I feel, venerate, and weep over them.'—He embraced his wife, and sported with his children. In a few moments, his eldest daughter, in a sweet and pathetic voice, sung the following verses:—

What is splendor, what is wealth?
 What the diamond's dazzling shine?
 Real riches grow in health:
 These are genuine—these are mine.
 True it is, the coach of state,
 The palace, and the costly fare,
 Are to me denied by fate:
 These I lose—but these are care.
 Then beyond the joys of gold,
 Farewell folly! farewell dress!
 Calmly I the heaps behold,
 And only ask for happiness.

The Temple of Pity.

ENTER with me, my friends, this sacred inclosure. Contemplate all its perpetually accumulating

beauties, and habituate yourselves to taste those heart-felt and ennobling satisfactions which it yields, and you will never leave it more. It is a building of God, remote from the ambitious crowd, from the money exchange, from the gambling circle, from the brilliant assembly, from the courtly rout, from the birth-day levee, and from all those scenes of riot and voluptuousness, where sweet sympathy has no admission, where truth is never spoken, where one another's sorrows never reach the heart, where every deceptive art is universally practised to amuse, betray, plunder, and destroy the simple and unsuspecting.

I formerly frequented the paths of folly and excess. I mingled with the gay and the giddy. I swam down the streams of pride and vanity. I squandered away my thousands, in flying from one fruitless object to another, and courted pleasure with a delicious eagerness of pursuit. An accident, such as never entered even into my dreaming thoughts, stopped me short in my career.

One day passing carelessly on by a miserable tenement, I heard a shriek, which was followed by this plaintive expostulation: 'O mother, shall we have no penny-loaves to-day?' I felt an emotion which I cannot express. I immediately entered the habitation of woe, and beheld such a scene, as struck me dumb some moments, and made me tremble with tumultuous horror. The mother weeping and wringing her hands, was stretched upon a filthy bed, burning with a raging fever, with one of her children by her, in the same situation. A little girl, six years old, sat upon a stool by the bed-side, from which she borrowed strength to support her, while she endeavoured to nurse a poor little infant

that had been born that day was nine weeks. A beautiful boy sat on the floor beside her, crying for a bit of bread. It was he who had before been speaking of the penny-loaves. My tears trickled down my cheeks, I sobed and sighed, and thought my heart must break through grief. As soon as my words could find any utterance, I enquired into the cause of her distress, and asked, if she had no friends. 'Oh, Sir,' said she, 'my husband—she could say no more—she poured out a fresh flood of tears. After many repeated attempts, and frequent interruptions from her flowing sorrows, particularly when she was obliged to endeavour to articulate the name of her husband, I drew from her the following story:—Her husband died five days before in the fever she and the children had; he was a hard-working honest man, who always supported them comfortably. He caught his death by his attendance upon the squire, who did not do as he ought, in taking no care of him since. He was so good, that she did not want to live after him, but she wanted his children to live. A torrent of tears her stopped her utterance a considerable time. At last I understood that a shilling was the whole of their wealth when her husband died; that the eldest girl had expended that in the purchase of bread; that the day before they had but a penny loaf, of which she did not taste; and that now they could not procure even so much as that.

I was going to comfort her in the best manner I was able, when a baker happened to pass with a horse-load of bread. I called after him. I purchased a whole basket, not considering that a tenth part of it was not then wanting. I carried it into the house with all the speed I could, and instantly divided one

of the loaves between them. The blessings she bestowed me were like the balm of Gilead, and more refreshing than the plaudits of a hundred British parliaments, for a thousand victories obtained over an insulting and dreaded enemy. I then ran for a physician, whom I ordered to give the most punctual attendance, and to look to me for an ample recompence. From him I returned to my own house, where I found my mind in so convulsed a state, from the poignant misery of which I had been witness, that I could not that day pay another visit to the various objects of it. But I sent three or four times to the physician to know he proceeded, and what hopes he entertained of their recovery. I also hired a nurse, and sent blankets, firing, an old bed, suitable broths, some wine, and other necessaries. I called upon them the next morning, and continued to visit them every future day, until they were restored to health, except the little infant, who soon followed its father to that retreat, where none of the evils of life could accompany it. I, soon after, formally took the survivors under my protection, removed them to a more commodious habitation, where I employed them in works of industry, and I had the pleasure of seeing them all healthy, peaceable, and happy, the poor widow excepted, who at certain intervals felt the big drops of sorrow gush into her pensive eyes, from the dear remembrance of her affectionate husband. She often said, 'if but my William could be restored, to see me and his children happy, and to rejoice together with us, how blessed should I be.'

From that time I entered upon a new life, I experienced such joys as I never felt till then, such as I before thought beyond the reach of any mortal.

I was astonished at the folly of my fellow-creatures, who fly from such joys, who deny themselves the unspeakable pleasure of doing good, who turn aside from the most delightful luxury which this world can afford. I blessed the hour which first led me to the distressed widow and her helpless orphans, and I resolved to be as completely happy as possible, to take up my future perpetual abode in the Temple of Pity. In this temple I have been ever since, and here I daily sip up the sweets of paradise. I remove every misery which I have the power of removing, I wipe away all the tears of the mourner, I clear the desponding, I rescue the innocent captive, I lead the unfortunate to the paths of peace, I foster genius, I keep integrity from halting, I cherish the resolutions of the pious, I stop the voice of obliquy, I sanctify the words of truth, I employ the idle, I reclaim the unprofitable, I feed the hungry, I cloath the naked, I shelter the stranger, I heal the sick, I smooth the wrinkles of age labouring under increasing infirmities, I open to the young the hope of immortality, and make them to go on their way rejoicing, and I succour the destitute orphan, and vindicate the cause of all who are oppressed.

But my power is not equal to my wishes. When I first retired from the follies of life, I still thought myself rich, and possessed of an almost unbounded power of doing good. But I was exceedingly mistaken. My circumstances were then in so disordered a state, that if I had pursued my former conduct two or three years longer, I should probably have found myself in a similar situation with that of the poor widow, who restored me to my right mind. If I was her benefactor, she was at

least an equal benefactor to me. I only rescued her from a scene of indigence and sufferings, which could not have affected her future state. She saved me from perdition; she cured me of insanity; she introduced me to true pleasure, to the purest earthly bliss. Still, however, I found that I had enough, and something to spare. That something I employ in the manner which I have already described; and this employment fills me with those refined joys which the wole world could not otherwise bestow.

O ye great, ye rich, ye powerful, who are blindly gliding down the stream of affluence, without heeding those tremendous death-sounding cataracts which lie before you, open your eyes to your impending danger, and retire with me to the Temple of Pity, where you will find safety, wisdom, and happiness. Here spread abroad your superfluous wealth; here render yourselves truly illustrious and godlike; here erect monuments of grandeur, which will endure through eternal ages; here drink of rivers of pleasures, ascend the bright heavens, and encircle your brows with shining crowns of unfading glory.

But some of you will say, that you are surrounded only with necessities, and that you even want money to purchase more necessities, of which you are now destitute. An empire is a necessary to him who is only a king; a kingdom is a necessary to a duke; a dukedom is a necessary to an humble esquire; half a dozen splendid palaces, and half a dozen of highly ornamented coaches, are necessities; a multitude of useless race-horses are necessities; packs of hounds are necessities; scores of profligate servants are necessities; cards, dice, and billiards, are necessities; routs, drums, balls, and masquerades

are necessities ; play-houses, operas, and licentious musical assemblies, are necessities ; men and women in keeping are necessities ; brothels are necessities ; fifty luxurious dishes, where one would be sufficient, are necessities ; wines, at a guinea a bottle, are necessities ; even rapacity, and extortion, and adultery, and murder, are necessities. Alas ! all these necessities are only so many sources of misery, which destroy health, which degrade men below the level of the beasts, which shut up the gates of immortality from our view, and fill the whole land with contention, vexation, and woe ; and yet each family of above ten thousand in this kingdom, expend annually from one to fifty thousand pounds upon such necessities. What an immense sum ! What an immense good could it produce ! What divine riches is it capable of communicating to the possessors of it ! Oh ! let me utter my feeble voice once more, and invite all, who have the power to taste the pleasure of doing good. Let them participate with me of that luxury on which I feast. Let them heartily unite with me, and all sorrow and sighing will fly away. Vice will be banished, virtue will be enthroned in every breast, want will become a stranger, a murmur will not be heard ; peace, and love, and joy, will be the portion of every fellow-creature. The howling wilderness will be converted into a paradise, from which we shall rise to enter upon the beautiful realms of eternal day.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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